

CITRUS FRUIT EXPERT TALKS.

Prof. Lufman Lectures on Roots and Pruning.

Trees Planted Too Deep Is His Opinion.

Also Have Too Many Leaves and Too Much Wood.

REEDLANDS, Oct. 24.—Prof. C. R. Lufman, the horticultural expert who has been in Redlands several days demonstrating and lecturing before the citrus growers of the community, is drawing large audiences daily and his talks are proving of great benefit to the growers who are desirous of information given along scientific lines.

Mr. Lufman gave his second lecture at the T.M.C.A. rooms last evening and made some startling statements concerning the present methods of citrus culture.

The house where the trees are planted too deep in the ground, according to the views of this eminent authority. Then the manner of cultivation and irrigation is not such as is conducive to the proper development of either the roots or body of the tree. Consequently, the water used and drainage is scarcely attended to at all. The result of this lack of scientific care for the growing tree is that the majority have about five times as much wood and twenty times as many leaves upon them as they should have.

But this is not all, by any means. It is just the result of a bad root system—and "Root Systems and Pruning" was Prof. Lufman's subject last night. However, he may have strayed far afield, to speak, in his discussion and in his efforts to show that present methods are not conducive to the best results.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER. His majesty, the tap root, was mentioned by the speaker. The speaker, he was made to take a back seat, being not nearly so important a factor to the welfare of the tree, especially after it has matured, as it is generally supposed. Prof. Lufman believes that the proper action of the soil, deep cultivation, the protection of the top roots as a means of inducing a proper root growth. This he asserted to be the development of as many perpendicular roots as possible near the base of the tree so that the tap root may be secured. This latter point he asserted to be important for the reason that the tap root will reach the top of the tree in much less time when it has an up and down medium through which to travel, for as it grows, while it is traveling a greater or distance, or rather taking a longer time to travel an equal distance, through having to describe a semi-circle in its ascent, it is changing its chemical composition.

The tenor of the other remarks of the professor on this subject was as follows:

The life and profit of a tree depends upon the relative position of its roots, trunk and main branches. The larger the tree is in volume, the more according to the speaker. The tap in citrus trees will not continue to flow on horizontal or vertical lines.

Most types of orange trees have two to four times the quality of trade types of orange trees. This means that wood should be more robust and more frequently renewed that orange. A strong and vital point is diminished in almost every tree. Natural and artificial trees are more regular than trees formed by nature.

The more fruit in the wood the more exposure it can bear. Lemons carry more moisture in young fruits than oranges, and as they mature, the rapid drying and shriveling of lemon restricts the flow of sap to the under sides of the main branches.

A short, stocky tree in a poor soil yields more than a long, willow tree in a good soil. The greater the distance between the active roots and active leaves the less vital the sap flow. A short and wider tree trunk makes vertical roots and better air flow.

Growers should study to discern how to assure the right degree of vigor, the shape and size to insure long life. Irrespective of variations the citrus trees hereabouts should have short trunks and the main branches should correspond to the arrangement and angle of the main roots. A person should be able to take a tree with its main roots and main branches intact and place it in the soil or air as to prevail the same form and opportunity of growth.

All trees need not be of equal height or spread, but they should be strong and lasting trees and care must be taken to insure a prima facie.

By placing a tree on a mound the roots are forced downwards or outward. Unless the tree roots are very faulty they will strike a circle and provide all parts of the growth with a good supply of water.

In the matter of cover crops the speaker maintained that they be provided in the summer instead of winter. He would plant between the trees in the summer, cut or pull up the grass in the fall and throw it under the trees.

The difficulty with the present method is that it allows the soil to become too hot in the summer time and too cold in the winter time in the winter. The result is that the top roots are stunted in summer, while the whole root system suffers in the winter because the soil "sours."

IRRIGATION. Prof. Lufman also thinks that the present methods of irrigation are bad, chiefly because the water runs practically upon the surface instead of in deep furrows. Percolation should be encouraged, so that the vital elements in the soil will be retained instead of being washed out.

PRUNING.

The subject of pruning was dwelt upon for the last three-quarters of the address. The speaker first gave his ideas as to how lemon trees should be trimmed. The main limbs, he asserted, should be perpendicular, and the framework of the tree should be close to the ground.

As to the pruning of the orange tree Prof. Lufman favored the cutting out of the greater parts of the tops of the trees. He would prune uniformly throughout the tree, so as to insure the circulation of air and also the admission of sunlight to every part of the tree. His opinion is that the tops should bear fruit on the inside as well as on the outside, practically all of the crop being produced from the outer, or near the outer, surface.

Two West End Houses Sold During Past Week.



Places That Have Changed Hands.

Handsome residential properties handled through W. I. Hollingsworth & Co.

OLIVE TRACT SOLD.

Transfer Involving Over Two Hundred Acres Consummated at Hemet. Villa to Be Converted into Hotel.

HEMET, Oct. 25.—A transfer involving 216 acres of choice land and a consideration of \$20,000 was effected here within the past week when J. F. Ferguson of this place sold to G. S. Turrill of Redlands the above acreage, which is three miles south of Hemet. The land is well improved and is said to be adapted to olive culture. The present owner will plant to olives as soon as possible. The tract is supplied with water from flowing springs.

H. E. Wilson of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, has purchased from H. R. Hill two lots and a bungalow at the corner of Latham and Devonshire for a consideration of \$1,000. The lots are two lots in the western part of town. The property formerly belonged to W. H. Home.

James S. Nevada of Los Angeles recently purchased eighty acres of dry farm land west of Hemet, through the auspices of real estate agents of this place, and has occupied his property in the near future.

The St. John subdivision, lying between Florida and Latham avenues and Buena Vista street, has been sold and it is expected that actual construction upon the building will be begun at once. The equipment for the hospital has already been ordered.

The project is in the hands of the Fullerton Hospital Association, of which Dr. J. C. Bryan is the head. The plan calls for a construction which will rank in every way with the hospitals commonly found in places much larger than this and which will be the last word in fireproof construction and in appointment.

The building will be of reinforced concrete, the ceiling, walls and floors of this material and the partitions of hollow tile. The structure will follow mission lines and the roof will be of mission tile.

Two-thirds of the wards will have private baths, while the remaining wards, each with bath, will be heated with steam. Among the modern features will be a diet kitchen, tile-lined operating-room, a room for electric traction, an emergency room, a dispensary room and an X-ray room.

Quarters for the nurses will be provided in the building.

PLANS BEAUTIFUL HOME.

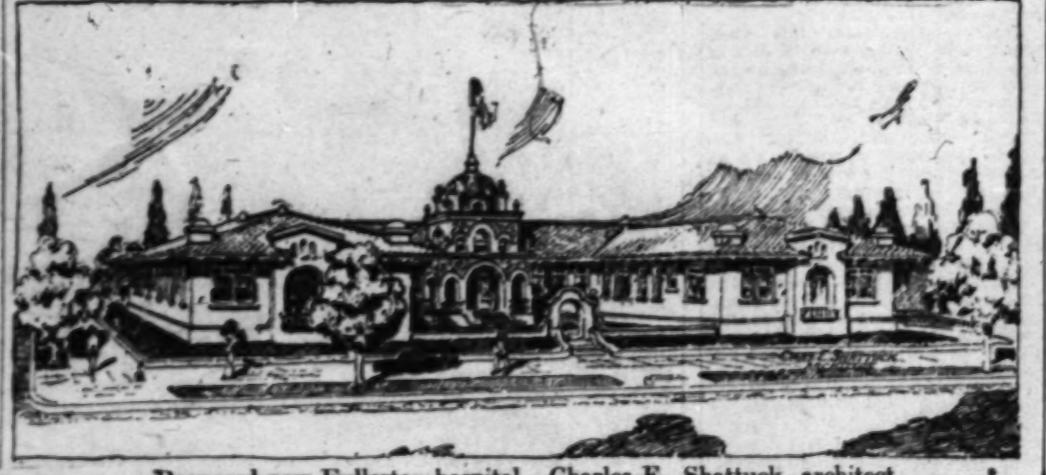
Wealthy Arkansas Merchant to Build Fine House in Midst of Slightly Ten-Acre Tract in Oceansmouth.

OWENSMOUTH, Oct. 26.—Benjamin T. Atkinson, senior member of the Atkinson & Williams Hardware Company, a firm that maintains its business all the way from the state of Arkansas, has purchased ten acres in this town for a country home and has had drawn plans for a beautiful building to be put up immediately. The sale was consummated through Charles E. Thurston, sales manager with the James Investment Company.

The home will be on Sherman Way, the \$500,000 tract that runs through the Van Nuys-Lankershim lands into Oceansmouth. The property is in a horseshoe bend of this asphalt highway, near Linden avenue.

The house will be up to the mark, and the surrounding grounds will be given over entirely to private gardens.

Up-to-Date Institution for Care of Sick.



2% Quarterly Dividend Declared

The Regular Quarterly Dividend of 2% for the Quarter Ending October 31st

was declared at the last regular meeting of the Board of Directors. The last financial statement of this company shows assets of more than

\$1,000,000.00
(One Million Dollars)

INVEST NOW

INCREASE YOUR INCOME

by becoming a SILENT PARTNER in a company backed by more than One Million Dollars in good California Real Estate and Genuine Building Activity.

You can purchase stock NOW for only \$1.85 PER SHARE—10 per cent. Cash and 5 per cent. a month. You have thought this matter over before, and have decided you want to become interested in this company. Don't delay any longer. Come in at once and reserve your stock, and share in the profits of a company whose affairs are guided by successful business men, whose integrity, honesty and business judgment are unquestioned.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

FRANK W. STRONG, President. Of a well-established conservative and successful real estate firm of Strong & Dickinson.

W. A. BONYHOE, Vice President. United States Commercial Bank of Los Angeles.

ALFRED E. GWINN, General Manager. President California Savers Bank. The largest savings bank in Los Angeles.

JOHN W. VAUGHN, Treasurer. Of California Life Insurance Co. of California.

GEO. H. CHASE, Secretary of California.

LEWIS W. ANDREWS, Attorney.

With surplus and undivided profits of more than \$107,000.00

One Hundred and Seven Thousand Dollars

Every stockholder of record on our books on or before OCTOBER 31, 1912, will get the full three months' dividend for this quarter. Here is a genuine opportunity for you to invest your savings, or a part of your income, where they will continue to grow in value, and where you will get real dividends out of net earnings instead of paying taxes.

Western Building & Investment Co.

Strong & Dickinson, Selling Agents.

See Mr. Wilson, Temporary Offices 209-211 South Hill.

Phones—Home 60195; Main 1273.



Imagine all of homes, and equipped Southland.

This is What vestors. We Call It "The B Closest' Conceptual Will R

The new subdivis for substantiality. Drive out today a the highest grade roa

OCEAN PARK

No. 1 Trolleyway, One Home 60195.

DISTRICT ENLARGED.

Large Territory Added to Area Served by South Pasadena Schools to Improve Historic Road.

SOUTH PASADENA, Oct. 26.—As a result of the filing of a petition signed by interested parents, and duly verified by the County Superintendent, the limits of the South Pasadena school district have been extended to include 250 acres of territory on the hills belonging to the Alhambra school district. While the change in boundaries at present will affect only the school limits, it is based upon the fact that many of the open land wedge for municipal expansion in the future owing to the fact that the additional school territory is at present unincorporated.

Aids from the advantage to be gained in the annexed school territories, the new arrangement will work out to the benefit of the South Pasadena district. It will increase the assessed valuation of the district by at least \$250,000, and will afford a possible increased enrollment of at least twenty-five pupils.

The new section extends from the city limits east of the Old Knoll street, extending north and south from Huntington drive to a point practically opposite Mission street.

A high grade road that was used as a wagon trail in early days between Los Angeles and Pasadena, and which is today a portion of Colorado street, the dividing line between Colorado and South Pasadena, is to be improved for grading, curbing, guttering and oil macadam. The road during recent years has been practically abandoned. The improvement of this historic thoroughfare has been requested by Mrs. Helen Gill Robins and John E. Miller, who own the frontage.

The Pasadena Home Telephone Company has purchased a lot of Mound street, between Mound and Fremont avenues, on the south side of the street, the location for a subdivision which it will establish in this year, when the consolidation of the former is completed. The lot formerly owned by J. M. Herndon, the frontage, is at present improved with a one-story house.

At the corner of Colorado and Fremont, between Colorado and Colorado, there is a large building which is now being used as a garage. The building is in a dilapidated condition and is being used as a garage.

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Nineteen and a half acres of fine level land

—the one best buy near the city for subdivision purposes or for a quick sure profit.

On the electric railway—the Air Line—on the county road—plenty of pure water right there and electricity, too.

400% Profit

can be made on this by subdividing—we will be glad to prove it. Adjoins a subdivision all sold out and all built up.

Only \$8000 cash is needed to swing this—balance easy.

We have a few other good buys. If you want Acreage in the beautiful growing and prosperous Southwest call or phone. Our Auto waits to take you out.

Watch Venice-Los Angeles Acreage Go to \$5000

HARRY H. CULVER.

The title is clear. The Southwestern is not stamped or stopped.

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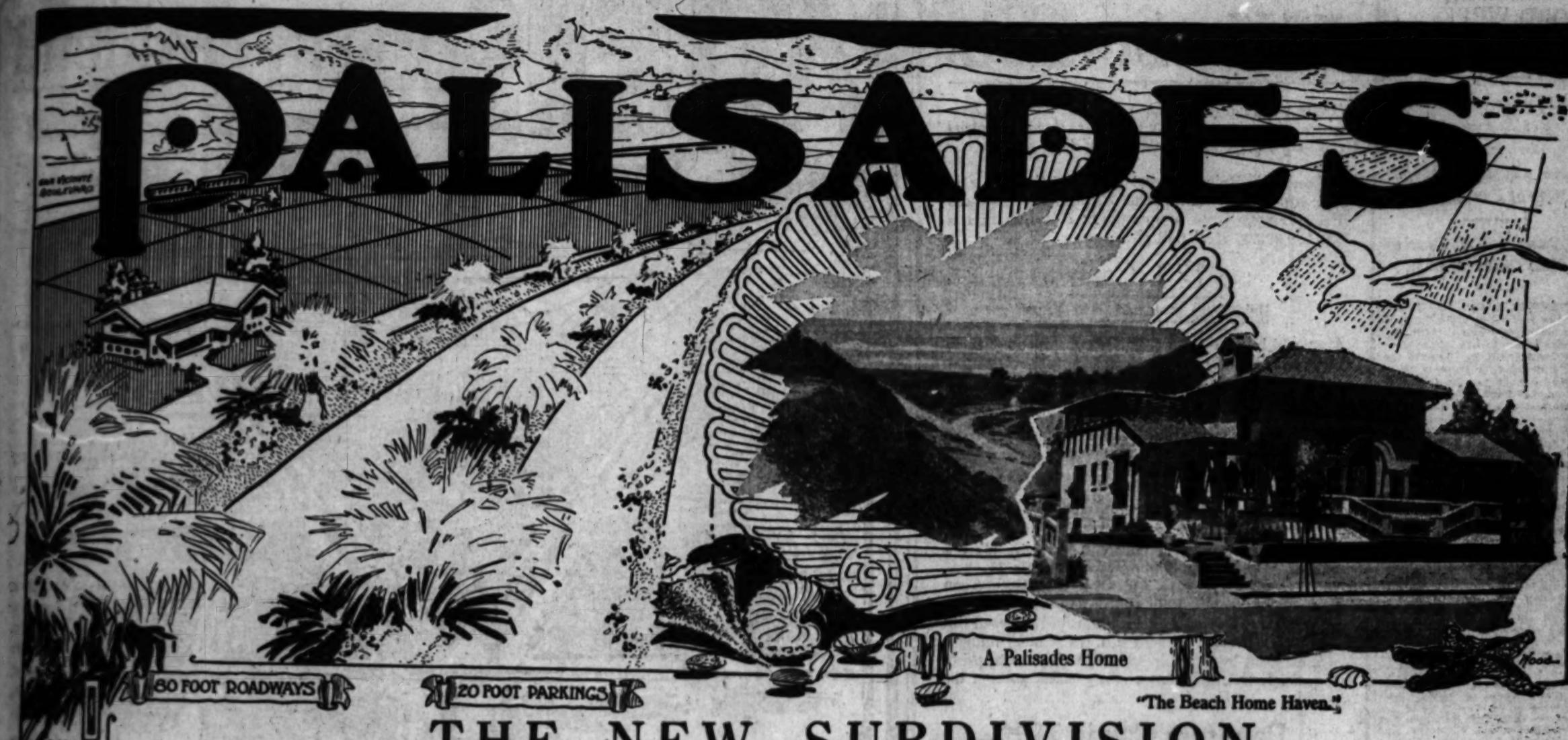
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State Commissioner
S. A. FOSHAY, Secretary
and General Manager
of Public Schools
and
CHAS. BURTON and
C. ANDREW, Assistant

ment Co.

. . .

ACRES
SHOW

THE NEW SUBDIVISION

RECOGNIZES NO PEER ON THIS CONTINENT OR ANY OTHER AS A BEACH CITY HOMESITE OR INVESTMENT.

Imagine owning your home in the world's most ideal Beach City—with an uninterrupted view from **EVERY LOT** of *Mountains, City and Sea*.

Imagine all of this surrounded by some of California's finest homes, and equipped with the highest class improvements in the Southland.

This is What The NEW SUBDIVISION Offers Its Investors.

We Call It "The Beach Home Haven"—But It's Unquestionably the Closest Conception of a Beach Home HEAVEN that Any of Us Will Realize This Side of the Other World.

The new subdivision improvements are without a superior for substantiality and beauty.

Drive out and motor over its magnificent 80-foot roadways of the highest grade rock macadam, if you want to be convinced of this.

OCEAN PARK OFFICE, No. 4 Trolleyway, Ocean Park Bank Bldg., Main 4256. SANTA MONICA OFFICE, Corner Second and Oregon, Main 1182.

NOTE the broad, beautiful, 20-foot Parkings, super cement walks and curbs.

NOTE the fact that every conduit and pole is installed in the alleys. Instead of the usual separate poles, there is a single pole which advantages are at the very door. The \$100,000 Polytechnic High School also near.

NOTE the fact that every lot is in the large 80x80-foot size and larger.

NOTE the fact that it has a strictly high-grade school adjoining the property—the San Vicente School, the finest school in the Southland, whose advantages are at the very door.

NOTE the fact that it is bordered by San Vicente Boulevard, part of the world noted race course; by Seventh Street, one of the Southland's most beautiful thoroughfares and by Montana Avenue, a 30-MINUTE AUTO-MOBILE COURSE FROM LOS ANGELES TO THE SEA.

NOTE the fact that one car line to Los Angeles runs along the property, and the remaining ones are very easily accessible, MAKING YOU JUST 40 MINUTES FROM THE CITY—FARE BY BOOK.

NOTE the fact that it is just 8 minutes from the Beach Amusements, 10 minutes from the \$100,000 Country Club, and that it affords every conceivable social enjoyment or athletic sport.

SALES MANAGER, 802 Ferguson Bldg., Main 478. F. B. S.

NOTE the fact that it is between 200 and 250 feet above sea level, and offers UNEXCELSSED health and climatic advantages. It is frostless and grows tropical plants out of doors throughout the year.

NOTE the fact that close proximity to the sea will be the source of the immense profits later. **THEY'LL DOUBLE AND TREBLE HERE, FOR WE'RE JUST TWO BLOCKS FROM THE SEA.**

\$1150 and Up

One fourth down—Balance in 1, 2 and 3 Years

BUY NOW paying \$200 or \$300 down and you can DOUBLE the amount of your entire investment before long.

TO GO—Take Santa Monica via Sawtelle, leaving Fourth and Hill Streets 10 minutes of and 15 minutes after every hour. Change at Sawtelle for the Palisades car direct to tract. Or take Ocean Park or Venice car direct to Ocean Park or Santa Monica.

TRACT OFFICE,

Corner Eighth and San Vicente, Main 715.

Another Land Purchase Adds to Acreage Assets

GIBRALTAR BUYS 426 MORE ACRES AT BLOOMINGTON. The last large tract of rich fruit land in the famous Bloomington district has just been bought by the Gibraltar Investment and Home Building Company upon terms that insure big profits for the co-operative shareholders. The land adjoins on the south the 1471 acres purchased within the last few weeks, making a total of 1897 acres that is abundantly supplied with water, and is ideal for subdivision into olive, orange and lemon ranches after planting to trees from the immense Gibraltar nurseries. This fertile area that is to be cut up into orchard homes and sold in 5, 10 and 20-acre tracts immediately adjoins the city limits of Bloomington, and is in the heart of horticultural activity.

This frost-protected district captured the sweepstakes prize for Washington Navel Oranges at this year's National Orange Show at San Bernardino. There are no more large tracts to be had in this section, as the Gibraltar and Fontana companies hold all in the vicinity. Citrus packing and olive pickling plants are located on and immediately adjoin the tract. The protected nature is shown by the fact that a portion will be planted to lemons. The Southern Pacific tracks cross the land, and the Bloomington station is but 200 yards distant, while the Riverside and Bloomington electric railway is but 500 feet away. **THE GROWTH OF GIBRALTAR IS THE PROPORTION OF YOUR DOLLAR AND EVERY DOLLAR IS OF EQUAL RANK IN THE CO-OPERATIVE EARNINGS.**

They have investigated and they know—
2153 Gibraltar Shareholders. 590 new
co-partners endorse land purchase.

The profits secured by the purchase of the Bloomington tract makes shares intrinsically worth 17 cents today at the very least. All the profits from the growing of the trees to the subdivision of the land and the selling of the home acre are included by Gibraltar under one selling cost. The present price of olive trees alone assures large returns on the cost of growing. **GIBRALTAR HAS THE TREES AND PLANTED THE LAND.** YOU MAY HAVE EITHER THE LAND OR THE STOCK THAT SHARES IN THE PROFITS FROM THE LAND.

You may buy the stock or
buy the land and ex-
change either for the other.

Gibraltar 8% preferred stock shares all greater profits equally with the common stock, and is exchangeable at any time at full market value for any property that Gibraltar owns and has for sale and the equity in any land purchased from the company is exchangeable for stock. Preferred stock may be purchased for cash or on the 20 monthly plan for 18 cents a share at

142 South Spring Street
Phones: Home, 10317; Sunset, 9152

Gibraltar
ISIAAH MARTIN, President

Without Obligation Send Me Full Particulars of an
"IMMEDIATE OPPORTUNITY"
Dealing with the Subdivision of the
Land and the Profits Therefrom.
Name
City Times 10-27



Home of Mrs. Anna M. Martin, Tenth and Gramercy, Frank E. Hartigan, builder.

The Strength of
Gibraltar and the
Earning Power of
the Land are Back
of Your Dollar

Central California.

RECORD WEEK IN REALTY.*Demand for Acreage Greatest Yet Reported.**Southern Investors Make Most of Purchases.**New Owners Will Develop East Citrus Area.*

PORTERVILLE. Oct. 26.—Transfers of the past week probably total as large an amount as any period of seven days in the history of the Central California foothills. Despite the wonderful demand for property, there has been nothing to remotely suggest a boom. Land values are still moderate and this is true because of the income-producing quality of both orchard and cattle property.

Los Angeles and Southern California investors head the list again this week, as always. It has been estimated that 85 per cent of the transfers made, week by week, are made to men from the Southland.

Dr. C. Edgar Miller, a Los Angeles physician, who has made a fortune in Foothills citrus lands in the past few years, is investing in real property, and this week closed a deal for the purchase of a 240-foot frontage in the Main-street business district, the lots being at the corner of Cleveland and Main, extending through to Harrison. Dr. Miller paid \$1,000 and \$150 per front foot, a recent price for property so far from the main business district. The property represents an investment of close to \$20,000. It is stated by Smith's local representatives that the new owners have plans to improve the holdings. The sellers were W. M. Van Dyke of Los Angeles, and C. L. Taylor Company of San Francisco, and J. W. Martin, and T. A. Hewett of this city. Ben F. Field of Los Angeles represented the sellers.

Dr. C. Overholser of Covina has closed a deal for the purchase of a forty-acre tract of raw land in the Deer Park foothill district. The price paid is not given out. The new owners are stated to be intent on a large outlay immediately on the planting of the entire tract to olives, if suitable trees can be secured.

FAIRFIELD GROVE SOLD.

Another large deal of the week made by a southern investor was the purchase of Benjamin Grey, a Los Angeles business man, of the E. A. Miller orange orchard of twenty-five acres in the river foothills above the Worth packing-house. The Miller orchard is perhaps the best known and most famous in Central California as for several years past the earliest fruit from the district has come from the Miller place. The property is well improved and is entirely set to bearing navel, with the exception of a large orange and sweet citrus and additional fruits. As a partial payment for the grove the new owner traded in a residence on Vermont avenue in Los Angeles. The deal involves about \$80,000. Grey expects to move his home here during a portion of the year.

Dr. C. Aschenbrunner and his son, G. S. Aschenbrunner, are among the more or less of Covina investors who will go into the olive business in this district. They have purchased a forty-acre tract of land in the Terra Linda foothill district and are here this week taking personal charge of the development of the property. The price paid is not given out.

Dr. D. Blanchard of Los Angeles, has added to already extensive orchard-land holdings in this district by the purchase of twenty-five acres of olive land in the Atkinson district, near Lodi which have been secured by a committee of Los Angeles men who planned to go into the olive culture on a large scale. Blanchard is here at the present time forming a partnership water company for placing water on about 120 acres of olives, and it is the eventual plan, when the trees come into bearing, to put in a plant for the co-operative canning of the olives for oil and for pickling.

E. M. Murray, a Los Angeles investor, has purchased a tract of thirty acres in the Campo Verde district, at a price not given out. Murray will plant to early navel, a proper tree can be secured.

J. B. Westcott of San Jose, has purchased the Columbus Jackson orchard, in the Pismo district, paying \$30,000 cash for the eighteen-acre property. The Jackson place is one of the well-known orchards of this

55 Harbor Lots

Owner must sell now to meet deferred payments elsewhere. Have opportunity to acquire choice industrial property increasing in value every day.

Located in Railway Tract (1746) at the harbor on high ground, between Pacific Electric and Southern Pacific railways, just across the S. P. tracks from a \$10,000,000.00 steel mill site.

\$133 Cash*Balance in One and Two Years*

\$133, which is one-third cash down, buys one of these big, valuable harbor lots, priced for quick sale as low as \$400. Pay balance at your convenience in one and two years, 10 per cent. off for all cash.

Railway Harbor Tract lots selling today at from \$400 to \$700 should be worth \$1000.00 and more when the steel mill is completed.

\$12,000,000.00 for Improvements

The United States government is now expending a total of \$5,886,000.25 in improvements at the Harbor. The city of Los Angeles is about to spend \$8,000,000 to erect the greatest docks and warehouses on the Pacific Coast. The Los Angeles Municipal Railroad will cost \$4,000,000.00. Besides this, many more millions will be spent by the railroads and private enterprises to make Los Angeles one of the greatest ports of the world.

Panama Canal 1913

The commercial world is on its tip-toes awaiting the opening of the Panama Canal. Los Angeles is the nearest port of call on the Pacific Coast. By 1913 manufacturers will cover the industrial district at our harbor. Our docks and wharves will be lined with steamships.

Do you think you can buy harbor lots THEN for \$400.

Go down to the Railway Harbor Tract today—look these lots over—see how close they are located to the railroads and water transportation. See in a glance how \$400 invested now should mean \$1000.00 in 1913.

Take San Pedro car at Pacific Electric Station. Get off at Thernard Station. Salesman will meet you.

Los Angeles Investment Company**PATRICK CAMPBELL**

60127, 388-385-387 S. Hill St. Main 2248

APARTMENTS LEASED.

New Pico Street Improvement Secured for Ten-Year Term—Property Up-to-Date in Construction.

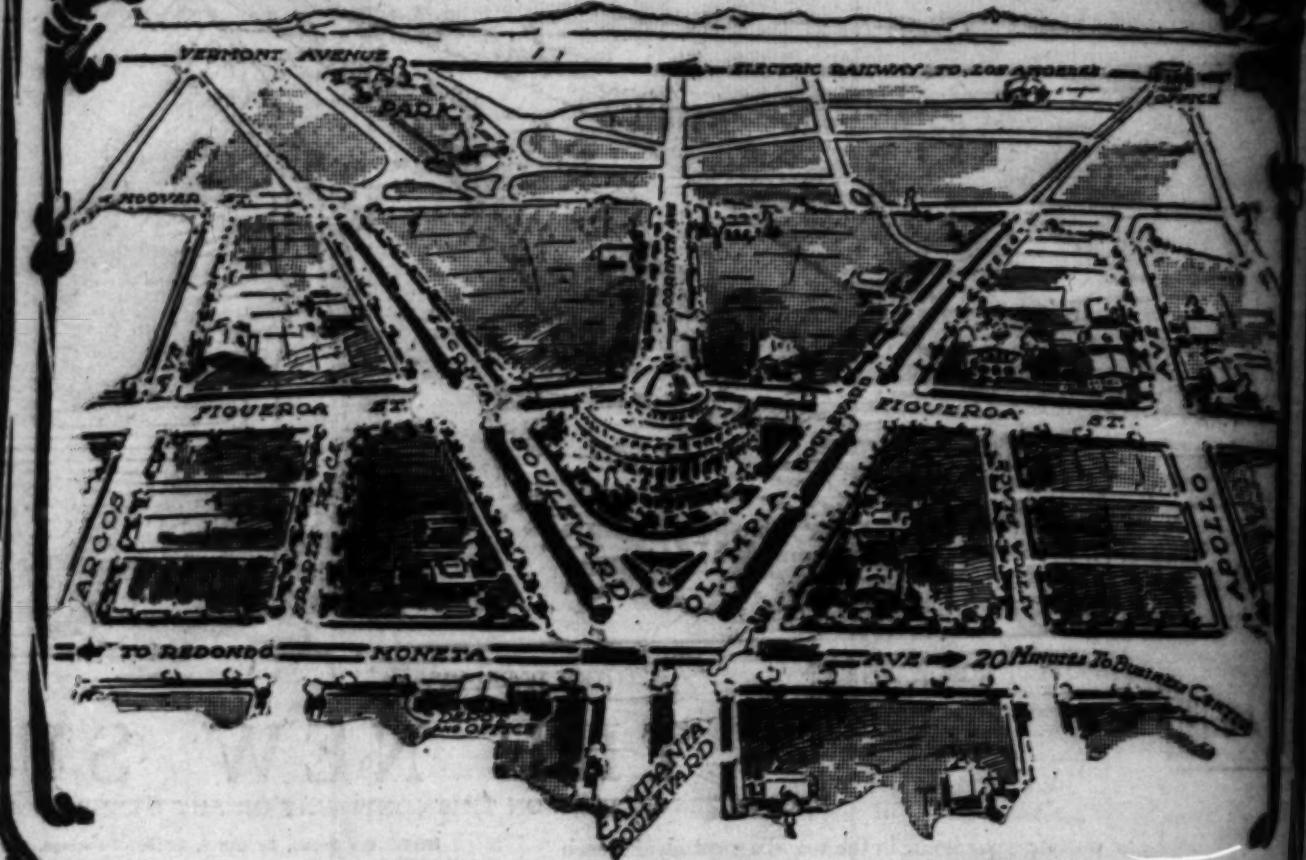
A forty-seven-room apartment-house of brick construction and modern appointment, just completed at the southeast corner of Pico and El Molino streets, was leased during the past week by Charles W. Pickell to Mrs. Martin L. Ellis, the deal being handled through the leasing department of the Wright-Callender-Andrews Company. The term of the contract is ten years. The total consideration is given at \$40,000.

The property is to be known as the Elsinore and was planned by the architectural firm of Eilen & Son. The building covers a ground area of 50x150 feet and is one of the finest yet erected in the outlying districts to the west.

Fine Store and Apartment Block in New Hands.



The Elsinore, Corner Pico and El Molino Streets. Handsome improvement leased from Charles W. Pickell by Mrs. Martha L. Ellis, through the business leasing department of the Wright-Callender-Andrews Company.

ATHENS-ON-THE-HILL**"The Tract Beautiful"**

Pictorial.

UNCLE SAM KEEPS SEAS ALIVE WITH FOOD FISH.

Protective Laws and Diligence of the Fisheries Bureau are Helping the Poor Man to Solve the High Cost of Living—Measures Taken to Preserve Seals—Frogs, Terrapin and Lobsters Profitable.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—Persons who like to dabble in the water and figure out profits on paper and try their mathematics on muskrat and diamond-backed terrapin, "bigskin" costs are now made out of the pots of muskrat. Terrapin, six inches across the shell, are today sold for \$75 a dozen. Both animals are now in commercial use. Indeed, it might be practicable to raise them in the water with blues as a side line and make a paying incident of the business.

Muskrat as muskrat may sound like a business proposition—not to mention terpene, and they can be argued as well—the suggestion is not without reasonable appeal when the facts are known. A ship came down from Alaska the other day carrying a cargo of 3754 muskrats that had contained all the Alaskan skins that the dealers and manufacturers of the world will handle during the season of 1912-13.

Bad costs of full length have risen so much that now we have millions of dollars to purchase the muskrat coats, which look like seal, as being specialized by all fashionista furriers. Felt or this once made, and neglected quadruped now costs from 1 cent to \$1.50 each. Still, the result, therefore, has become a serious matter. They live in or along the banks of streams, eat roots mostly, and can be caught in traps baited with parsnips.

Unbelievable Alaskan seal will cost in price and after this season will disappear from British and American markets, not to reappear until the winter of 1917. Congress, to increase the fast vanishing herd, has passed a bill for a period of five years. Only the seals of which animals are slaughtered by the natives for food will be brought out of the country and sold. George B. Bowers, Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, is the chief policeman and guard over the herd. I was asked to talk to him about seals and frogs. Whales, sealions and seals run an adventurous turn to the story.

SWIM A MILE A MINUTE. I have just received some figures from the North," he said. "Last year there were 25,000 breeding female seals in the rookeries on Pribilof Islands. This year the number was increased to 38,000. Japan, Canada and the United States entered into a treaty agreement to stop pelagic sealing in Alaska's waters. The treaty went into effect last year. As a result, there are twice as many female seals as there were in the season of 1911.

The seals come in from the ocean during the summer. After the birth of the pup, the mother slips into the water and swims off in search of food. She may go a long distance, being a strong and speedy swimmer. It is said that a seal can travel at the rate of thirty miles an hour and is the swiftest creature that lives in the water. We do not know them, I should say that they are as swift as a mink. Heretofore it has been the practice of Japanese and Canadian sealers to kill the seals as they enter the breeding grounds and to cover about for the mothers when they left the rookeries to hunt for food.

"A seal is shot and instantly the body sinks immediately and is lost. So the number of seals obtained by the poachers invariably fall below the number actually destroyed. When the mother seal is return, the pup starves to death. Some seasons as many as 100,000 seals have been found at the rookeries, which, when shown, approximately, equal the number of pupps that were killed by the pelagic sealers. This year, however, only 50,000 pupps died on the islands.

"A seal is shot and instantly the body sinks immediately and is lost. So the number of seals obtained by the poachers is always less than one another, and in this way it is likely to kill the female, which then dies and literally turns into their battle. The seals are in some respects tame, as they reach the rookeries in the main herd. After each pup is born, the seals remain on the rocks until the pup appears. Then follow the battles.

"A strong old bull will surround the pup and its mother and will fight with a dozen wives. While they are away for food, he guards the pup. He will not let the pup leave the sea and is off again for another year. The bull is hardy, plump, but feebly dressed in his coat. Wounds cover their bodies, and during their long fasts they have shrivelled down to nothing but skin and bone.

"As I said, we sold 12,000 skins last year, \$40 being the average price received. The best skins, taken from female seals, were sold for \$200 each. The London market, from four to eight skins are required for a coat. A tail, however, will need eight; a thin, short coat will need only four. Let us figure the cost of a full length coat and see what minimum husband will have to pay against a seal. Christmases this year, Eight skins at \$200 each cost \$160. The curing and tanning cost \$10. The skins will amount to about \$75. The cost of labor will be \$10. Total first cost of a coat \$185. The price to the ultimate wearer or husband or her father is an average \$200. Maybe it will be \$1200. At some stores it will be \$1500. A man takes into my office not long ago, saying that he could buy a dandy coat, reaching the bottom of his



George M. Bowers,
United States Fish Commissioner.

go uninhabited in such places to their spawning grounds.

"The salmon is an interesting fish. It is born in fresh, or salt water, and grows until it may be 100 feet. In four years it returns to the ocean. Having spawned, it dies and the male fish dies at the same time. Now, it is easy to place traps, seines, and nets at the mouth of a river, and catch almost every fish that tries to pass. It is no mystery that it has been done. There are great cannibals along the upper Pacific, and their catch some seasons has been enormous. All records were broken this year. In 1911, 17,000,000 were taken. About \$16,000,000 worth of salmon is packed annually in Alaska. We control matters there, and three government agents are on the ground from June until September to learn how the fish are caught, canned and packed.

PROFIT IN WHALES. "Several firms are making money in the whale business, and whales, I think, are as numerous as ever in some parts of the world. I counted six of them off the coast of Alaska, and saw one of them and a seal lion fight a long and bloody battle. A seal lion will weigh a ton, and so the whale had to have a full. The seal lion was killed finally, but he fought with surprising intelligence.

"Moreover, we have attempted to protect the fast-vanishing shad. Three thousand millions of young shad have been planted in coastal waters. The shad is a fast fish, and so the water in which they are planted is not so good. They are planted in the oceans and swim up the rivers to spawn. When they enter the streams they are not 'ripe' and our spawntakers must wait a certain length of time. After the eggs are properly hatched, the young fish are planted in the rivers along the Atlantic Coast.

"The methods of catching shad have been so improved that shad would be easily captured if extinct were it not for the practice and instinct of the national government. As it is, the situation is bad, and the States should pass protective laws before it is too late. In some instances the entrances to rivers are so blocked that the shad to get through. All are taken, and none left to keep the species alive.

"The lobster, too, seemed to be on the wane, but when we stepped in and gave him our help, he has come back to us. We have a pretty scarce dentists of the deep six or seven years ago. It was then that I sent a couple of smacks to New Brunswick and Newfoundland and bought 12,000 families. A female smacks is 14 cents a pound.

We planted the young lobsters in the waters of New England, and since then the lobster supply has been fairly good, although the fishermen still complain that they are not enough during certain months of the year.

The summer in Maine and other States of that region. They have money to spend and a lobster appetite. Price is 14 cents a pound, or more a cent in June. July is not so good, but drop back to 10 cents a pound in September. We of the bureau are reasonably well satisfied with the lobster situation, even if the men who operate the pots are a little pessimistic.

AN ANGRY TREE. A Species in Idaho That Quakes and Emits an Unpleasant Odor When It Is molested.

[Harper's Weekly:] In Idaho there exists a species of the acacia tree which is entitled to be classed as one of the wonders of plant life. This tree attains a height of about eight feet. When full grown it closes its leaves together in coils each day at sunset and opens them again at sunrise. The leaves are so sensitive that if touched it will flutter as if agitated or impatient at the disturbance. The foliage is moistened the more violent the shaking of the tree will become.

In Idaho is called the "angry tree," and it is said that it was discovered by men who, on making camp for the night, placed one end of a sensitive bush under it for a support. Immediately the tree began to jerk its branches sharply.

The motion continued, with increasing "nervousness," until it was last seen to be shaking so violently that drove the campers campers to a more friendly location.

Curiosity prompted an investigation. One of the "angry trees" was dug up and thrown to one side. Immediately the tree began to jerk its branches sharply. Its twigs lost their pigtails, and for something over an hour and a half the outraged branches of the tree, in their indignation by a series of quakings, did not stop, and weaker and ceased when the foliage had become limp and withered.

WHEN METALS ARE SICK. They Break Out Very Like Smallpox in Human Beings—The Disease Is Also Infectious.

[Pearson's Weekly:] A chemist has just discovered that certain metals suffer from a disease which he calls the metal plague. It is very like smallpox in human beings. Curiously enough, extreme cold, is also one of the chief causes of metal plague.

A block of pewter, when attacked by the plague, becomes covered with tiny, wart-like lumps. This disease is infectious, for when one piece of metal suffering from it is placed in contact with a healthy lump of pewter the latter is immediately attacked.

The disease is caused by the metal "catching cold," and it is a great discovery, for it will enable museums to keep metals, plates, coins and so on, by keeping their rooms thoroughly warmed.

A curious disease attacks lead and brass. The metals become brittle and tiny little holes appear in them, causing any vessel made of them to

become useless in a few years' time. Of course, the commonest disease metals suffer from is rust. Contrary to general belief, a layer of rust does not protect the metal that lies underneath. If the rust is allowed to remain, it will slowly infect the whole of the metal and make it useless.

THE USE OF CRITICS.

Are Usually People Who Know More Than the Author Whose Work Is Submitted to Them.

[Judy's Library:] Critics were created for the sole purpose of telling the public that it has no taste and that its ideas are always narrow and perverted. Also, that it does not know, under any circumstances, what it is talking about.

A critic makes it his business not to agree with anybody. In his efforts to do this he very often disagrees with himself.

Many a painter, author, dramatist, or composer, has been shown by the critics that what he thought he meant did not mean at all.

A critic is usually a creature of sudden learning that he can, when rhapsodizing over something that is absolutely worthless to everybody else, use a number of new adjectives the meaning of which is as obscure and hazy as the object to which they are applied.

When critics do it is the generally accepted idea of all people who do not agree with them that they are punished by having placed in their possession the things they have so persistently lauded and are forced to listen to it or gaze unkindly and silently upon it throughout eternity, while evil spirits taunt them with their tares.

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MIKE FLANNERY'S POLITICS.

The "Pigs Is Pigs" Express Agent Enlightens Rudolph as to the Boundless Last-Week Optimism of the Campaign Managers.

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

"Well, sir," said Mike Flannery to Rudolph, "th' campaign is done. Nawthin' remains but th' usual duty in ballin' out th' inthusiastic patriots that couldn't raymimber his name was Phelan O'Shaughnessy, but a tip from th' ward boss 'twass either Han Schlegelmeyer, Billie Colgowski or Bruno Macaront, an' it be awn th' same side vot'd th' vote is all it thim."

"We got to vote by der election yet," protested Rudolph. "We think so, but 'tis a mere formality, 'till like to know who's illitig already. Th' campaign managers have modestly informed us, Irvy man is illitig. 'Yeast ye get cold feet,' says they. 'I take me stub panel in hand an' figger ye out th' undoubtful rayment. Th' campaign optimist can see nothin' for us but that our candidates will carry all th' States east and west in th' Mississippi an' a majority in them. An' south in Mason an' Dixons' line. I think we'll have to give us in the States north the fan near sides in th' Rocky Mountains. More than that, we will win in th' States at th' top an' bottom in th' map, an' them in th' middle. We will also carry the States located about the Dominion in Canada, th' Gulf of Mexico. Mebby more. This is a conservative estimate, an' we may do better. We can't beat 'em, though."

"Nawthin' since Columbus wrote 'Hall Columbus,' Rudolph have all th' Presidential candidates been so thurly thllect'd in th' week before illition. Mither McCombie, while crowded t' th' wall an' foored to speak, admitted his conviction that Mither Wilson would sweep th' country like a new broom.

"Th' m'st'n," says he, "Mither Wilson was th' strongest candidate, an' he was increasing in momentum. Presidentially, I think he has a muscle like a ham. Not a day but he'd let a new 'go' in th' sleeve in his coat t' make room for his growth. Th' on'y regret in his managers is that there's no more room for him to carry. He's well all in th' there is, an' he's got all in th' action now. Yeast not believe me, so I'll cut them in two. Mither Roosevelt started out as th' shroughest candidate th' wurruld ever knew, an' he's grown more strenuous ever since. Awa th' runn'n' of the year, he's good as illitig. Since th' we've done nawthin' but increase th' majority. Th' most conservative estimate shows us he'll win all in th' votes in th' Electoral College, all in th' votes in th' Young Ladies' Union. I think we can't have th' popular vote be 16,765,497 to 4. We admit that the four other candidates will vote for th' timeworn, unless overcome be quellums in conscience at th' last minute."

"Mither Hilles, when kill'd up by th' rayporters an' threatened with assault until he spoke, said: 'I mean t' say nawthin', meanin' th' rayport is th' illition t' be sure, but I can't make out me. I'll tell ye in confidence what ya all know. Mither Taft whistred th' race so strong ut bur-r-r-e eye t' gaze down him. Th' opposition was dumbfound'd from th' fur-r-an' an' shamed by th' strength, hourly. Awa th' eve in illition an' estimate to conservative ut shameful show he'll carry sivin' more States than we've got in th' Union, an' possibly New Jersey twice. For a m'nt in th' front, we'll have to answer cub's from for'n nations beginn' t' be allowed t' move over in a bunch an' vote for Bill Taft. T' was an' all we replied, 'Don't come! We appreciate th' feelings, ya express, but we've so many votes, we'll do it anyway.' We've some money in th' treasury, an' we'll spind th' next week payin' Taft voters t' stay away from th' polls. Thos' too many in thim."

"Th' wurruld is raytrainin', Rudolph. Th' wurruld is not in th' canidates ye can beat. There's not wan in thim but's illitig already. If Mither Debs' th' manager says: 'Naw in th' history of th' so-called party has a candidate for th' Presidency been so undoubtedly illitig. When Mither Debs begun t' run for th' Presidency, along back in 1880 or whinver, 'twas th' memory is min not extendin' back so far—he had enormous "strength." Th' voters that were for him were for him, but not how many that were for him are againist him, so he's stronger by far. For wan or two acons, as ye may say, Mither Debs was found out to compete with Mither Bryan for th' chair of the wurruld. Now that Mither Bryan has dropped out we look for th' perpetually beaten vote t' shift to us in a lump. Mither Debs will be illitig. If not now, in 1898. Or 1998."

"Within th' political rayporters' vis-its in th' headquarters in Mither Chafin, Rudolph, they saw a scene in th' wildest carousal in triumph. Th' th' Prohibition candidate's managers were all full. It wather. 'Open another magnum in Croton, an' shrid th' lads for we've won a grand victory! Will any man prefer milk? No, not another gallon in wather for ye. Mither Chafin, for ye've droonk enough. Ye're too old to be wather-blister already. Shifup, gintlemen, it's th' press, an' have a glass in ice water."

"Give me about an inch in wather in th' bottom in th' glass," says wan in th' rayporters, 'and fill th' glass t' th' brim with wather, take t' eye, dilute.' I'll dilute it same t' eye, another. I'll drink an' have a glass in ice water."

"Fine," says Mither Chafin. "Irvy prognostication indicates I'll be the country like, but th' opposition has been illitig under. There'll be a wather-slide. I started strong four years ago, an' I've developed a mos' satisfactory weakness. I was wance only as weak as milk from th' cow, an' now I'm as strong as a bull. My platform that th' Mississippi is not a drainbridge ditch, but a beverage has routed th' Prohibition party. I've lost a noumber in hundreds in votes by ut. Th' plank that th' bugs in th' cities wather won't bite until ye hit th' fort, but a mos' successfully serve many more in th' Ray publican ranks. Th' plank that th' Missouri is on'y drink but food has chased many in my partisans into th' Democratic party, an' England did not quite succeed to any of th' possessions of Turkey. Having come in possession of Russia's secret, England very carefully concealed th' outlook."

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"We can't win without votes," says the rayporters asthag."

"Awa th' contrary," says Mither

Record Realty Week.

(Continued From Fourth Page)

that has dealt heavily in orange lands in this district for the past five years, has added to holdings now being subdivided by the purchase of a section of the E. M. Murray lands. The new tract has a reported area of 100 acres. In 1909 property adjoining the Murray land went beagling at \$50 per acre. Now it is selling for three times that. The Murray tract will be put on the market in small units.

HUGE TRACT FOR MARKET.

Peter Hasak, a Los Angeles capitalist, will subdivide his 4000 acres of alfalfa lands in the Poplar-Woodville district, according to a report received here. That the report is true will appear in due time.

"'Home Texas' says Mither Hilles t' Secretary in Campaign Dope. 'Wance an' since the National Democratic," says th' Secretaray. "Be th' law it what goes up must come down, the time for Texas t' flop. Mark Texas in th' Haypocket column. Will we carry Alabama?" "Not till doomsday," says th' Secretaray. "Ye're an oracle," says Mither Hilles. "Th' day is done at hand. Shain, Alabama is the only state in the political list."

"Anything more?" says th' Secretaray. "Look up awn th' map th' names in th' other States an' put them in fr' good measure. You can't claim too much. It costs nawthin' to do it," says th' Secretaray. "We're a pinocchio," says Mither Hilles. "Who cares for th' cost is a pinocchio while six wiggles in it can claim a state t' size a Texas."

A stoogus hour spent over th' keep-up-ye'er-course-here-but-will-win-warre claims is th' sunset way t' find out who's nixt President, Rudolph, incipit wan. That's to wait t' what's what's. Some we do. May be bets up don't settin' them awn th' uncontroverible data in th' campaign managers, I note. Some fu us doubt that all five in th' candidates can be illitig, as claimed. I wan in th' doubters. I'll bet realin' them. I'm ready t' admit that four of them ar'e sure winners, but I've made doubts in th' country like a new broom."

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"Such foolishness!" said Rudolph. "Ye should beochies do such foolish things."

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Mechanical.
**SCREEN PIPE
EFFECTIVE.**

Is Used Successfully on Some Midway Wells.

Increased Production Is Often Times Secured.

Sanding Up Is Considerably Eliminated.

There is little doubt but that many, if not more, difficulties are encountered in keeping oil wells because of sand than for any other reason. Indeed, most of the troubles which cause flowing wells to go off production have as their immediate or secondary cause the wearing off and sand entering the casing with the oil.

Considerable success has been had in the Midway field in the use of screen pipe to prevent the entrance of sand, and as far as the authors of this article have been able to learn it has been quite effective.

There are three kinds of screen pipe in use. The first, called the plain perforated screen consists merely of a casing in which a series of horizontal or vertical holes have been bored. A second, the button screen, is made by boring small circular holes in a casing and putting small copper buttons with different sized slips in them into the holes. A third kind of screen pipe consists of a perforated butted casing like that just described, which in addition is wound with wires so placed that the space between them varies between .064 and .080 inches.

This kind of wire-wrapped casing is capable of resisting a strong inward pressure. The wire is beveled, which is said to keep the particles of sand from jamming into the perforations and clogging them, and the smooth outer surface holds the sand away from the holes and allows the oil to run through. Also this bevelled or wedge-shaped glass is placed and attached to reach up into the twelve and a-half or water casing, to which it is afterward connected with an adapter.

when compared with the possibilities of the screen pipe for obviating the necessity of redrilling an old well after a year or so because of the caving in of the casing. It is because of the casing that sand enters because the sand which surrounds it is withdrawn. As the screen pipe prevents the sand from entering the casing, it should also prove effective in holding that same sand in place around the exterior of the casing.

This holding of sand in place

also proves effectual in keeping the water from breaking in from above,

and perhaps ruining the well, as it is likely to do if the formation be-

comes too brittle to support to such

a degree that the support is not suffi-

cient to sustain its weight.

There are three reasons given for the increase in production in wells in which screen pipe is used: First, there is more surface exposed through which the oil can enter than in the old-fashioned perforated wells; second, the well is kept clean to the bottom, and, third, the pump can work more effectively because it is not impeded by the sand. It can be operated to the bottom. It is said that in wells perforated in the old way, the pump sometimes has to be operated in such a well as to 250 feet from the bottom, while in other cases it is kept all the way from ten to sixty or seventy feet above the bottom of the well. Thus the column of oil below it interferes with the free movement of the piston and, therefore, the well can be pumped right to the bottom. It may create a much stronger external pressure, thus causing a greater production.

When a screen pipe is placed in a well, it is necessary to drill into the well some with a size larger

than that which is to be used in finishing up. For instance, if an eight and one-fourth-inch screen pipe is to be used, a ten-inch casing is landed, and then the screen is set in an inner liner of the well, the glass being attached to reach up into the twelve and a-half or water casing, to which it is afterward connected with an adapter.

Coaling Activities.

There is a great deal of activity in the northern part of the east side field in the Coalinga district and much new work is in progress.

On section 14, 19-15, the California Oil Field Land Co. has fixed upon a location for a well in the northeast corner of the section, near the British Oil Consolidated Oil Corporation's property. Three producing wells and two drilling wells are on the north line of the section.

On section 11, 19-15, the Kern Trading and Oil Company has completed a derrick for well No. 15. It is rigged up for drilling.

The transfer of the Silver Tip Oil Company, section 6, 21-15, to the Hammond interests has been completed. The money has been paid over and the property has gone into the possession of the new owners.

The capitalization of the old concern is believed to be \$125,000 and that the purchase price of \$125,000 may be distributed to the stockholders.

An eight-inch pipe line is being laid by the Coalinga Syndicate Oil Company, section 21, 19-15, to its drilling rig on section 11, 19-15, to the east of the Associated Oil Company's leading rack. The Coalinga Syndicate's production is to be shipped out by rail.

Preparations are being made by the Standard Oil Company's Limited Oil Company for section 15, 20-14. This renewed activity has been caused by the coming in of the Standard's Sontag No. 2 well, as it affords possibilities of the Southeastern being near the oil field. The Sontag No. 2, which has been standing idle for about two years, is to be cleaned out, and the operators are making ready for this work.

Well No. 14 of the Commercial Petroleum Company on section 21, 19-15, is to be on the line in a few days, as it has now been finished up.

Twelve producers on the property and the rig for No. 15 will be constructed soon; the material is on the ground.

Well No. 6 of the Pilot Oil Company on section 12, 20-14, has been cleaned out, and a new pipe has

been placed in the well.

The sand in the Wilcox well No. 1, on section 12, 20-15, is to be tested at a depth of about 4200 feet. A bridge has been placed at about this level and the water has been cemented off.

The Southern Pacific Land Company has deeded right of way for a pipe line to the Standard Oil Company over sections 35, 26-21 and 31, 16-22.

Maricopa Notes.
 Special Correspondence of the Times.

M'KITTRICK (Oct. 23)—Arthur Sedor, a well-known driller employed by the McKittrick, Wilcox and Land Company, sustained very painful burns on the hands Monday night. While working on section 21, 21-26, he lighted a torch, and instead of his hand, was in a flame. He escaped the flames from more serious burns, as he instantly threw himself on a bank of dust, which extinguished the flames. Sedor was assisted by his mate, who had been placed in the car instead of the oil well. Sedor came to this city to have his burns treated, and will be able to resume work within a few days.

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The Oil Industry.

YEAR'S OUTPUT
TO BE IMMENSE.

State Oil Production Will Show Great Increase.

Told Should Be About Ninety Million Barrels.

September Busy Month in Derrick Fields.

If the daily average production of oil for the past nine months were to be maintained for the remainder of the year the output for 1912 would be 15,874,173 barrels, as against 11,814,931 barrels for 1911, an increase of 7,759,783 barrels. The possibilities are, however, that the next production of the State will be over 90,000,000 barrels as the daily average output of the past few months has been increasing steadily over the daily average of the nine-month period.

The average output of oil so far this year has been 242,835 barrels a day, but the average of June was 264,517 barrels; July, 242,835 barrels; August, 248,208, and September, 252,009 barrels. All of these months showed more or less of an increase over the daily average of the nine-month period ending September 30.

The daily average consumption, of oil during the nine-month period was 221,223 barrels, at which rate the consumption for the entire year will total about 11,817,600 barrels, as against 12,925,783 barrels last year, an increase of 8,489,267 barrels. This shows a gain of the consumption of production for the year, amounting to about 6,466 barrels a day, starting to about 6,466 barrels a day in August.

During September California produced 7,181,521 barrels of oil, as against 7,691,412 barrels in August, though the production for the entire month of September was less than the August daily average last year was higher because of the excess in August. During September the oil fields produced an average of 252,789 barrels a day, as against 248,208 in August, an increase of 4,501 barrels daily.

The average daily consumption of oil last month was 222,443 barrels, as against 225,945 barrels in August, a decrease of 1,502 barrels a day. In September 4,472,301 barrels were consumed, as compared with 7,314,111 barrels in August. The daily average consumption of September, despite this decrease, was higher than the daily average for the past nine months by 114 barrels.

The daily average surplus in September was larger than that of August by about two and a half times, amounting to 30,342 barrels, as compared with 12,255 barrels. The total stocks on September 30 totaled 6,648,663, as compared with 45,904,600 in August. The consumption of oil in September was the largest of any month so far this year, while September's production made a new record for the year.

The fields showing the most marked increase in output were Midway and Fullerton-Brea Canyon. The increase in the daily production of Midway district amounted to 7,922 barrels, while Fullerton's output more than doubled to 22,221 barrels a day. The most notable decrease was in the Coalanga field, the production of which declined over 4,600 barrels a day during the month. Santa Barbara output fell off over 5,500 barrels a day, but the Hillside showed a substantial increase of 811 barrels. McKittrick's production increased to 254 barrels more per day than it did in August. In Kern River there was a falling off of about 827 barrels daily.

Fifty-nine rigs were completed during September, as compared with only 21 in August. Of the 58 new wells 20 dollars last month, as against 412 during the previous month, but 118 wells were producing as compared with 158. Twenty-six more wells were completed in August than in September, fifteen being completed during the latter month, but seven new wells were abandoned during the former month.

A PLANT MYSTERY.

An Unseen One Is Found at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris That Has Baffled the Scientists.

[New York Tribune:] All visitors to Paris are familiar in some measure with the Jardin des Plantes, where a good collection of animals can be found as well as a number of plants of interest to the student of science. The Jardin des Plantes got its name of course from its botanical collection, where every known plant is cultivated. Each bears a label giving its family history and its name.

The other day one of the best-known botanists in Paris was walking through the gardens and he stopped around before the compartment which the rights contained the most obscure and therefore unknown and unknown. stood a plant which the professor had never seen before in his life. He examined it closely after a glass but couldn't classify it. He sent for some of his colleagues. To them also the strange visitor was unknown. The gardener was called, but he could not say how the plant was there.

A decision was soon reached. A note is to be sent out into the world to find the sister of this unknown plant, if such can be found.

She Couldn't Locate Him.

[Detroit Free Press:] Richard Harding Davis praised at a dinner in Philadelphia the modern girl's love of sports.

"And how beautiful her open-air life has made her," said Mr. Davis. "With it I could show you some of the most attractive statuettes in the British Museum's very first statuettes ever there you would see how the modern girl has improved upon her matronly sister. The present statuettes show was all in line like a horse and rider, and arms as weak and narrow as a little child."

"I have seen a modern girl, however, neglect her mind in the cult of beauty of her body. Once, at a tea in a little square, Tennyson was being discussed, and I turned to a girl of singular beauty and said: 'Do you like the Passing of Arthur? Arthur?' she mused. 'I saw her in Pennsylvania man. Where is he playing, Yale or Har-



BRENTWOOD PLACE

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A new residential section just opened for development that is fast becoming the very cream of all high-class suburban Los Angeles properties. Investigate this beautiful new district and you will readily be convinced that its advantages and attractions far exceed any other spot, and that Brentwood Place offers you more for the money just now than you can possibly find elsewhere.

Large Villa Lots with all highest grade improvements and planted parkings, situated at an elevation of 365 feet above the Ocean, where the superb views of Mountains and Sea are the finest and the car service right at your door, at prices and terms any one can meet.

Opening prices—close to acreage valuations—are still obtainable, although several residences are now under construction and the improvements nearing completion.

Send for our booklet of photo views. It will open your eyes to a new locality that is commanding attention of the shrewdest investors and the homeseker of discernment demands the most there is at the least money.

Touring cars leave every hour, daily and Sunday. Phone or call and you will be driven out promptly.

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631 So. Spring St.—2nd Floor Realty Board Bldg. MAIN 8160

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20% Annual Dividend!

Stock Open!!

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To Those Who Know
Enough Is Said

Stock Backed Up
by the LandBought at Such a Figure, That Parcelled Out
Will Yield Handsome Returns

The tract is as near perfect as possible and appeals no less to the established, seasoned Californian than to the newcomer and was selected by a committee made up of far-seeing successful business men, after a long, careful and extensive search. It consists of 22,000 acres of the very finest land, known as the Sharon Estate.

THE SHARON FARMS COMPANY

are offering a limited amount of stock to be sold at \$1 per share, payable 10 per cent. down and 5 per cent. per month without interest. These terms make it possible for those who usually cannot get in on the ground floor to take advantage of this unusual opportunity.

The fact that the land was selected and the stock offered by representative men of Los Angeles is your guarantee.

The proposition merits the closest investigation. Call and become posted or you may soon be regretting the loss of a real opportunity.

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Sharon Farms Co., 208-209 Grosse Bldg.,
Southeast Corner Sixth and Spring.
Please mail me information relative to the 22,000-acre subdivision in Madera County, Cal., without incurring obligation to myself.

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---breaking all
world's records

Five months ago the visitors to Owensmouth gazed upon an immense barley field. Today a transformation hard to realize has taken place. As if a magic wand had been waved, the nucleus of a wonderful new town now stands where all was stubble such a short time ago.

A magnificent paved boulevard, parked on each side with roses and palms, a trolley line nearly completed to link Owensmouth with Los Angeles; handsome business blocks already occupied by a dry goods emporium, two grocery stores, ice cream, confectionery, cigar store and others. All this in so short a time surely points to a wonderful future.

Owensmouth is making tremendous strides and affords a wonderful opportunity for the investor and homeseker, because surrounding are thousands of acres of the most fertile, subirrigated land; because of the great foothill and valley country to the north, which will trade with this new town.

Get in Ahead of the Trolley

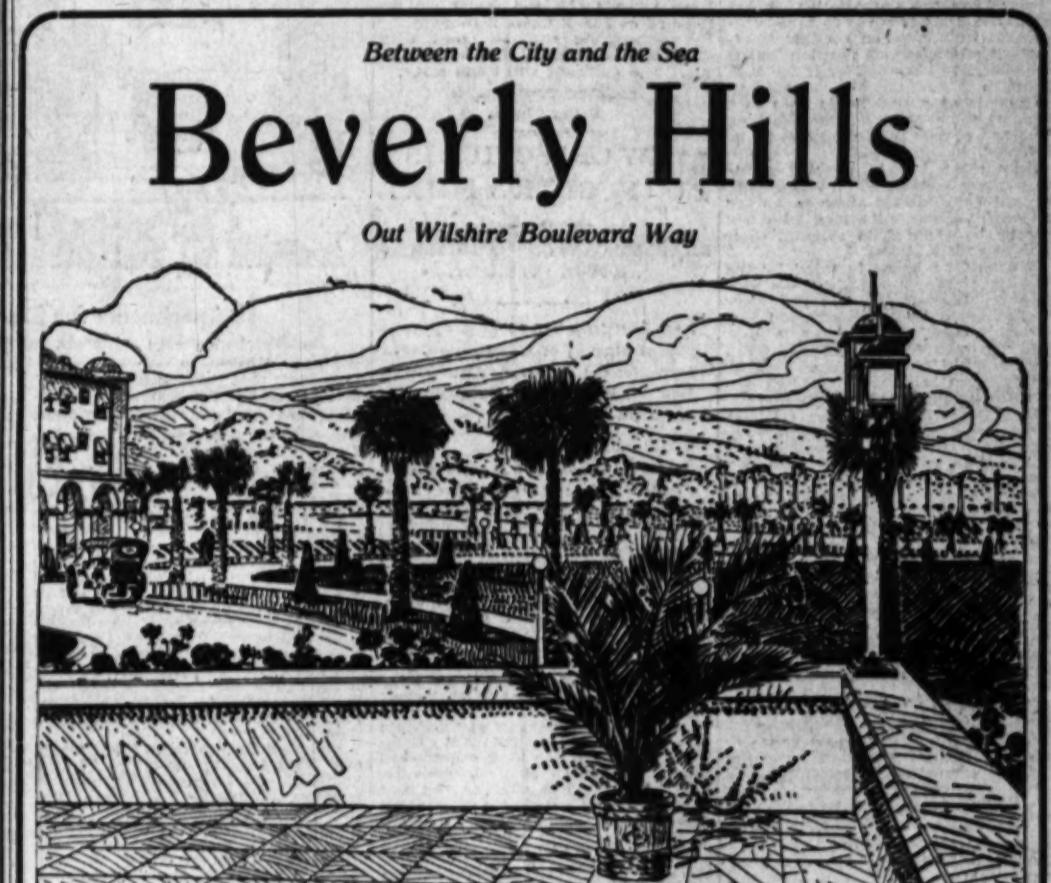
Cars will be running in a few weeks. Now's the time to buy and share in the great opening rush. Choice residential and business lots now open — \$300 and \$500 — on easy terms; 1, 2 and 3 1/4-acre tracts right in the townsite — subdivide later into lots. Do not delay — call, phone or write.

FREE AUTO TRIPS DAILY

Leaving office at 8 a.m. and 2 p.m. Or take Van Nuys-Lankershim cars at Hill Street P. S. Depot to Eighth Street and Sherman Way; the big Owensmouth Auto Stage meets every car.

Janss Investment Co.
HOME 10345 611 613 BROADWAY 2468

Selling Agents for L. A. Suburban Homes Co., Principals



Between the City and the Sea

Beverly Hills

Out Wilshire Boulevard Way



The Beautiful Grounds of the Beverly Hotel

YOU can buy a piece of ground at Beverly with 100-foot frontage and 260-foot depth for only \$3000.00. Lots with only about half this depth in Los Angeles, located in correspondingly exclusive, highly improved sections, would cost you \$6000.00, or double the price of a lot at Beverly. Remember, double the price for half the land.

80-foot lots, 160 feet deep, can still be had at Beverly for \$1600.00.

Beverly Has Every City Advantage

W. M. GARLAND & CO.

Phones: 10569. 324 PACIFIC ELECTRIC BUILDING. Main 569.
TRACT OFFICE AT BEVERLY STATION.
Phones: 596118. Hollywood 1116.

FINDING A JOB.

BY NEETA MARQUIS.
A tall-looking boy of well-dressed appearance and gentlemanly manners came into the Associated Charities office and asked if they could help him find a position.

He said he was a wireless operator by profession, and had been to the employ of the White Star steamship line for a year and a half. He had been summoned to the Middle West by the illness of his father, and when his father recovered, decided to come to Southern California for his own health, which was far from good.

He was nearly at the end of his resources, having been unable to get work. He felt he must find something other than the wireless telegraphy, because of the long hours required in that.

He had gone to the Y.M.C.A., but they had no opening for him. He had been offered a position by one of the professional employment agencies to which he had applied, but they demanded one-half of his monthly salary as their fee. He then came to the Associated Charities.

The secretary took his case under advisement, then inserted an advertisement in one of the newspapers for him.

The answer he was offered a good position, with, however, the stipulation that he furnish two city references.

The next move was to secure the references.

The secretary communicated with a friend of his who was in charge of the decorating of the city for the G.A.R. Encampment. This friend gave the young man a week's employment with him, agreeing to furnish him with a reference letter at the conclusion of the work, in case it was satisfactory.

The young man was next sent down on State street, to the Associated Charities Industrial Home, to be "tried out," answering telephones and doing whatever odd jobs presented there.

He proved satisfactory in both temporary positions.

This equipped with his two references, he went forth on his quest for regular employment. He is evidently located, although no report of his condition has come back to the association. Perhaps he is lacking in attitude, perhaps merely in his qualifications. But his case has been scientifically adjusted.

I mentioned the Associated Charities recently in the presence of a dressmaker and milliner who has often done work for me and for various of my friends. I was greatly surprised and deeply interested when she spoke up and said:

"A couple of years ago I reached the end of my financial rope. I had to close out my business to satisfy the debts of the business which I had bought most of my stock. My rent was high and my sales were low. And I couldn't make ends meet by dressmaking, because I was so little known, and was thrown so utterly into my own responsibility.

"I determined to take a housework position until I could get a few dollars ahead and make a fresh start.

"I went from employment agency to employment agency, and each demanded a high price, up to \$150 a month for my taking a position, regardless of whether I was able to keep it or not.

"I simply couldn't afford to pay out what little money I had in that way, so I put my pride in my pocket, and took up the offer of the Associated Charities employment office. There seemed me an excellent place, entirely without charge, which I kept long enough to set me up in my own business again."

Here are two instances of which I have direct personal knowledge, in which the Associated Charities was not even asked for alms, but merely to perform a friendly office which required no outlay except that of business understanding and a little personal interest and effort. This is one of the salient features of constructive charity.

Some of the cases do cost money, however. The total expense for this branch of the service last year was \$15,000.

Sometimes the association guarantees the price of a fee to some professional agency, when a client is offered an advantageous position, but is unable to avail himself of it for lack of funds.

Again when a position is open to a client at some point outside the city, the price of transportation has to be advanced.

They often insert advertisements for persons seeking work. They also pay out considerable sums in buying peddlers' licenses, for men who will thereby be enabled to support their families as hucksters.

It should be borne in mind by the public that these services can also be served through other agencies. A man, one desiring a dressmaker by the day, a "scrub lady," a laundress, a carpenter, a man for odd jobs, or even a professional man, can often be put in touch with such through application at the office by telegraph.

The association often issues letters of recommendation to men who have worked at the woodyard, sometimes addressed to "whom it may concern," sometimes to individuals and business firms with whom the secretary is in personal touch.

Recently such a letter was given to a man who almost simultaneously secured work through one of the other agencies, and who then telephoned to the association for a letter of recommendation to another man. The association did not expect such treatment from him, yet long experience has trained them to keep a weather eye out for the unexpected, and he was apprehended in time.

This sort of thing is not infrequently attempted by the unworthy, still it takes a pretty smart rogue to deceive a trained sociologist, and not many are that successful.

The Message that Failed.

(Washington Star.) Dr. Malvill Dewey, State Librarian of New York, said recently that libraries would do well to furnish free music rolls for player-pianos, just as they now furnish books.

"In Toledo," said Dr. Dewey the other day, "my project has been lately inaugurated. It will accomplish much for the musical art."

Then, apropos of music and ignorance, Dr. Dewey told a story.

"A certain Governor," he said, "was being launched in a roadside town. During the ceremony the local band was on the beach outside the hotel. The band was in charge of a blacksmith, and the heat it so resonantly that at last message was sent out:

"The Governor requests the drummer to desist."

"The bandmaster was puzzled by this message for a moment, then he fate brightened in a smile, and he said:

"More drum, Joe; the Governor likes it."

Dividend Day

PACIFIC HOME BUILDERS quarterly dividend will be paid all stockholders November 1st at the rate of

12% Per Annum

on par, or 8 per cent for three months. This is one of a continuous chain of dividends every quarter for the past years since organization. This disbursement does not demonstrate the full earning power of the corporation, the balance of profits go into the surplus fund, a steady and wonderful growth of which has been shown.

\$1.60 Per Share

An allotment of PACIFIC HOME BUILDERS' stock is now offered at \$1.60 per share, either for all cash or on ten equal monthly payments. Dividends will be paid on every share fully paid, with no interest charged on deferred payments when bought on contract.

Reasons Why You Should Buy

PACIFIC HOME BUILDERS are established on a firm and solid foundation, having a reputation as builders of substantial homes and subdividers of high class acreage.

PACIFIC HOME BUILDERS realty holdings are acknowledged by all who know to possess a combination of the necessary essentials: an ideal location (15 minutes from Sixth and Broadway), perfect climatic and soil conditions; scenic surroundings unsurpassed. Our ANGELUS PARK (222 acres) and ANGELUS TRACT (80 acres), will be completely built up with fine homes, thereby showing a double profit; one on the lot, the other on the house.

PACIFIC HOME BUILDERS have a Guarantee Fund that has repurchased every share of stock offered, returning money on demand in full in every instance.

PACIFIC HOME BUILDERS' stock can be secured now at \$1.60 per share, but on the completion of the subdividing of ANGELUS PARK (the first plat of 438 lots has just been accepted by the City Engineer), the stock will be sold at \$2.00 the share.

PACIFIC HOME BUILDERS will pay their next quarter's dividend November 1st. If you become a stockholder on or before October 31st, you will receive the full dividend amounting to 8 cents on every share. Investigate our plan, see our tracts and completed homes, you will then become a shareholder.

Get our Booklet "FACTS."

PACIFIC HOME BUILDERS

Subdividers and Builders
Main 4107

331 So. Hill St.
F4603

STARTS THIRD BUILDING.

Bunker Hill Property Owner Undisturbed by Efforts of Those Who Want Hill Removed.

Construction was begun three days ago upon a three-story brick apartment-house which is to be erected by Mrs. Francis Zahn at the corner of Fourth and Hope streets. The structure is to be built on the hill by the same builder in the present year and was planned by Frank M. Tyler, who also designed one of the others, a building adjoining the site which is now to be improved. The talk of raising Bunker Hill is it is now, comes hot in the least disturb Mrs. Zahn.

The latest Zahn apartments will contain seventy-six rooms, in two and three-room suites, each with bath, kitchen and wall beds. The fixtures are to be of the up-to-date furniture. The lobby and parlor will be finished in Juana Costa mahogany.

The building will be faced with white glazed brick, the trim being of tile. The entrance will be in stone.

SANTA MARIA.

NEW OBJECTIVE IS FUGLER'S POINT.

BRADLEY CANYON'S OPERATIONS AROUSE INTEREST.

New Activities Encouraged by Appearance Success of Company—Concern Headed by A. A. Daugherty Has Commenced Construction Work on a Rig.

Special Correspondence of the Times]

SANTA MARIA (Cal.) Oct. 24.—

There seems to be a strong likelihood

that the territory in the vicinity of the original oil field is to be considerably exploited during the twelve months to come. Encouraged by the apparently successful operations of the Bradley Canyon Oil Company, operating upon a tract to the north of Cat Canyon, other companies

are investigating prospects and new

land deals are under way.

The first company to follow in the wake of the Bradley Canyon oilers is

Mr. A. A. Daugherty, who is also president of the Santa

María Oilfields (Limited) Oil Com-

pany, and work has been commenced

upon the erection of a rig upon the

same side of the low anticline which

rises through that territory.

The first oil well has recently been

drilled and is being completed by

the Daugherty oilers.

Besides being associated with oil

companies, Mr. Daugherty is likewise

connected with the Santa

María field well at heart.

The Bradley Canyon Oil Company

has completed a substantial amount

of work upon the one-inch

oil well, and will resume operations

next Monday. From now on work

upon this well will be energetically

and thoroughly carried on to completion.

A new well is also being installed

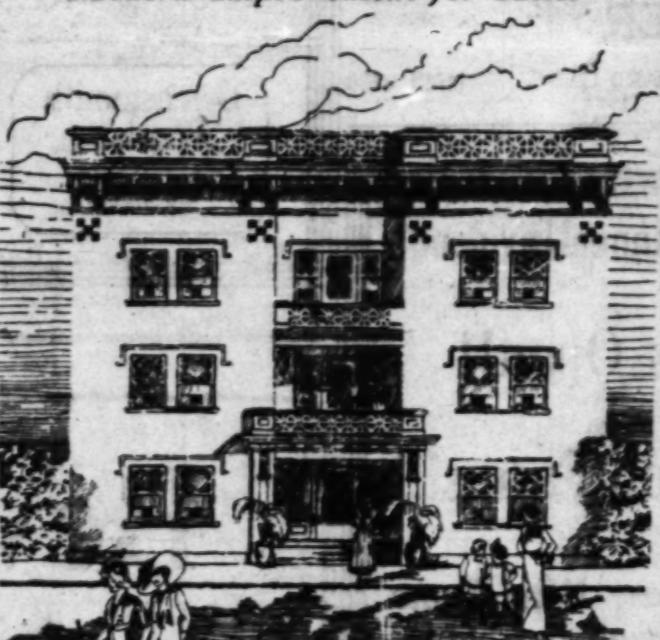
in the same area, and work will be

done to bring it in a successful well.

The directors of the company are

greatly enthused over their prospects.

Modern Improvement for Hill.



Apartments for Mrs. Francis Zahn.

Building just started at Fourth and Hope, Frank M. Tyler, architect.



To Provide That Special Fund

FOR THE BOY'S START IN LIFE

Or to meet any other special need.

F. L. CO. PROFIT-SHARING CERTIFICATES are particularly adapted. They compound 4 per cent. per annum with monthly or quarterly payments of small savings and they provide for **COLLATERAL PROFIT** Savings, Commodity Interest and Additional Profits are payable in cash, at maturity.

If you want the harvest you can see the sun rise.

The sooner you apply for your Certificate, the more it will meet your special need can be met.

A Faithful Couple.

[London Daily Mail.] After an engagement lasting twenty years, Robert and Mary Green were married yesterday morning at King's Cliffe, Northamptonshire.

The long delay was the result of the woman's determination to nurse her invalid father, a widower, until his death.

The couple were married in a simple ceremony.

The faithful and patient couple

were smothered with confetti as they

left the church.

President Investment Co.

617 So. Hill St.

Phones: Home 6012, Main 281



Hillhurst Park

Hillhurst

Mines and Mining in the Great Southwest.

ORE'S VALUE IS REALIZED.

Deposit Thought Worthless Prove Not to Be.

Divers Concerning Consolidated Denounced.

Popular Miner Killed by Falling Rock.

Special Correspondence of the Times] GOLDFIELD (Nev.) Oct. 22.—There has just been made a discovery that must be of unusual interest to Goldfield and which may prove to be of great importance to the district, not in the new opening of ore, but in the fact that this ore was mined in a part of the district supposed by many to contain nothing that would yield a

During the early leasing period of the district operations were conducted by leases on the claim of the White Rock Syndicate, whose claims adjoined the Goldfield Consolidated and the area of the main Consolidated. The Goldfield Syndicate, which also leased one of the leases on the Mohawk. Within a few years patents have been issued on all the claims comprising the area of both companies and the name of the Eagle Mines Syndicate.

James H. Gill, who has had some years, lately examined some of the material from the White Rock Syndicate. He was so well pleased that he took several samples to an assayer and found them to be of the same value as the ore of the Jumbo Extension and the Grizzly Bear mines. The samples showed a total value of less than a ton—a considerable better value than that of the ore he obtained at distant working points which have yielded a good profit to Gills' discovery, it is believed that work will be resumed on the property.

The company has plenty of room to conduct a comprehensive program of development.

WINGFIELD'S BOMB.

George Wingfield threw a bomb in his shop the other day by the action of a letter in the Goldfield Times in which he called a meeting of the miners of the Goldfield Consolidated and other properties controlled by him to settle his differences with the management.

He has been called to my attention by a number of miners, all of whom to the effect that there is a few months' ore remaining in the Goldfield Consolidated ground, and that the management is not doing all it can for the benefit of the shareholders.

All of these reports are in their entirety falsehoods of the worst type, and are being instigated by the management and political hypo-

Both of these properties are being held for the benefit of the shareholders, and the management will do under any circumstances, sacrifice the company's interests for the sake of an arrangement of distribution between market factors and so-called boosters. All that I ask is the support of the people and the love and care that should be given to the work that is to be done to develop the properties in the best possible way, but I certainly refuse to be used as the victim of these self-styled "boosters" who are doing all the work that is being done in the interest of the company, and which furnishes food for the down and bark the

Publication of the Wingfield

was the chief topic of conver-

for a day or two, but the con-

of opinion was that Wingfield

had in thus awakening a small

camp followers who do

nothing entirely with the bro-

In the United States Court at Car-

the Goldfield Mar-

The company was the victor

and the other disputed claims in

by Mr. Daniel C. O. Whittemore of Los An-

represented the Morver company

Beginning in the latest reports the

which is tributary to Goldfield, and is making

of commercial ore far sur-

anything in its history, and

fair to become one of the

producers of the yellow

ores of Nevada. Charles

of Goldfield, president

from Manhattan and is an

over the outcrop there. He

is a veritable

has good ore exposed

with some stope

that are of significant pro-

Koontz of Goldfield, presi-

and manager of the Big Four,

is opening up a

of millions of dollars.

Mr. Koontz completed

for the beginning of

which he is in-

Great activity is general

the neighborhood.

Many leaders are coining money

WORK IS PROGRESSING.

W. Simpson, manager of the

and other Goldfield proper-

in this camp, aside from the

has just returned from

and announces that develop-

on the Goldfield-Ken-

The Blue Bird, the Boot,

is progressing actively. It is

that the plans for the de-

of the Atlanta will be an

Manager has returned to assume ad-

charge of the work.

W. T. Tolin, president of the

Consolidated Mines Company.

However, the Supreme Court has

in the litigation started

by the Indiana Nevada

of the present case is absorbed by

and now that the decks are

the trial will proceed

further interruption.

The present week a ship-

sample by the Diamond Field

Black Butte Company Manager Koontz believes that a profitable out-put will be made from this point. Black Butte Mining and Leasing Company is also getting ready to begin the shipment of ore from its workings.

It was George Rider's hand, sticking out from a mass of fallen rock, that showed the searchers for him lay. Rider was a miner in the Cleary mine. After bidding his company good evening, he started to leave through a slope of the Mohawk, as was his custom. He was caught by falling rock and lay buried under the debris slowly accumulating throughout the night. When found, life had not long been extinct.

At his home his wife and little ones awaited his home-coming and the news of his death. Several men were caught by falling rock and lay buried under the debris slowly accumulating throughout the night. When found, life had not long been extinct.

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LOTS \$555 and up
10 YEARS TIME
Great Future Values

Why Pay Installment Prices You Have the Money?

Less—Go As Far As You Can On
Cash Basis and Make ALL the Profits

Plain Talk on Realty Values and Prices by
W. P. Whitsett, Sales Manager,
Van Nuys Lots and Acreage.

is the most potent factor in business. Money talks. Cash commands the lowest price. It assures the real values. Cash price is actual value today. The long-term price is present value plus the added increase up to the time of final payment.

Real estate is worth just what it can command in money, and no more.

In other words, its actual value is its equivalent in cash, and not its equivalent in deferred payments losses, accounting and collecting expenses and related interest spread over a term of years.

I do not decry the long-term or installment plan of payments. It is a boon to the man lacking the ready money and command cash price. As a savings account it is laudable, and a strong incentive to business and economy.

But the man with capital, or with some cash, eager at his own money to work earning more money, to reap for himself the harvest of rising values, can afford to lose this easiest of all easy money by paying installment prices.

Deferred payments means deferred profits. By installment plan the purchaser begins to make his savings where the seller leaves off—after the final payment.

And that brings this article down to this plain point:

Why pay installment prices if you have the money? Why put good money away at 3, 5 or even 7 per cent, and then buy real estate at installment prices?

Why let somebody else discount your profits for a term of years?

Why not use cash where it will do the most good, your capital large or little—use it to gain the increasing increment for yourself?

Buyers in the new town of Van Nuys figure this for themselves. And there are a great many of them.

And more are coming every day.

There are no installment buyers in Van Nuys, are no long-term payments.

The new town was started RIGHT.

Prices are based on cash. They represent the actual value of the property today.

The increase belongs to the purchaser who can grow today, and who follows his judgment with money, much or little.

In its people, its town lots, its suburban homes and the town of Van Nuys represents a greater per capita wealth than any other of its age and size in the country.

All the sales are made on actual value today for its nearest equivalent, six, twelve and eighteen months.

Every buyer has a bought-and-paid-for interest.

Every advance in value is his. And there is no limit.

Nothing can stop the increase of values in a community that. They are all working for themselves, point with pride to the record of sales I am making in the new town of Van Nuys, started only two weeks ago. I am proud of the sterling, substantial character of the residents I am attracting to it daily.

And I say frankly that no man with the means, cash, or to pay out in six, twelve and eighteen months, should ignore the opportunity I present.

No man, old resident or new, can afford to buy in, go into business, plant an orchard, a vineyard, or a farm, or invest a dollar anywhere in lots, unless, without first spending forty-five minutes in going to Van Nuys.

Operate Free Sightseeing Auto Cars twice daily.

Sunday. Go and see Van Nuys. Then, if you are further interested, go again with a salesman and your selection.

Don't ignore the opportunity to see the new gateway to the fertile San Fernando Valley, the heart of the famous Van Nuys-Lankershim area.

Let me send you a copy of the Van Nuys News, the whole story in photo reproductions.

W. P. Whitsett

Sales Manager

Headquarters Van Nuys Lots and Acreage

9 South Hill Street, Los Angeles

Broadway 3525—F2869

It's Bad Enough to Spend Your Days Thus



\$950 And Up for
Big Villa Sites

Big lots—50x150 up to 100x170. One-fifth down, with four years on the balance. Strong building discounts to early purchasers. \$2000 restrictions.

Let's Be Thankful We Can Seek a Peaceful Spot Like This
at Night—Hollywood Gardens—in West Hollywood



Note the orange grove in the photo—it now covers part of the tract. Trees will be preserved wherever possible. Come out today and choose a lot with a grove of thrifty, full-grown trees. Trees transplanted where desired.



does the location strike you? High, with a glorious view. And the dry, sparkling air means health.

Barrett Adv.

UMORS WERE FLASH IN PAN.

Interest Subsidies in Alleged
Discoveries.

Buying Stocks Said to Have
Caused Reports.

Producers Are Shipping
More Bullion Than Ever.

Short Correspondence of the Times.

TONER (Ariz.) Sept. 18.—Q: Is there any evidence of interest in the discovery of the North Star and the silver discoveries, reflects that was nothing more than a press release in the paper. Both properties have been handled from the beginning with a good deal of interest, but the action of the market, and the quick change in value, is due to the fact that the investors are not interested in the difference between managing for the broker and managing for the broker and managing for the broker.

Added to the regular tonnage of the Belmont, there must be taken into account the 1000 tons of silver from the old plant as a custom mill. The latter has been contracted up to its full capacity for the year to come on the basis of 1000 tons daily, and the average then.

Receipts from bullion shipments for September show \$49,000 in excess of dividend requirements, which pre-

dicted a quarterly dividend of \$1000. This will be a 40-cent basis, instead of the 25-cent payment which obtains now.

WINSLOW (Ariz.) Sept. 17.—Q: This is the first time that I have availed myself of your kind offer to name specimens. You will find therein a mineral that is new to me and to all of my friends. It comes in bunches of an irregular shape, and is composed of eleven miles from Blue Water. The chief portion of it is believed to be the Belmont management, and it is believed that as soon as the Belmont management can make room for more or the "JIM" will double the present output, giving the plant 1000 tons a day instead of 500 tons a week.

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Receipts from bullion shipments for September show \$49,000 in excess of dividend requirements, which pre-

RARE MINERALS, METALLURGY, CHEMISTRY.

ENQUIRIES FROM AND ANSWERS
TO CORRESPONDENTS

Aragonite.

WILSON (Ariz.) Sept. 18.—Q: I am sending you a sample for identification.

PORTERVILLE, Sept. 20.—Q: Kindly let me know through the classified department of The Times whether enclosed sample will make first-class brick?

Limonite and Sand.

PORTERVILLE, Sept. 20.—Q: Kindly let me know through the classified department of The Times whether enclosed sample will make first-class brick?

PROSPECTOR.

A: The sample well washed and freed from grit (quartz) will represent a good sample for paint purposes. It will also pass muster for brick material, but not for high-grade brick.

Chemistry.

LOS ANGELES, Sept. 20.—Q: I am sending you a sample for identification of a few chemical points that I cannot clearly understand, and as I am only a student I hope that you will not think that I am taking up your time.

W. P. W.

A: The specimen is named at the subheading, it is a variety of calcite, carbonate and known in mineralogy as "Milk-white Calcite." It is a thin, white, translucent, and somewhat brittle, hard, and brittle.

Columbite is of submetallic lustre;

its streak is dark red to black, and it is usually of a black color and often

iridescent.

Red tourmaline is infusible along

its streaks, and is uncolored in all tourmaline. Lower variety.

Columbite is of submetallic lustre;

its streak is dark red to black, and it is usually of a black color and often

iridescent.

Value of Kaolin.

LOS ANGELES, Sept. 21.—Q: Will you please tell me the market value of the kaolin by the ton, as it is mixed?

A: That depends on the quality of the kaolin. Free from No. 1 grade is worth \$10 per ton at San

Francisco. Grades range from \$5 to \$10 per ton. To arrive at values as mixed, deduct freight and hauling charges with cost of containers.

Low Grade Manganese.

SILVER LAKE, Sept. 21.—Q: Will you oblige a prospector by telling me if this is kaolin? I ran across a small lead of it in the Silver Lake mining district.

A: That depends on the quality of the kaolin. It is from the asbestos district.

W. P. W.

A: The sample is named at the subheading, it is a variety of calcite, carbonate and known in mineralogy as "Milk-white Calcite." It is a thin, white, translucent, and somewhat brittle, hard, and brittle.

C: The sample is a good sample for paint purposes.

W. P. W.

A: There will be a good sample for paint purposes.

W. P. W.

A: Glad, indeed, to hear from you.

The samples and your description of formations, are intensely interesting.

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BUILDING PERMITS.

Following are the permits for \$1,500 and over issued from October 17 to October 24, inclusively:

Cottage, three rooms, No. 2216 Marconi avenue; W. A. Plasted; \$1500.

Cottage, six rooms, No. 3512 Tenth avenue; Mrs. Emma Stern; \$1650.

Apartment-house, three stories, fifty rooms, No. 1480 Sante street; Dr. E. N. Mathis; \$11,000.

Residence, seven rooms, No. 5022 Marlow avenue; Sinclair & Jones; \$2500.

Residence, nine rooms, No. 887 North Mariposa avenue; W. Craig; \$3000.

Residence, eight rooms, No. 4016 Belvedere street; Miss Ethel White; \$2500.

Residence and garage, ten rooms, No. 671 Norton avenue; R. R. Thompson; \$4500.

Residence, seven rooms, No. 211 North Cahuenga street; Sidney N. Smith; \$2500.

Dwelling, four rooms, No. 1389 Edgecliff drive; R. L. Franklin; \$3500.

Apartment-house, three stories, twenty-four rooms, No. 1417 Florida street; John C. Glinton; \$8000.

Residence, apartment-house, four stories, seventy rooms, No. 1054 Ingraham street; W. O. Barker; \$60,000.

Residence, eight rooms, No. 5889 Grand avenue; Jeff Barton; \$1950.

Residence, five rooms, No. 1918 West Forty-first drive; Daisy Dotts; \$2000.

Brick garage, machine shop and warehouse, one and two stories, Nos. 1907-15 Pasadena avenue and No. 213 North Avenue Nineteen; City of Los Angeles (store department); \$38,000.

Bungalow, No. 100 University avenue; J. E. Finley; \$1500.

Residence, six rooms, No. 1824 Winona boulevard; Charles R. Spink; \$2500.

Flat, twelve rooms, No. 249 East First street; James M. Brayton; \$4000.

Residence, six rooms, No. 62 Mission road; Fred Richmon; \$2500.

Ad. to residence for flats, No. 1825 North Vermont avenue; Mrs. Lucy Webber; \$2500.

Five residences, three six rooms, one seven rooms and one eight rooms, north side of Larchmont; south side east of Franklin; south side east of Perla avenue, sixth lot east of Brand boulevard; north side Arwater avenue, fifth lot east of Brand boulevard; east side of Franklin; south side lot south of Larchmont; and east side Franklin boulevard, first lot south of Perla avenue; F. W. Paramore; \$2600, \$2400, \$2600, \$2500 and \$2600; total \$12,100.

Residence, six rooms, Arwater avenue, first side of Brand boulevard; W. H. Kerr; \$2000.

Residence and shed, seven rooms, No. 2811 Orchard avenue; F. Lounberry; \$2200.

Residence, seven rooms, No. 2807 Orchard avenue; F. Lounberry; \$2200.

Residence, ten rooms, No. 715 North New Hampshire street; R. D. Grawell; \$4000.

Flat, eighteen rooms, No. 3816 South Grand avenue; Mariana Cook; \$3500.

Apartment-house, sixteen rooms, No. 1824 Denver street; Jennie Girty; \$7500.

Residence, seven rooms, No. 1411 Newton avenue; Ed Prudhon; \$3500.

Eight bungalows, four three rooms and four four rooms each, Nos. 71890, 71900, 71910, 71920, 71930, 71940, 71950 and 7196 Hollywood boulevard; W. M. Thomas; \$2000 each; total, \$16,000.

Flat, sixteen rooms, No. 222 East Thirty-first street; Fred D. Colby; \$8500.

Residence, seven rooms, No. 287 North Gramercy place; Mr. McElroy; \$4500.

Residence, six rooms, No. 4188 Harvard boulevard; H. Mohlenbruck; \$2000.

Concrete office building, six stories, fifty rooms, No. 624-628½ South Spring street; Frank P. Flint; \$95,000.

Brick garage, No. 129 South Figueroa street; S. H. Tolhurst; \$7000.

Residence, seven rooms, No. 4700 Cameron street; D. W. McLean; \$2000.

Cottage, six rooms, No. 469 Belmont avenue; \$1500.

Brick apartment-house, four stories, 164 rooms, No. 1127 Orange street; Mrs. T. Waldron; \$50,000.

Bungalow, seven rooms, No. 1780 West Forty-first drive; H. Krieger; \$1000.

Flat, twelve rooms, No. 1832 Blaine street; F. Monardin; \$4000.

Flat, six rooms, No. 511-513 South Soto street; R. F. Norman; \$2500.

Brick store building, three rooms, Nos. 819-823 South Hill street; D. F. Hill; \$7000.

Store and flats, two stories, eighteen rooms, No. 1515-1517 Brooklyn avenue; Jacob Schneider; \$4500.

Barn and lumber shed, No. 1861 East Sixteenth street and No. 1818 Central avenue; San Pedro Lumber Company; \$1675.

Cottage, six rooms, No. 1707 West Fifty-fourth street; Mr. Sullivan; \$1000.

Residence, eight rooms, No. 1329 Fifth avenue; Clara Cohen; \$3500.

Residence, five rooms, No. 2034 West avenue; Mrs. Hughes; \$2000.

Residence, eight rooms, No. 1617 Fuller avenue; J. W. McLellan; \$4500.

Residence and two sheds, seven rooms, No. 607 West Sixteenth street; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Henderson; \$2000.

Residence, eight rooms, No. 858 Gramercy place; W. A. Snyder; \$2000.

Residence, ten rooms, No. 4042 West Eighth street; W. C. Watkins; \$4000.

Residence, six rooms, No. 1767 Morris avenue; E. A. Tedbill; \$2000.

Residence, six rooms, No. 1441 Hampton court; Allen-Knight Construction Company; \$2000.

Flat, twelve rooms, 27x42 feet, No. 2507 East Forty-fourth street; Mrs. S. Ehrenberg; \$4000.

Residence and garage, seven rooms, No. 1325 West Forty-first street; Reginald Harris; \$4750.

Residence, six rooms, No. 558 North Harrison and Manhattan place; F. J. L. Amundson; \$4150.

Bungalow, five rooms, No. 1475 North Bronson avenue; H. H. Robertson; \$1500.

Store and residence, seven rooms, No. 920 Lorena street; Ida Riffkind; \$1850.

Residence, six rooms, No. 558 North Harrison and Manhattan place; F. J. L. Amundson; \$4150.

Brick loft building, four stories, No. 812 South Broadway; E. H. Kahan Building Company; \$20,000.

Residence, eight rooms, No. 1688 Olive street; S. W. Dyer; \$2000.

Residence, six rooms, No. 1055 California avenue; Earl Newmire; \$1500.

Cottage, five rooms, No. 1021 West 5th street; C. H. Hubbard; \$1500.

Ridge residence and add story beneath, No. 1416 South Flower street; Mary Marlow; \$2500.

Residence and garage, six rooms, No. 148 West Eighty-third street;

6% \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ 6%

An Investment Proved and Approved

HUMAN experience, caution and prudence have proved and approved for many generations the true security in real estate mortgages. They represent an investment that could not be better. They possess safety, stability, income and convertibility.

The rapid and substantial growth of the Provident Mutual Building-Loan Association is largely due to the popularity of its

6% Coupon Investment Certificates

The security is selected, improved income-producing real estate, located throughout Southern California where values are not dormant but rapidly increasing, owing to the many advantages surrounding the same.

For every \$100 invested in Provident 6% Investment Certificates the holder has \$227 of real estate security, and nearly \$100 of fire insurance on improvements on the real estate. Can you desire a safer plan than this, the product of seventeen years successful operation. Remember the Provident pays 6% payable semi-annually.

The Officers and Directors are as follows:

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

L. W. BLINN, President. MILTON K. YOUNG, Asst. L. J. CHRISTOPHER, V-Pres. W. E. WOODRICK.

J. M. HUNTER, Secy. & Mgr. E. J. WATERS.

R. M. KEDDIE, Asst. Secy. E. A. WILSON.

E. A. WILSON, Field Mgr. H. L. PEASE.

Provident
Mutual Building-Loan Association

6% \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ 6%

For the Tollers.

CO-OPERATION CUTS THE COST.

COMPREHENSIVE SCHEME IS WORKED OUT IN FRANCE.

Many Stores Established for the Benefit of the Poor Where One Commodity is Exchanged for Another—System is Run on Business Lines and Yields a Profit.

[Consular Report.] France, according to Consul-General Alphonse Gaulin, stationed at Marseilles, has probably the most comprehensive co-operative societies of any country in the world. There are co-operative societies and co-operative organizations of every kind for the aid of the tollers, its members. The movement has grown immensely in recent years.

In his Consular district, Mr. Gaulin says, there are 104 co-operative bakeries which supply bread to their members in exchange for wheat, two repair wharfs, San Pedro; Southern Pacific Company; \$2000.

Repair wharf, San Pedro; Southern Pacific Company; \$2

The Leading Events
IN THE DOMAIN OF SPORTS.XVIIth YEAR.

30
MILES OF
BOULEVARD
FRONTAGE
SOLD IN
18
MONTHS

BIM LANDS

Boulevard Tracts
low prices, easily within your reach.
The side of residential, commercial
ways. The greatest increase in
value is before you—the Van Nuys
valley, parked on each side with
England and their famous good
right.

Land in Southern California
Improvements
Local investors are planting
opportunities for country home
in West.

will not
be sold
as easy

Clip This Coupon
Janas Investment Co.
LOS ANGELES
Send me full information
and illustrated folder about
the Bim-Lands Los Angeles Lands

Times 28-27

16th
To \$1.75
From \$1.50
Profit .25

QUICK
PROFITS
and
SUBSTANTIAL
DIVIDENDS
PROVIDE OUR
TREMENDOUS
SUCCESS



allow them to
on more than equal terms with
average retailer.

Negroes Have a Flag
(Cleveland Plain Dealer)
hearing a song to the effect that
the negroes had but the one, a
of the Zion Africa
Church, said an official
which, he said, his church had
to adopt.

The flag has twelve stars
of purple, white, and blue. The
represents the robe Christ
the crucifixion; the red
shall be made white as
white, purity of the spirit
the negroes' loyalty to
the church.

IMPORTED ANGORA Golf and Tennis Sweater Coats

"As Light as a Feather."
From \$10.00 to \$25.00.
Vest Collar, Ruffneck and Norfolk Sweaters, from
\$5.00 to \$8.50.

Come in and See The
New Winchester 20-Gauge Hammerless Shot Gun
It's a "dandy."
Price \$24.00.

TUFTS-LYON ARMS CO.
"GOOD SHOOTING GOODS."
428 SOUTH SPRING STREET



At Third between Broadway and Spring

Football Shoes

\$10 SPRINTS. Made especially for back field men, with cut
out sole, either rugby or intercollegiate cleats— \$5.00
\$6.00 White Rugby or Intercollegiate. \$5.00
\$10.00 Black Rugby or Intercollegiate. \$4.00
Special prices to teams on pants, jerseys, stockings, supporters and other
accessories.

Henry & Cornett
SPORTING GOODS COMPANY INC.

F2535 442 SO. SPRING ST. Main 2214

1912 PACKARD SIX PHAETON

Completely Equipped
Owner has purchased 1913 Six

Several other Bargains in Packards, owners
of which have all taken delivery of
1913 Packard Sixes.

California Motor Company
10th and Hope

The Pink Sheet—Sporting Section.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 27, 1912.

Not So Good. SMALL LEAD SLIPS TIGERS.

Hogan's Club Drops Back to
Second Place.

Split Even With the Beavers
While Oaks Win Two.

Beavers Take First Game by
Slugging Stewart.

BY HARRY A. WILLIAMS.
Vernon's pennant chances were
pruned down to a narrow margin
yesterday.

The Tigers relinquished their brief

Desert Sand Battles on While Thousands Watch



Daring Drivers and Racing-cars that Figure in the Fastest Race Ever Scheduled.

These men sent away last night on a flight of 511 miles over the California stretch of the Ocean-to-Ocean Highway from Los Angeles to Phoenix for a purse of \$6000, with the rivalry keener than ever before. The drivers expect to beat the best time made by any car in the San Diego-Phoenix road race.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

Wins	Losses	Per cent.
Oakland	118	82
Vernon	82	82
Los Angeles	110	91
Portland	82	98
San Francisco	82	112
Sacramento	71	121

overnight lead when they broke
even with Portland in a double-
header at Washington-street Park,
and the Angels twice fell before the
Oaks.

McCleod's men registered their
first win of the series, when they
took the Tigers down the line, 6 to
4, in the opening bill. The Tigers
retaliated in the second game, a four
and a half inning affair, trouncing the
Beavers, 6 to 2. The Angels chase was
simply a slouch of Elmer Ross
over with Roy Hilt holding the Port-
landers to horse collar.

Higginbotham and Stewart were
sent out onto the firing line in the
first game. The Beavers bailed
out of the hole with a five-
run assault in the fourth. Raleigh
then took hold and held the hostiles
to one run, but the beans had al-
ready been spilled. Raleigh was
taken out in the eighth to let Agnew
have a turn at the plate. Agnew
hit the last inning, got by without a
scratch. Nine of the fifteen hits for
which the local trio were solved by
Beaver bats were realized off Stewart's
sharp arm, which all will admit to
be his, which will not admit to be
some punishment, but a little ex-
tra steam in the pinches and brill-
iant defensive work by Cunningham
and Krueger, the outfit seemed
to tame the Tigers. A brilliant catch
of Butcher's short fly in the second
enabled Dick Bayless to share the
stellar fielding honors with these
people.

TIGERS START STRONG.

The Tigers opened on Higgin-
botham energetically, and by the
second inning had made it look like
a Hogan victory, by piling up a three-
run lead. Clegg struggled to a left-
over, then embarked on the
rebound received from the grand stand,
fled to Chadbourn. Bayless just
about removed Bancroft's good left
thum with a fire-splitting single. Car-
ricle joined in, scoring. H. W. Shear-
man then homered for the home team
that looked good for three bases, until
Cunningham, while running with the
ball, falconed into the air and
pulled it down with his left hand
within three feet of the right-field
fence. Hoop planted a double in
center, scoring Carlisle and Bayless.

McDonnell's grounder, and then
shovelled it to Rogers, but not in
time to force Litchie. Hoop tried
to score on the play, but was nalled
at the plate. Rogers to Fisher.

Krueger, not willing that Cunningham
have should have anything on him,
picked Brown's fly out of the firm-
ament with his naked hand, in the sec-
ond game, and then bailed out
at first. Higginbotham whistled
walking Carlisle and Kane. Carlisle
stepped second in the meantime.
Carlisle and Kane, then man-
euvered a successful double steal,
while crossing the plate when Gus
Fisher threw the ball a mile to Baker.
Bayless was picked off at
the plate. The Tigers scored their
final run in the fourth. Raleigh op-
ened with a single that drove Banc-
roft and Rogers together and hit
both of them out of play. Carlisle
fled to Krueger. Kane spun a
single to Higginbotham, who
leaves high to first. This placed Re-
leigh at third and he counted on
Bancroft to score, but Cunningham, who
made another circuit.

Portland scored in a free and
untrammeled manner in the fourth.

Butcher, the first man up, struck out
thereby giving no inkling of the tur-
bulence to follow.

Raleigh followed the
Bancroft and Fisher loaded third and
second without a show of resistance.

Higginbotham fanned. Right here
the Beavers began hitting everything
they had to offer. Solid shots

by Cunningham, Clegg, Rogers

and Krueger came in rapid suc-
cession, and five runs flashed over the
pan.

Raleigh was sent for and Stew-
art walked weakly to the bench.

Raleigh quickly spiked Portland's

guns, throwing out Baker, the only

one to be sent for.

Stewart was sent for and Higgin-

botham fanned.

They are off. The greatest Los

Angeles-Phoenix road race ever

held is now on.

Starter Eddie

Mair, when he slapped the nervy

drivers on the back, sent away as

classy a bunch of stars as ever figured

in the desert classic.

They are off.

West and for that matter in the

whole country.

Ralph Hamlin held his place as

favorite right up to the starting line.

Despite the prediction that Louis

Nikrant would divide the honors with

the Air-cooled Ralph, the Franklin

was the greatest road race ever held in the

desert classic.

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<p

GRAND PRIZE TRAGEDY TOLD BY EYE WITNESSES.

Owner of Fiat Racing Stable Tells How Giant Car Was Hurled High as Telegraph Poles When David Bruce Brown and Mechanic Lost Their Lives on the Dangerous Vanderbilt Race Course at Milwaukee.

WHEN Attorney E. E. Hewlett, who owns the largest stable of Fiat racing cars of any man in this country, reached Los Angeles on Tuesday, the first news of the Grand Prize race from a spectator who saw the saddest event ever staged was given in detail. There at the trackside, where one of the greatest drivers, David Bruce Brown, was killed, and one of the best mechanicians, Tony Scudallari, lost his life, Attorney Hewlett saw the motor drama that took two of our finest men out of the racing game.

That the Vanderbilt course at Milwaukee is the most dangerous on which a road race was ever staged is the statement of Attorney Hewlett, who does not spare his words when he condemns the racing management. While David Bruce Brown was dying, with his head in the lap of a woman who lived near the course, Hewlett was giving orders for the ambulance which never came. Had the hospital corps been on hand Hewlett believes it possible that the lives of both men might have been spared.

Instead of first aid being rendered to both the unconscious men it was half an hour before an automobile could be secured. The men, both unconscious, were lifted into a touring car and rushed to the hospital. Brown died in the afternoon and Scudallari hovered between life and death for a week and then passed out. The course, according to Hewlett, was so dangerous that he begged Brown to withdraw his entry, and tried his best to keep Teddy Tetzlaff and Caley Bragg from starting. Ralph de Palma, injured on the same course while Caley Bragg was hurling the Fiat into a wonderful victory, will probably never race again, according to Attorney Hewlett. It was no fault of Bragg's.

BY ATTORNEY E. E. HEWLETT.



Neither the Vanderbilt nor the Grand Prize race should have been run on that course. There was not enough room for the cars to pass, let alone race. I put the proposition up to the boys that they ship their cars to Los Angeles and race here. Dave had practically decided to ship his car back home on the morning he was killed.

It was a severe blow to everyone. He was a big, whole-hearted, square lad, who was loved by everyone. If you could have seen him, with his head in that woman's lap, quietly breathing his last, you would have realized the tragedy of the whole thing.

The car was hurled as high as the telegraph posts when it turned turtle. Both Brown and Tony were thrown clear of the machine, into the ditch at the side of the road.

PATRON OF RACE.

Poor Dave, it is hard to realize that he lost his life. He had just gotten off the train from New York and I was at the station when he left, and he was full of enthusiasm for a good race. Tetzlaff had not broken the track record, and Dave went out to break Tetzlaff's record. Tetzlaff then went out to try for Dave's mark and Dave saw him leaving the pits and waited for him on the back stretch. He followed Tetzlaff around for a lap, and Tetzlaff says he would gain on him, but the turn, turning about four rods into the air, turned about four rods and landing on the other side of the road upside down, and facing the reverse way.

Neither Dave nor Tony ever knew what struck them. We actually had to dig them out with a shovel. The management did not have an ambulance and they lay there for half an hour.

On His Way.

TAKES STEARNS-KNIGHT ON TOUR THROUGH MOUNTAINS

C. H. DAGGETT has recently returned from a long tour over some of the roads of California and over some of the highest mountains to be found in the State. He traveled in a Stearns-Knight car and took with him on the trip Mrs. Daggett, their son, H. L. Daggett, and Mrs. M. Fletcher of Whittier. They covered a distance of 4000 miles before they were content to make the start for their home city.

After making the first part of their run through the San Francisco Gables into Bakersfield they drove on to Fresno and then to Bakersfield again. Daggett gives an interesting account of his trip and states that they found the roads in very good shape, especially from Bakersfield to Sacramento. From there the party proceeded on to Redding and over the Shasta Mountains to Ashland and from there, driving over the Grant's Pass, across the State of which has an elevation of 6500 feet,

Oregon, they reached Crescent City, which is on the coast.

There was some rough driving over this stretch of road, but the Stearns was not found wanting and after reaching the coast they were ready to go on with the run and drove south to Bakersfield. Over this part of the trip there was beautiful scenery such as can be found in the State of California and together with the easy riding quality of the Stearns, had made this a most enjoyable outing. At one place they were three hours driving through a dense forest.

After making short stops at Willits and Napa City and taking a few days' rest at Bakersfield, they took again to the Capitol city and on through to Auburn and Colfax, and taking the road by way of Donner Lake, went to Tahoe. This is a road few autoists take as it is one of the hardest routes in the State. From Tahoe the Stearns was driven back to Truckee and on down to Reno. The run was to Virginia City, the fact that we operate the only

hour until the farmers could fix up a cot on which they were both placed, and carried in on a touring car. Dave died that afternoon and Tony lived a week, but never regained consciousness.

We withdrew all the cars, but the management asked as a personal favor that we let Teddy start. Teddy was on the last wing of the Vanderbilt race—had already filled up for the last time with gasoline and oil and had been driven twelve miles, when a little shaft in the magnetic brake put him out of the race. This was a new one on me, as it had never occurred.

The Grand Prize Caley decided to start at the last minute, and we gave Barney Oldfield No. 48. Teddy was in the lead and soon passed Caley around by five miles, when Teddy broke a torsion rod connecting the rear axle. This was another thing that had never happened before. It was a new rod. It did no damage except that it caused the chain to break. It had to be had to give up the race in disgust.

Caley had the race well in hand but on the last lap De Palma was following him closely, though Caley had a three-minute lead. They came to a bank at which even one could not get off without Caley shouting, but for some unknown reason De Palma took it wide open.

DE PALMA'S FINISH.

Even going slowly, cars jumped through the air about twenty-five feet at this point. They say that De Palma went fifty feet through the air and never stopped until he struck Caley's car full in the middle. While going through the air, of course, he could not use his brakes and had no control of his machine. De Palma was thrown into the ditch and struck a post, a piece of which was driven through his stomach. Caley pulled up slowly to the finish line and passed them to the ambulance right back, and went back himself. De Palma was laughing and assured Caley that it was no fault of his. He was taken to the hospital and is doing all right; the mechanics was not hurt.

With the race over he started the race without having gone over the course once. He took off his coat and vest and went in with only his shirt sleeves and suspenders. He had to stop at the pits three times in the

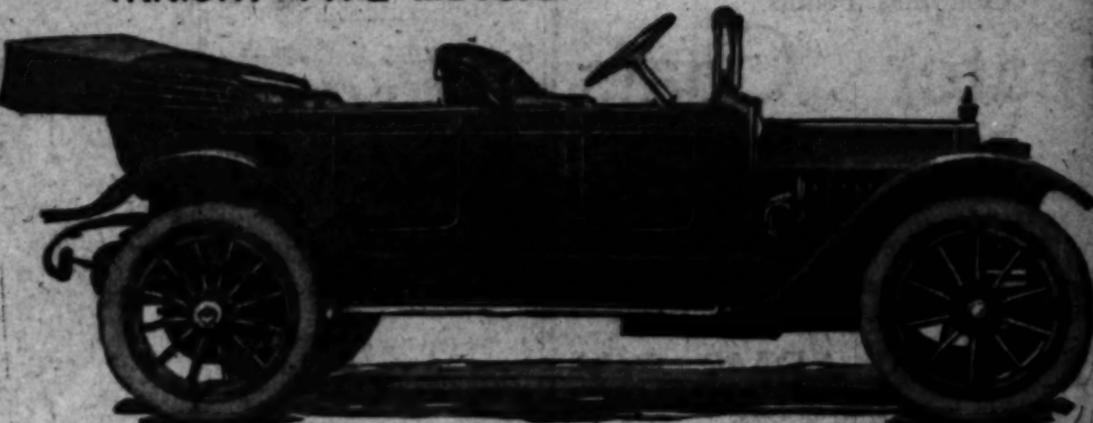
IN all motordom there is no car like the Stearns-Knight. Not even the European Knight cars—the Daimler, Panhard, Mercedes, Minerva and others—offer as many exclusive features as the Stearns. In none of them has the refinement of the Silent Knight type motor been carried out so well, or so carefully.

Demonstrations by Appointment

A 'Phone Call Will Do

Stearns

THE ULTIMATE CAR
(KNIGHT TYPE MOTOR)



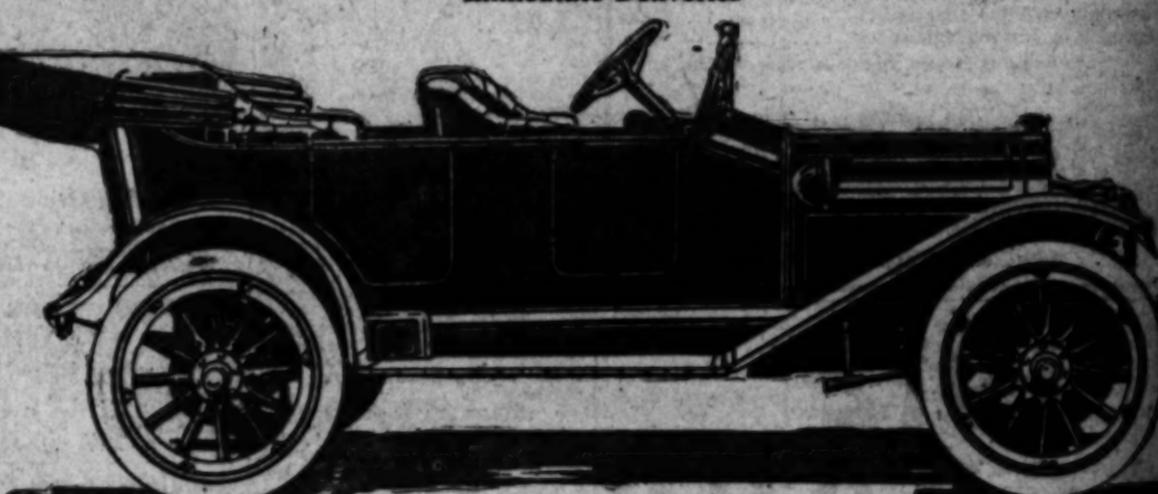
The new Stearns-Knight demonstrator is here. Like its predecessor, the original Stearns-Knight, it stands absolutely in a class by itself



SMITH BROTHERS
Stearns 742-44-46-48 SOUTH OLIVE ST.
LOS ANGELES, CAL. Cleecie



1913 Cutting 40 Surpasses the Rest by Actual Test Immediate Deliveries



Do you know that the Cutting "40" has 120-inch wheelbase, 35-inch wheels, demountable rims, Turkish cushions 12 inches deep, electric lights, self-starter, Wisconsin unit power plant supported on three points, which style of construction delivers over 60 per cent of power to rear wheels, and is equipped with the Westinghouse equalizing brake system.

Complete F. O. B. Los Angeles
\$1625.00

Desirable Territory Open to Live Dealers.

F2965

EASTERN MOTOR CAR CO.

825-827 S. Olive St., L. A.

We are also prepared to handle cars on day storage, and do all other garage work.

EVER-READY BUSINESS RUSH.

Dry Cells Manufactured by Millions to Keep Ahead of the Motor Trade.

In discussing the magnitude of the dry cell business, Mr. Johnson, general manager of the American Ever-Ready Company, said: "It is not generally known that over 25,000,000 dry cells were manufactured and consumed in the United States during last year. Of this total over 10,000,000 dry cells were manufactured about 40 per cent. Our California plant, which we maintain here for the benefit of the Pacific Coast trade, manufactured over 75 per cent of the dry cells used on the coast.

"Ever-Ready products are known

the world over. The parent company is known as the American Ever-Ready Company, and is affiliated with it are the European companies, known respectively as the British Ever-Ready Company, French Ever-Ready Company, and German Ever-Ready Company. The products are known to the trade as Ever-Ready flashlight, automobile, and marine batteries. Ever-Ready makes lamps for automobile lighting, and a complete line of electric current measuring instruments, including ammeters and volt meters for testing dry cells and storage batteries.

"The Ever-Ready Company are the pioneers in the development of the self-starter, having marketed the first practical self-starter for the automobile in the "Baby State's" capital city. After the Phoenix track races are over Mr. Ollier will visit every Studebaker agency in the district, traveling over the entire route of one of his racing teams. More than thirty Studebaker dealers and agencies are located in Arizona, and as the roads from one place to another are in spots classified as "fair to middlin'" the local man can expect some rough riding before his trip is completed.



4-Cylinder
Water Cooled
Fully Equipped \$575

Town Car for Doctor or Business Men.
Brough and Garage at 3221 San Pedro Street. Good Territory.

TELEPHONE
Main 844

CANAVAN HAS LARGE PLANS

Calls for One Hundred Cars
and Cartercar Models.

Campaign Pressed Vigorously
by White Vanece Is East.

James J. Canavan, who is handling the business for the Vanece-Canavan Company during the absence of Vanece, Vanece, is planning a campaign this season that will include the entire Southwest. Vanece is now in the West to hasten the delivery of the new model Case, Cartercar and Knox cars. These machines are to be shipped at once and this week, it is expected, the first consignment will arrive.

There is nothing more to be done in the Cartercar. It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Because of this fact, Canavan has wired to Vice-President Bradford for another 100 of these clucky cars. This means that the territory controlled by the Vanece-Canavan Company is to be supplied properly this season.

It was hard to secure cars for early delivery last year. Because of this fact both Vanece and Canavan were obliged to make several trips to the factories in Detroit, and it kept them both on the jump constantly. Now the plans are so laid this year that all such difficulties will be obviated. It is anticipated that the prospects now booked will have to fight hard for their cars.

WANT MANY CARS.

With Vanece is in the East, he is in constant communication with Canavan regarding the different plans of the two in the racing situation. Of course, there is a limit to the number of cars this concern can hope to receive, but the orders are going in now in time to assure the delivery of cars months before they could be promised last season.

At the Case factory the men there are prepared to ship 100 Case cars to the local agency. With Harper Herrick company on hand here to take care of the Case owners, the service department is controlled by the Vanece-Canavan Company. It is complete in the minute details. Herrick looks after those who purchase Case cars and Wille Hull takes care of the Case owners. Both are expert mechanics.

THAT KNOX LINE.

Now, one of the interesting lines which the Vanece-Canavan Company is handling is the Knox. The claims made for the Knox-Martin tractor, the first one of which will be received this week, sound particularly good. This commercial novelty is practical and has made a great hit in the East, and, according to Canavan, is one of the best pieces of motor machinery when it comes to general utility.

One of the interesting demonstrations made last week when a Knox tractor had eight and a half tons of lumber hauled up the Caliente Street Hill, in San Francisco, a grade of 19½ per cent. The tractor and the wagon weighed together a half tons, or 780 pounds. This tractor will be a decided sensation in the hills of the Bay City. The first one has been shipped from the Knox factory and should reach here this week.

The Marquette line handled by the Vanece-Canavan Company has proved a ready seller. This car has met with popular favor, and now that the ever-realized that the Marquette is to be combined with the Oldsmobile, assurance is given that the best of attention will be given the manufacture of Marquette cars. These include the names of the more prominent men in Los Angeles. Some of the recent purchases are C. H. Knapp, manager of the Hotel Van Nuys; Charles M. Joseph, Manager, C. P. Smith, E. M. Cross, J. K. Tannant, G. W. Bowden and a number of others.

Although Brown is playing a steady game at the start, who is to win will approach the style of Wright, the new star of last year. Holloway of Long Beach, a freshman, seems to have great possibilities in this position, but he lacks the experience necessary. Until this hole is filled that position will be somewhat unoccupied.

Although Brown is playing a steady game at the start, who is to win will approach the style of Wright, the new star of last year.

Proposed White

MORELAND TELL
TRUCK MEN

That the proposed legislation against the motor truck users is unfair and is not placed on the right basis with the contention of nearly two score of truck owners and builders at a hearing held Thursday night. It was the consensus of opinion of those present that a \$20 tax for a thirty or more horse-power truck was excessive.

Wat Moreland took an active part in the discussion. The Moreland racing team has figured in the legislation now in progress, but is opposed to the tax as outlined by the Legislative Committee of the City Council. Moreland outlined carefully his view of the matter and the truck men heartily agreed with him.

"We should not be hasty in this matter," said Moreland. "Let us see, however, that our side of the case is presented to the City Council in the right light. It is the truck men and not the builders who feel the tax. It seems to me it is up to us as an organization to learn what the matter is and the truck men buy the truck.

The automobile question in Los Angeles is acute, but the motor-truck question is facing a problem now that we must solve speedily. It will be late to take up the discussion and hear the two sides of the case. The truck men are to be heard and should be heard in their proper place. For my part, I desire to carry this question right through the proper channels."

CAR DEALERS
ASSOCIATION DIRECTORYCAN-COLE—Grundy Motor Sales,
642 South Olive Street. Main 2191;SON JACKRABBIT—Leon T. Shet-
Co., 151 West Pico Street. Main 7034,
e 10167.Howard Auto Co., Tenth and Olive,
6000. Main 9040.ERS & R. & L. ELECTRICS—West-
Motor Car Co., 727 South Olive,
Main 3195.BUS ELECTRIC—Firestone and
California Automobile Co., 1250-
West Seventh Street. Wilshire 788,
53018.D—Eastern Motor Car Co., 825-827
South Olive. F2965, M. 2965.IN & R. & L. ELECTRICS—R. C.
n, Twelfth and Olive Streets. Main
come 6249.D & REO Automobiles & Trucks,
Motor Car Company, 1032-38 South
Street. 10845, Main 5470.ILE—M. C. Nason, 1017-1019
Olive. A1007, Broadway 2967.—Clay H. Thompson, 1142-44 So.
F6390, Broadway 1947.CAR—Kinsel Automobile Co., 118
Pico St. Broadway 2186, 2286.ON-MAIL VELIE—Rental Motor
Co., 1230 South Main Street. Main
come 10799.L—Greer-Robbins Co., Twelfth
Street. Bdw. 5410, A1187.L—National Motor Car Co., 1130-
South Olive Street. F4353, Main 3329.D—Grabowsky Trucks, Hawley
Co. Agents, Motor Car Dept.,
South Olive Street.ILE—Oldsmobile Co. of Calif.
5 South Olive. Main 5130, F5647.RROW—W. E. Bush, 1701-1711
and Ave.RTFORD—Wm. R. Russel, Corner
Olive. Main 2278, Home 60173.Premier Motor Car Co., 1127
Olive Street. Main 679, F2864.Miller & Williams, 1140 South
Broadway 2907, Home F2942.ing Fair Automobile Co., 1047-49
Olive. Home F2533.KNIGHT AND OHIO ELEC-
MOTOR Brothers, 742 South Olive
Broadway 3834, Home F4206.D-DAYTON—Standard Motor
1001 So. Olive Street. Broadway
come 10457.D—Symonds Company, 1142-44
St. A2291, Broadway 1344.Thomas Motor Car Company of
n, Eleventh and Flower Streets.
Main 8800.W. D. Howard Motor Car Co.,
South Flower Street. Broadway
come F1822.

obile Tire Co.

and Olive Streets
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New Wrinkles.

ALL NEW MOONS SHINE BRIGHT.*Big Factory Output Is Promised for 1913 Season.**Expensive Materials Used in Car Construction.**Electric Starting and Lighting System on the Cars.*

The Moon Motor Car Company of St. Louis has made a wonderful growth in the last few years and is now recognized as one of the leading automobile factories of the world. Moon business increased 217 per cent. in the past year and the indications are that this year's growth will be larger.

The policy of the Moon company ever since it started its business has been to make a car equal in efficiency with that of the high-priced cars and to sell it at a medium price. Of course, the Moon people have not made as large a profit per car, but they have figured that in the long run the increased business would bring them a larger total of profits than would be the case if they built their cars cheaply and failed to repeat the sales in succeeding years.

Further construction feature embodied in the Moon automobile car which has proved its efficiency is found in the Moon "45," which sells for \$1550. The Moon "45" is built with a T-head motor, long stroke, full bearing, rear axle, of one piece, double steel housing, a multiple disc clutch, and the gear, connecting rods and differential are designed to stand the force exerted by a seventy-horse-power motor, though the Moon "45" develops only forty-eight actual horse power.

It is interesting to know that 22 per cent. of all the Moon buyers in the New York district in 1912 were buyers of the Moon "45." Some of them were buying third, fourth and even tenth cars. The second-time buyer is an expert. He doesn't listen to extravagant and high-sounding claims and statistics. He is won over by superior salesmanship. He lifts up the hood and looks for what he wants. These statistics show that he finds it in the Moon.

MOON RIDES.

The Moon people have never spared expense or trouble in building their cars, yet they have priced them so as to put them within reach of the average automobile buyer. That's why the Moon growth has been so steady and consistent and why the Moon Motor Car Company is destined to be one of the largest automobile factories in the world.

The Moon people are now making about 1800 cars a year. Last season the Moon factory was the largest car factory in the country, turning out 1500 per cent. Further additions are now being made, and thousands of dollars of additional machinery are being installed. The Moon people are prepared for a tremendous increase in sales.

The 1913 models of the Moon car are equipped with an electric self-craking and lighting system which Moon engineers have worked out after five years of experimentation and study.

Five years ago the Moon engineering department began working out this electric starting and lighting system. Moon engineers worked at the electric department all the time it wanted to perfect any improvements. Finally they drew up specifications which suited them. These were given to one of the largest and best-known electric companies in the country. The engineering department of this company spent considerable time in building the first start and lighter. Neither the Moon people nor the electric company wanted to be the leaders, until they were absolutely sure it was right. They have finally perfected this system and it is now incorporated in the equipment of every car to be sold this season.

NEW MOONS.

The 1913 Moons are also built with a left-side drive and easier control. One distinctive feature of Moon policy has been to use a single control for all models. President J. W. Moon and his assistants believe that there is only one way to do everything—the right way. That's why they do not think it is possible to make three or four different types of cars and claim that one of these is the best. The only difference in the various models of the Moon car is in the size of the parts. The "35," the "45" and the "55" have the same fundamental features, the only difference is the amount of horse power developed by each engine. The "55" is a six-cylinder car.

Probably no car on the market selling for less than \$1500 is built as completely mechanically as the Moon.

Lynn C. Buxton is the Moon agent in Los Angeles.

Bull Growing.

A TLAS FACTORY FOR STEARNS CARS**SLIP-VALVE MOTORS TO BE BUILT IN IMMENSE PLANT.**

Buildings to Be Given Over to the Manufacture of the Knight Motors and the Demand for These Engines Is to Be Met With Larger Supply Than Ever This Year.

Through the purchase of the Atlas Engine Works by the Lyons-Atlas Company at Indianapolis on Tuesday, the Knight sleeve-valve engine receives another impetus from a production standpoint which bids fair to place it on a more advantageous basis than ever before in this country. The new company, which has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$250,000, all paid in, will take possession of the huge plant, which covers forty-seven acres, at once and will begin the manufacture of Knight engines for the trade.

The Atlas Engine Works was ordered sold by Judge Weir of the Superior Court and in the hands of a receiver for about one thousand and a half. The Lyons-Atlas Company, which made the successful bid, is composed of experienced Chicago men, who have been engaged in the manufacturing business. The presi-

10,000 Miles on One Set of Tire Casings**Essenkay—the Wonderful Substitute for Air,****Proves Conclusively That It Ends****Punctures and Blowouts****Cuts Tire Bills in Half**

Essenkay—the wonderful substitute for air, has taken Los Angeles by storm. Motorists everywhere are clamoring for it. So great, so insistent has been this demand that we have been working night and day to perfect forces and facilities for filling it.

The popularity of Essenkay is unprecedented. Never before in the history of motordom has such a success been achieved and there is a practical reason for this.

Essenkay eliminates the air-filled inner tube entirely. That is economy one. Essenkay makes blowouts and punctures impossible. That is economy two. Essenkay cuts tire bills and upkeep in half. That is economy three.

Thousands of motorists throughout the entire country already know the merits of this greatest and best of boons. And now you, too, may know—the opportunity is opened to you right in your own home city.

No More Tire Troubles

Essenkay is the one positive, proven substitute for air in automobile tires. It is the only real solution to the tire problem—a problem that has been the one seemingly insurmountable drawback to motoring.

It pares the upkeep cost of your tires down to a minimum. It puts a stop finally and forever to that constant, unnecessary drain on your pocketbook. It guarantees you tire satisfaction and economy.

itself time and again in the money that it saves you.

Essenkay Sold Everywhere on 30 Days Trial

We want you to know Essenkay. We want you to try it. Therefore, we offer you every facility of a trial. Let us install Essenkay into your tires—ride on it for one month. Learn for yourself what a great substance it is. Get an actual idea of its merits.

ESSENKAY
'ENDS TIRE TROUBLES'

Remarkable Resiliency

You'll never begin to realize the smooth, easy, even riding qualities of Essenkay until you have tried it. Then and only then will you begin to learn what tire comfort you are missing. Ask any Essenkay owner whether he would willingly go back to air. He will tell you that Essenkay is amply worth its entire cost for its superb riding qualities alone—regardless of the trouble that it saves.

Essenkay Lasts Indefinitely

It is practically indestructible—proof against wear and tear. It is put into your tire in molded cylindrical form and can be interchanged from tire to tire as fast as each casing wears out. It will not rot, run, nor crumble. It is impervious to heat, cold and the elements—acids, chemicals and gases. It will pay for

If, at the end of that time, you think you would rather go back to air, just tell us so. We'll slip your inner tubes back in your casing and it will not cost you a penny. Could you ask for a fairer offer than this?

Stop in and see about this matter today. If you can't call today, come as soon as you can, but meanwhile don't fail to get our new book, "The Remarkable Story of Essenkay." Clip the coupon now—mail it instantly.

Agents, Write for Territory

The biggest selling proposition in the State is open **RIGHT NOW**. We have some good territory still left which we will allot to genuine, big calibred men only—men who can measure up to our standard. It's a tremendous opportunity—the chance of a lifetime for the man who can qualify. Write or wire for full information right away.

AGENT'S COUPON
Essenkay Sales Co., Dept. 5457,
1038 South Main Street,
Los Angeles, Calif.
Give me the facts about your
money order.

ESSENKAY SALES CO.

Dept. 5457

1038 South Main Street

Los Angeles, California

Phones: Home 2225—Main 1951

CAR OWNER'S COUPON
Essenkay Sales Co., Dept. 5457,
1038 South Main Street,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Send me your descriptive booklet,
"The Remarkable Story of Essenkay."

Name _____

Address _____

T-10-27

Times Directory of Automobiles and Accessories**Abbot and Lozier**

Auburn **TOURIST PARTS.**
W. J. BURT MOTOR CAR CO.
Tenth and Main Streets

Adams Trucks

Alco **Trucks and Pleasure Cars Built and Guaranteed by THE AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE COMPANY**
LOS ANGELES ALCO MOTOR SALES CO., RAND & GLODE,
1020 S. RAND & 1100 S. GLODE, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Western Rubber & Supply Co. 1011 South Olive St., Pasadena, Los Angeles, Cal.

Auto Supplies **Eliminates Puncture**
See Demonstration 340 W. 7th St.

Brush \$3515; **DETROITER**, \$1000; **KOehler**, \$1000; **wagon**, \$350.

Cartercar **PERFECT DRIVE.** We Chisel to Size—2500 Cars
Tours, Coupe, Sedan, Station Wagon, 1000 to 1200
Phone, 5100 to 5120.

Case **50 AND 55 H.P.**
Tours, Sedan, Toy Coupe, Limousine and Limousine
VAN-CANAVAN MOTOR CO.,
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Small Lead Slips.

(Continued from Page 5)

not to face him, at first an ad-man's wonder.

Maligh's only bad spot was

stomach in the sixth, when he

had a bad attack, sandwiching a

pair of passes, promoted one run.

THE SLAUGHTER.

Maligh had his rabbit's feet with

him for two innings in the after-

noon. The Tigers got to him for

three hits in the first, and had one

more in the second, but sharp

pitching prevented them from cross-

ing the plate. Maligh was one spot

off in the third, and then he

was on his single and twice

stepped him in the third, and from

that time on it was murder. Roy

Maligh's running to the ball to the

front of the home plate, at a spot

between the first and second, and

Hoop chased home with a

one-rounder to right. Litchi lashed

out a blow of double denominator

that Caweltiachan could not cash

in, and advanced to third.

When Fisher's vicious peg to

left, Litchi off second went wild and

scattered into center field. Litchi

scrambled speedily to third, and re-

acted to the ball, and Litchi

hit a blow of double denominator

that Caweltiachan could not cash

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High-class Sport.

PROMINENT YOUNG MEN OF AFFAIRS IN BOXING RING.

Son of ex-Governor Gage Will Meet Ivan Kahn in the Coming Amateur Boxing Tournament at Los Angeles Athletic Club—Van Court Discusses the New Weight Schedule.

BY DE WITT VAN COURT.

THE coming amateur boxing place at the Los Angeles Athletic Club on the nights of October 14, 15 and 16, are creating more than an ordinary interest in amateur athletics.

The entries have already begun to come in and the committee has been promised at least three entries from the Multnomah Club of Portland and at least six are expected from the Olympic Club of San Francisco. The Pacific A.C., the Western A.C. and the Columbus A.C. each has a number of amateurs who are training for the bouts.

The interest centered in the L.A.A.C. is in Ivan Kahn, Ernie Clark and Francis Gage. Kahn is a promising amateur boxer and Gage is the son of ex-Gov. Henry Gage. Both are middleweights and expect to box for the honors of the club.

HOME FINE BOYS.

Kahn boxed for the welterweight championship of the world several years ago in London and his decision to Sam Adler, the English champion. Since then Ivan has grown into a husky middleweight and has improved wonderfully. He is a faster boxer and his punches begin to hook up in the finals it will be a match well worth seeing.

Gage is a very strong young fellow with a hard punch, and likes the rough going as well as any amateur in the ring. He is a good boxer. Correll has had him in hand for several months and will send him into the ring in the best possible condition.

Ed Tolle, a promising young boxer, is seriously thinking of entering the tournament. If he finds it possible to take the time to train, will enter. He is a fast welterweight, clever and a good boxer.

Ernie Clark, the club champion heavyweight, is training daily with Ivan Kahn and will be in the best of condition for the tournament. His last appearance was anything but satisfactory to himself, so he is starting early to be at his best. With his past experience, I expect he should hold his title against any of the northern boys that may enter. There are several new ones that are to represent the club and these will make their first appearance next month.

From the interest the new members are taking, I am sure the house will be present each night of the tournament. The Boxing Committee, Cliff Neuman, Benny Brain and George Parker, are working hard to make the tournament the best ever. All entries must be made to the A.A.C. and show their cards before they will be allowed to compete.

Three rounds is the limit of boxing in tournaments with the privilege have not been selected as yet, but



Ivan Kahn, Boxer.

A well-known figure of the business world who could have been a champion of the prize ring had he so chosen.

of an extra round when the judges fall to agree. The officials for the tournament the best and most competent in

the rules allow no unnecessary rough work.

Scientific points only count in rendering the decisions.

NEW SCALE OF WEIGHTS.

[Omaha Bee:] This mountain air undoubtedly has much to do with Denver's ability to win over visiting teams in Denver, and yet we are not convinced that that fully accounts for Denver's three consecutive and decisive victories over the vaunted champions of the more vaunted Class AA League. For three years Minneapolis has walked away with the American Association pennant with comparative ease. Denver's pennant this year was won only by dint of most desperate effort. Omaha and St. Joseph being upon its heels all the time. Yet Denver has no sort of difficulty in lambasting Mike Cannition's champions. Doesn't it really make you wonder what the ultimate of permitting the American Association to draft from the Western League?

Any fair judge of baseball who knows the facts will hoot the idea of there being any material difference in the caliber of these two leagues or between that of the Western and Pacific Coast League, which also enjoys the distinction of a higher classification and the consequent perquisites of drafting from us. It is simply absurd to think that the American Association League under such a ban, and it is nothing short of a bore. We have no quarrel with President O'Neill, who did all in his power in defense of the rights of his league, but only accepted momentary conditions as the last recourse, which came in the form of a compromise to ward off larger concessions. But it remains that the Western League is a victim of the same discrimination inflicted with the leave of the god of baseball. We are glad Denver made its demonstration of excellence over Minneapolis so decisive. It leaves no room for quibble. The results of this year's pennant are the same as those of the last two years. The American weights are: Bantam, 105 pounds; feather, 115 pounds; average, 125 pounds; light, 135 pounds; welter, 145 pounds; middle, 155 pounds; condominium, 175 pounds, and over that weight the heaviest come in.

The amateur weights are: Bantam, 105 pounds; feather, 115 pounds; average, 125 pounds; light, 135 pounds; welter, 145 pounds; middle, 155 pounds; condominium, 175 pounds, and over that weight the heaviest come in.

The English weights are: Bantam, 115 pounds; feather, 125 pounds; light, 135 pounds; welter, 145 pounds; middle, 155 pounds; light heavy, 165 pounds, and over that, heavy weight.

Taking a longer view, there is no wonder that there is plenty of confusion.

The original Marquis of Queensberry weights were: Bantam, 112 pounds; feather, 122 pounds; light, 132 pounds; welter, 142 pounds; middle, 152 pounds; light heavy, 162 pounds, and over that, heavy weight.

LARGER MEN NOW.

In following the history of the ring we can plainly see that the size of the men has increased, materially in this country in the same fifty years. There is hardly any record of an English champion that weighed as much as 200 pounds, and many of our heavyweights of today go far beyond that mark.

John Macs scaled around the 185-pound mark. Tom Barretts around the 180. Charlie Mitchell about the same. Paddy Slavin, Jim Smith, Jake Kilrain, Bomharder Wells, all went up to the 200-pound mark and all of these held the English title at different times.

John C. Heenan, John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan were close to the 200-pound mark, and Jim Jeffries and others went up to the 210. Paulie Wells weighed 185 when he defeated Paulie, and Bob Fitzsimmons weighed about 175 when he beat Corbett, who at that time weighed about 165.

FIGHTERS WIFE.

IS HIS COACH.

It is rather unusual for a woman to be mixed up in any way in a boxing match, but Mme. Isabelle Til, wife of Paul Til, the French lightweight, has been making a name for herself in America. Mme. Til, who is a clever little Frenchwoman, will attend the fights in which her "hubby" is engaged, and is always at the ring-side to watch Paul's every movement.

The coming heavyweight champion will probably go over that mark as does between Jim Flynn, Pauler and McCarty at the present time. Flynn, who is much lighter, may possibly beat either of these fellows on account of his greater speed, but he will probably hold it for a length of time if the young heavier begin springing up as fast as they have done in the past two years.

It is said that the Australians are anxious to have him as their heavyweight champion and if they do, it will be only a matter of a few

years ago, with the exception mentioned, and the proposed weight in the light heavyweight class that is recognized at the present time as being 165 pounds, will be raised to 175 and calling it a co-champion weight. The change in name enables us to make a better distinction

ever saw blood on Paul's face," said Mrs. Til, "and, of course, I thought that was the reason that the rules were." She had forgotten all about the incident the day following and helped to entertain many ladies at the Stadium with a pink tea, which is all the rage there nowadays. These matinees being given once a week for the fair sex.

SHORT ROUND BOUTS BAD FOR CHAMPIONS.

The prevalence of the short-distance, no-decision bout, so popular nowadays, is having one curious effect on the boxing situation. Genuine undisputed champions with a clear right

to their titles are becoming scarce. If Jack Johnson's retirement can be taken as an accepted fact, then the result was." She had forgotten all about the incident the day following and helped to entertain many ladies at the Stadium with a pink tea, which is all the rage there nowadays. These matinees being given once a week for the fair sex.

The middleweight and light heavyweight titles have been in the same hands for some time, although the last few bouts depicted there is left remaining only three, and all of them are heads of the lighter divisions. Of the three remaining, Wolgang seems to be tottering on his throne, and Kilbane, thought to lack real class,

Packard Left Drive "38"

In the smaller six-cylinder Packard, left drive reaches for the first time its ultimate development.

In addition to our positive electric self-starter, we have placed all controls on the steering column. This exclusive arrangement means complete mastery of the car from the driver's seat.

Electric lighting and separate Bosch high tension magneto ignition.

This combination of features is to be found only in the Packard "38." In the essentials of convenience and comfort, this car is the criterion of the present and an assured standard for the next two years.

Early dates of delivery are being allotted impartially CATALOG UPON REQUEST

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-for the shopping tour
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Study the "electrics" you see in front of the big stores on Broadway tomorrow. In nearly every instance you'll find that they are handsome, dashing "Columbus Electrics"—the favorite electric vehicle of America's most discriminating women.

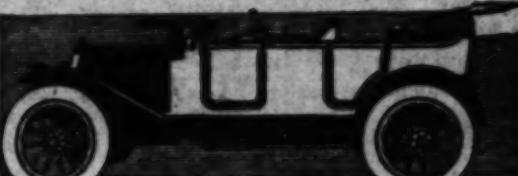
For the shopping tour, the theater, afternoon call, and little country tours, Columbus Electrics are winning nation-wide favor.

These classy cars will equal in appearance, equipment and length of mileage per charge, any electric on the market—regardless of price.

Columbus Electrics are built by the Columbus Electric Company—the strongest and best equipped organization of its kind in the world.

Let us captivate you with a "Columbus demonstration" tomorrow.

CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,
Volney S. Boardsley,
President and Manager.
Factory Representatives:
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"The Society Garage."
The Columbus Electric on a Broadway shopping tour.



The Paige "26" is here

and ready for delivery at

\$1065

F. O. B. LOS ANGELES

This price includes complete equipment consisting of top, windshield, speedometer, starter, demountable rims, Presto tank, all bright parts nickel.

Compare the Paige with other cars selling at or near this price and we believe you will agree with us that it is the greatest value ever offered in the automobile line. This car has the graceful lines of its higher priced competitors, and when you compare the riding qualities with other cars of its class you will be astounded at the difference which exists in favor of the Paige.

The models consist of one of the nattiest roadsters ever shown for less than \$2000 a 4 and 5 passenger car all selling at \$1065, including the above equipment—and these are ready for delivery NOW.

Agents, now is your time to close contracts and get your share of the business. Don't forget we have the Paige "36" coming to sell for \$1250. This car is larger, but enjoys the distinction of possessing those qualities which have made the Paige line the popular line that it is.

The Paige factory and the local agency are in a position to guarantee good service and we ask you to please call and inspect our cars, the personnel of the agency and the new quarters into which we have just moved.

Carpenter Motor Sales Co.

Eleventh and Flower Streets

A. M. YOUNG, President

Phones, 60388, Main 888

Our Boys and Girls

PROPOSED ILLUSTRATION



PERCY, MY MECHANIC
ON NIGHT WHAT WITH
UND GHOSTS GO OUT
DUCK FOR APPLES CELEBRATIONING.



MY, PERCY, YOU
WOULDN'T BITE MY
HAND WHAT MADE
YOU, WOULD YOU?



shopping

Columbus Electric

trics" you see in front of
on Broadway tomorrow.
Once you'll find that they are the
Columbia Electrics"—the favor-
ite of America's most discriminating

ur, the theater, afternoon calls, Mrs. Columbus Electrics are win-
er.

equal in appearance, equipment
per charge, any electric on the
price.

are built by the Columbus Buggy
best and best equipped organization
in the world.

with a "Columbus demonstra-

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top, windshield,
is nickelated.

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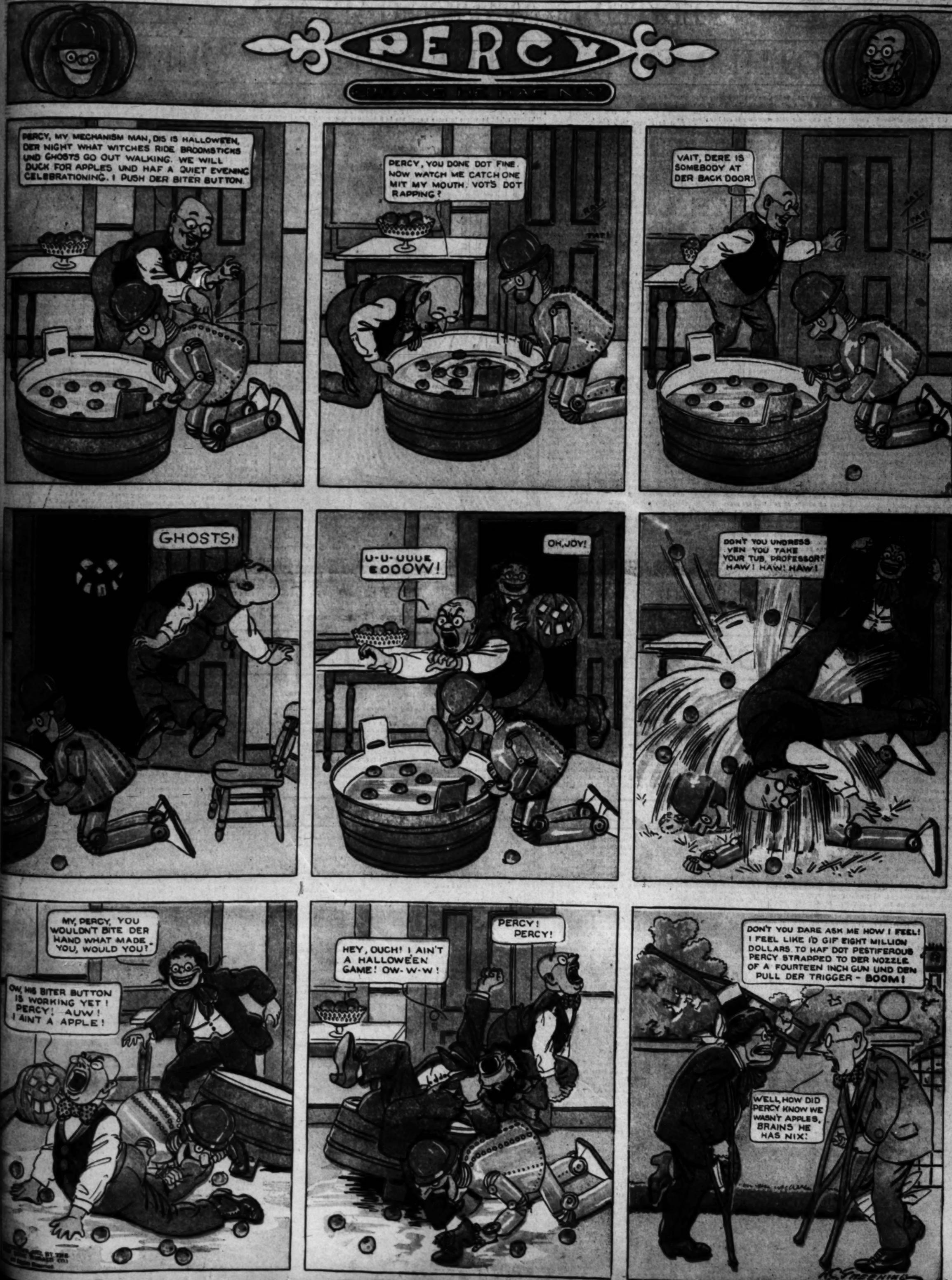
guarantee good service, of the agency.

0388, Main 8880

The middleweight and welterweight titles have been on the market for some time, although there is a perfect herd of boxers worthy of right to be recognized as champion of these two divisions. But a factor of fact, most of them are unable to fill the shoes of Marcel Cerdan, who are not middleweights in physique.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 27, 1912.

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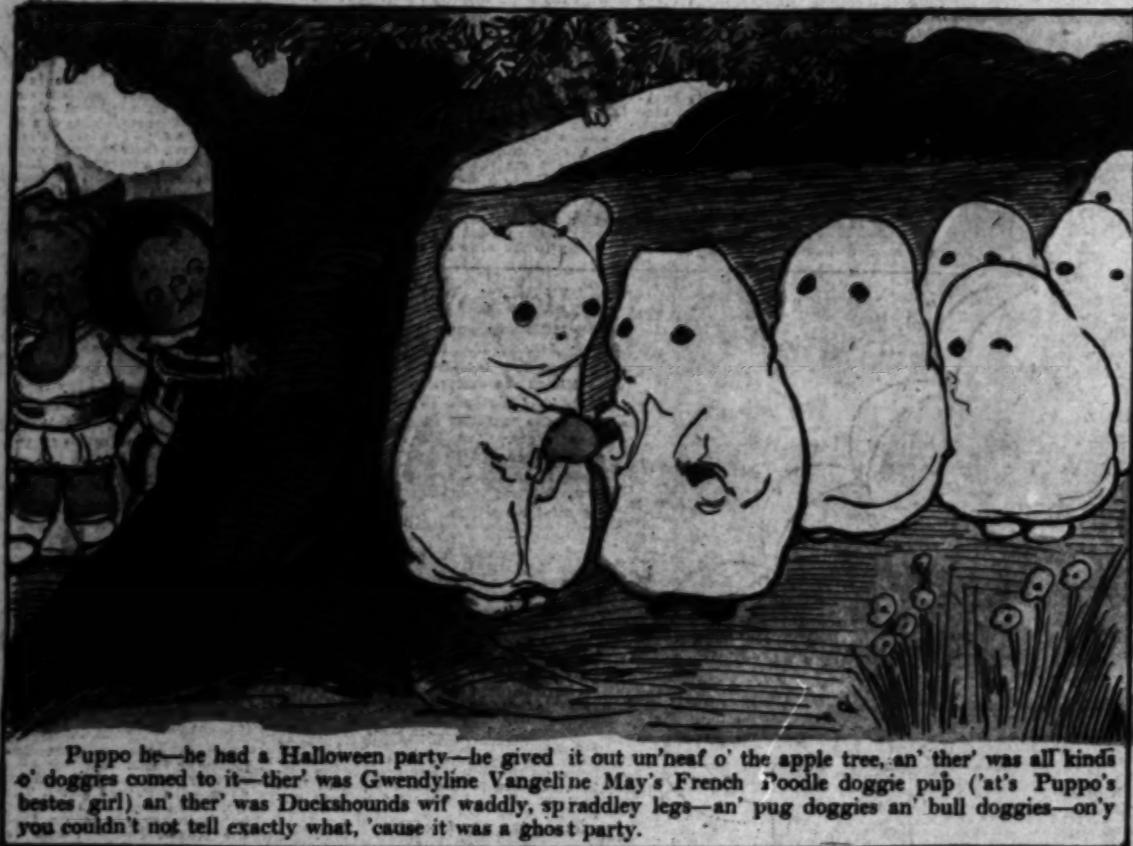
THE TURRIBLE
TALES OF
KAPTIN KIDD

(Copyright, 1912, by The North American Company.)



Written by MARGARET G. HAYS

Pictured by GRACE G. DRAYTON



Puppo he—he had a Halloween party—he gived it out un'neaf o' the apple tree, an' ther' was all kinds o' doggies comed to it—ther' was Gwendyline Vangeline May's French Poodle doggie pup ('at's Puppo's bestes girl), an' ther' was Duckshounds wif waddly, spraddley legs—an' pug doggies an' bulldogies—on'y you couldn't not tell exactly what, cause it was a ghost party.



An' ey all comed dressed up in sheets an'—ey bobbed for chicken bones an' ey telled fortunes wif each—an' ey had a magniferous party—Gwendyline Van geline May an' me comed to it—an' ther' was the nice little girlie doggie, an' she played the banjo for 'em—an'—an' the French Poodle doggie pup sie sed she's goin' down cellar wif a mirror—see who's her true love.



An' she goed an' it was all dark down 'at cellar, an'—an' she screamed "Ki-yi!" an' "Ki-yi!" An' me n' Puppo we climbed down the winder an'—an' ther' was a gr-r-eat big—a gr-r-eat big Punkin Head had hold o' the poor little French Poodle doggie pup—an' he was a-lookin' at his-self in the lookin' glass an' he—he leffed a hollow laff.



An' I sed, "Hi, you!" An' he sed, "Hello, who is you?" An' I sed, "I is Kaptin Kiddo!" An' the Punkin Head he bowed 'en, an' he—he taked orf his head—an' he sed, "What's the matter wif your doo—An' I sed, "Nuffin's the matter, on'y you're spoolin' the party." An' he sed, "Party? Oh, I jus' love—on—adore parties; can't I come? Tee-hee." An' me'n Puppo sed, "All right. Come along. Silly."



An' at ol' silly Punkin Head he eated up all o' the cider, an' apples, an' nuts, an' en he wanted to bob for apples in a tub, an' his head comed orf an' bobbed roun' wif the apples—an' all the little doggies was so scared 'ey goed 'way 'en, but I—er—I jus' picked up the ol' Punkin Head an' stucked it on him 'gen, an' he sed, "Thanks, ol' sport, much 'bliged."



An' suddenly a big witch lady in a red hat and cloak comed flyin' long ther' an' she catched the Punkin Head and setted him on her broom stick, an'—an' she flied orf wif him—an' way—way over the moon—an' ey bof o' em cackled an' laffed an' waved ther' hands to Gwendyline Vangeline May an' ey sed, "Ta-ta! Ta-ta! Oh you Kiddo."

(Copyright, 1912, by The North American Company.)

The
New
Boat
H. J.



TG HAYS

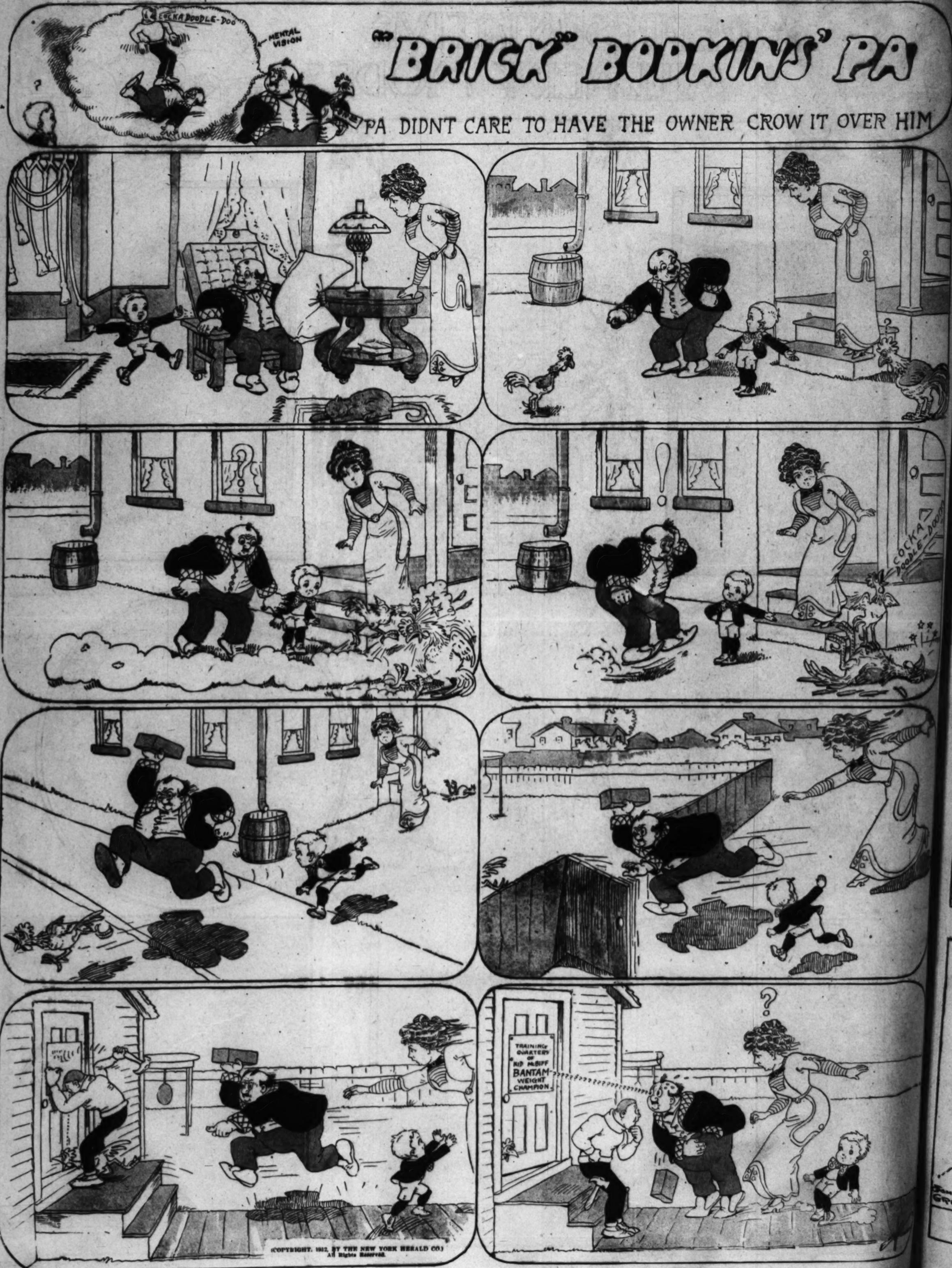
G. DRAYTON

called fortunes wif cards
an' there' was the nice
new pup she sed she's

Kiddo! An' the Putter wif your doggit?
Oh, I jus' love—do
me along. Silly."

An' the catched of all
way—way off—high in
Vangeline May an' the
North African's Cam-

The
New Boat
HutVelvet on
VelvetOf Puffed
Taffeta
and Net



MR. TWEEDLE DEE DLE



1—This ragged and patched up and rough looking scamp, At the House of the Doughman is a gingerbread tramp.



2—He holds out his hands and commences to beg, When a chocolate-dog runs and bites off his leg.



3—The Doughman in pity throws the door open wide And lifts up the tramp and he brings him inside.



4—While the Doughlady gets out her flour and her pan And kneads a new leg just as quick as she can.



5—"And make a new face for him, too," urges Dolly— A big one and round one that's smiling and jolly."



6—With a new leg and face made of gingerbread cake, The tramp is put into the oven to bake.



7—When by pricking his head she finds he's baked through, She ices his hair, then paints him all blue.



8—A policeman is he! Very much to the joy Of Dolly and Dick and a small cream-puff boy

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HALLOWEEN AT HOME

EARLON DEAR: You remember, don't you, the jolly parties we used to have at home when we were children?

I never forgot them, and was reminded last night of the fun we kiddies enjoyed when Babie celebrated her birthday by giving a Halloween party.

Grace had on an attractive frock of brown Venetian cloth, trimmed with bands of soft green brocade.

The sleeves were cut in one with the bodice and were trimmed with pointed pieces of cloth, which lapped over from back to front and were held in place by buttons.

Buttons trimmed a circular band of green around the neck and cuffs on the sleeves. The neck was made with side pleats extending from the front panel of the bodice. The panel was cut with a point that folded up over the bodice and was then fastened with two buttons. A band of the same cloth was used for the belt and was tied in a knot on one side.

Toddie had on the cutest little frock

of flowered muslin, made perfectly plain in "ball" fashion, with little puffed sleeves finished with frills and a little frill around the neck.

Tommy Taylor was quite neatly in his first "spook" suit, which was a dark blue muslin blouse and black patent leather belt. He confided to me that there were "great pockets in the trousers," and drew from his pocket a collection of rings, a set of two pencils and a broken pen-knife. Al & Tommy is a real boy.

My own black Babie was dressed up in black. Her blouse was trimmed with a black bow in her hair. Her frock was of the one-piece variety, having a panel of buff both back and front, caught at the waist with a belt. The bodice was cut in the sleeves, and narrow cuffs were also of the buff-colored linen.

Do you remember the time Bob peeped over your shoulder as you peered into the mirror at midnight?

Well, but those were good old days, were they not?

Affectionately, MADGE

begin in the region of Tamaulipas since the affair of Villa. His followers have entered a number of towns and appropriated horses and supplies.

GUERRILLA FIGHTING.

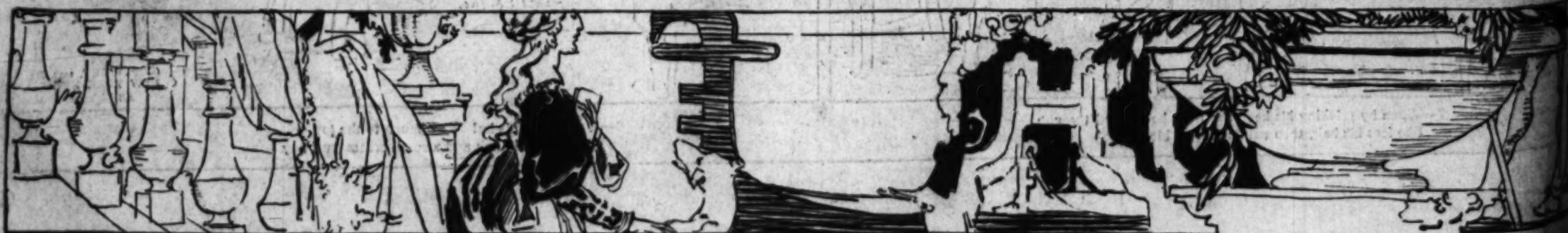
Col. Diaz Ordaz, cousin and chief lieutenant of Gen. Felix Diaz, has not yet been captured. His whereabouts are unknown and many believe it is very improbable he will continue the war begun by Diaz. No fear is felt of the advance on the capital by the rebels, because it is well known that they have not sufficient ammunition to conduct a systematic warfare. The persistency of these rebels, however, make practically certain the continuance of guerrilla fighting indefinitely.

With the ending of the Diaz campaign, the government in sending the troops back to the disturbed section, especially about Torreón and in the State of Mexico, where the rebels lately have occupied and burned the railway stations between Toluca and Mexico City.

FOUR CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

A late dispatch from Vera Cruz to the Herald says the condemned were sentenced to death Gen. Diaz, Col. Antonio Migni, Maj. Zarate, and Lieut. Salustio. Other officers, according to the dispatch, were sentenced to terms of imprisonment as follows:

Ten years, Capt. Hermilio Martinez, Lieut. Camachi and Lieut. Mallo; two years, Gabriel Ramos, administrator of the customhouse, and Her-



Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

Unique Magazine of the Sensuous Southwest

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New Series, Vol. 2, No. 17.

OCTOBER 26, 1912—40 PAGES.

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Birds of a Feather.



Two souls with but a single thought.

[641.]

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

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the rural guard, and Capt. Hermilio Martinez were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, and Gabriel Ramos, customs collector, and Herman Aros-tegul, censor of telegraph, were sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Nine other officers and civilians were allowed to go free.

The court-martial, which was pre-

pared to take the offensive and that the Cabinet has decided to prosecute the war with the utmost energy and prepare for a winter campaign should the present operations result unfavorably for the Ottoman army.

EVERYWHERE FALLING BACK.

There is no indication where the Turks will make a stand. They are

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND BY WIRELESS.]

ERLIN, Oct. 27.—Germany will not assist England, France and Russia to end the Balkan war.

Kaiser William is quoted as having told the Imperial Chancellor to light his pipe with the note sent by Sir Edward Grey.

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THE TIMES MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DEC. 5, 1897.
REORGANIZED JAN. 6, 1912.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches and articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorial, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the Home, the Garden, the Farm and the Range.

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An independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, exploitation and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of liberty, law and freedom in the industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of home, country and civilization.

The Illustrated Weekly, being complete in itself, is served to the public gratis from The Times news sheets when required. Old series ended December 21, 1911. New series began January 6, 1912.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication in The Illustrated Weekly, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found suitable; but otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

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Los Angeles Times
Illustrated Weekly

Independent Magazine of the Southwest Southwest

Under the Editorial Direction of
HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Forty Pages—Regular Issue Over 88,000 Copies.

BY THE WESTERN SEA,
AND IN THE HEART OF THE SOUTHWEST.

Los Angeles Leads All.

WHEN with the first Saturday issue of the year this department was begun in the Illustrated Weekly, a prophecy was made that the year just passed would prove a record-breaker in building in the city. With this issue ten months of the year are practically closed and the prophecy is fulfilled. The city of Los Angeles is running shoulder to shoulder with New York City in the number of permits issued by the building inspector. The difference in the number between the two cities is but little over a thousand and no other city in the country comes anywhere near Greater New York and Greatest Los Angeles. The permits in the city are running to between 1200 and 1300 a month, and the constant prophecy made in this department foreshadowing the expenditure of \$30,000,000 in new building for the year is well assured. For the ten months the figures will run to about \$26,000,000, or over \$2,500,000 a month.

More Bricks, Please.

THE building activity in the city of Los Angeles and in suburban places is so great that there is an actual shortage in the supply of bricks. The brick men are turning out a million bricks a day but the brick men are taking them as fast as they are dry and darning for more. Brick is a home product, and every brick structure erected leaves all the money for that material at home right on the job, to do more work in some other branch of material progress. The whole Great Southwest is rich in raw material for this kind of industry, and kindred kinds. With a very scant supply of timber there is a superabundance of brick clays, of the finer clays for tile-making, for the finest kind for pottery uses, also of material for cement and building stones, too. The brick industry and others of the same kind have grown amazingly of late years but are only in their infancy. There are vast fortunes to be made in taking material from the earth for building purposes all over the Great Southwest.

A New Scenic Line.

COAST-LINE railroads and public highways are favorites of the traveling public the wide world over. There is no coast line on earth that compares in its scenic features in scenic beauty with the west coast of the United States. These features include unmatched marine scenes and mountain views just as striking and unequalled the world over. The Spanish discoverers who named the great western ocean Pacific spoke by inspiration. The Rockies presents no expanses of brighter sunlit seas than the Pacific Ocean from the Silver Gate of San Diego to the Golden Gate of San Francisco and on beyond northward far up to the Oregon and Washington coast. The public was informed the other day in a press dispatch from San Francisco that the railroad companies were at actual work on the coast-line road from Coos Bay to Humboldt. The California and Oregon line runs up the Sacramento River to the Oregon boundary, where it is met by the other link, the Oregon and California road which goes as far north as Portland. Eugene City lies at the forks of the Willamette, where the two sources of that beautiful stream come down from the mountains eastward and westward and unite in one river. From Eugene a road has been built running southwesterly to Coos Bay on the Pacific Ocean and from there the new link is to

be built down through Southern Oregon and Northern California until it unites with the road running up from San Francisco Bay. This northern stretch of coast line will not be of the Riviera type, but running through great redwood forests and then into the fir woods of Oregon, crossing many beautiful streams coming down from the mountains to the ocean, the line will traverse a grandly rugged district with many vales and valleys of unequalled beauty along the several streams.

Twofold Riches.

THE farmers of the United States who follow agriculture of the intensive type are obliged annually to send \$20,000,000 to Germany to pay for potash used in fertilizing their fields and orchards. During the current year many statements have come to light through the public press of the discovery of vast deposits of potash in numerous places throughout the Coast States. It appears the German potash is handled by a close corporation known as the Kali Syndicate which is able to practice a practical monopoly. Through this control of the supply the price has been raised to such a level that interested parties have been out hunting for a supply. It is said that the raw material has been found in abundance among other places at Seales Lake in Southern California and the work of extracting the fertilizer will soon begin.

All Along the Coast.

AT SAN DIEGO the people are rejoicing enthusiastically over the completion of the great Spreckels Theater, a playhouse which would do honor to any city in the country, even to greater New York. The structure has cost \$1,000,000 and is in every way up to the latest in theatrical houses in the country. Architecturally it is a gem of the most beautiful type.

Long Beach is growing so rapidly that new accommodations of all kinds are needed continually. A movement is now on foot to give the growing harbor town a new city hall.

When those two Oregon millionaires, Capt. Ainsworth and Capt. Thompson, both now gone beyond the Great Divide, gave Redondo Beach a new hotel at that point, it was the leading thing in seaside resorts on the Pacific Coast. Although this cannot be said any longer of the old hotel, yet it is a building capable of being made very attractive. Built in the form of a Y, every room is well lighted, and from the frontage on the sea the marine view is not to be surpassed anywhere. The Hotel Redondo went through various vicissitudes of late until last spring it was leased by a man of practical views and of sufficient energy to conduct the resort properly. His efforts have succeeded and now he has sold his lease to a wealthy hotel proprietor of Pasadena who is to spend \$75,000 in improvements and run the seaside resort in connection with the other hotel at the Crown of the Valley.

Anything may happen on the coast of Western America, where traditions do not cramp enterprise. So it does not surprise us here to learn that a saloon man at Seattle has left an estate of possibly \$100,000 in value for the benefit of a children's hospital.

Ocean Park is rising more rapidly from its ashes than any phoenix of fable ever dared to pretend to, and is rising more gloriously too than the dazzling bird of fable, albeit its plumage was in crimson and gold. A big hotel is springing up at almost a magical rate. This hotel will be flanked by other magnificent structures all around it, and when the season opens next spring the frequenters of that resort will be puzzled to recognize their old "stamping ground." You hear of plans for apartment-houses and store buildings to cost \$35,000, \$40,000 and larger sums on every hand.

And Santa Monica is not going to permit its neighbor to outstrip the old resort without a struggle. At the corner of Third street and Oregon avenue a three-story building has been begun to cover a space fifty by 100 feet and to cost \$40,000.

When Congress meets next fall the campaign will be earnestly taken up for the adequate fortification of the harbor at San Pedro. Gen. Weaver has been here looking over the ground. He is assistant Chief of Staff of the army and says an immediate appropriation of \$653,000 will be needed to purchase a site, prepare the emplacements and place the first two big guns. It is thought the total cost of these fortifications will run up to \$3,000,000.

A Suffragette Factory.

IF THERE is anything more beautiful under the sun than the San Gabriel Valley the world lies in ignorance of the place. Oneonta Park lies in the heart of the San Gabriel Valley geographically and therefore in the heart of all its beauty. And those who are building up a great school for girls there known as Huntington Hall have selected twenty-six of the most beautiful acres in beautiful Oneonta Park in the beautiful San Gabriel Valley in beautiful Southern California. This country, so overflowing with beauty in its trees and views of mountain and plain, is to have the artistic hand of man applied to it, and be all dotted over with beautiful buildings dedicated to the various branches of the education of the modern suffragette. Here the twigs of feminine humanity will be so bent that they will incline in the proper way, morally, politically and every other way. It is difficult to conceive just how many different kinds of campaigns the future suffragettes, graduates of Huntington Hall, will be advocating and promoting. From the way the world is going look for grave judges, dignified bishops, profound statesmen and possibly generals commanding Amazonian armies in our future wars to come out of Huntington Hall.

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An International Market Bureau.

WE WERE told the other day, in telegraphic dispatches to the press, that the stock of butter in cold storage for winter use is 11,000,000 pounds greater than that of a year ago, but that in spite of this large supply the price will be as high, and possibly higher, this year than last. The reason is that the butter being held in a corner by a great combine will prevent the action of the natural law of supply and demand operating and so controlling the price.

Producers and consumers have been complaining loudly for many years past that both sides are being exploited by the middlemen. The farmer receives less than he ought to for his cattle, wheat and corn, and the consumer pays more than is proper for his chops, steak and loaf. The two extremes are impoverished, while the middleman waxes fat on excessive profits.

High-browed dreamers and theoretical reformers have been wrestling with this subject for years, but have never taken one fall out of the government. Foolish legislators have passed futile laws forbidding speculating in farm products under the impression that lessening the number of buyers would enhance the market price. The intention was good enough to prevent cornering the market. But the way was without result because it was not founded upon proper economical principles.

Some years ago a California citizen living in Sacramento began to think about it. He was of that ancient, virile and far-seeing race to whom we owe the Ten Commandments and the other Mosaic laws, as well as all the prophecies and ethical essays of the Scriptures. His name was David Lubin.

This man was of German birth, and coming to the United States as a boy unloaded ships at Wilmington for the late Gen. Banning, and earned an honest living in several other humble ways in or near Los Angeles and other points in California.

David Lubin thought of this problem before us here, and in due time betook himself to Europe, where he made an exhaustive study of crops and markets. Then, with the eyes of flesh sealed closely up, he turned his thoughts inwardly and read his own mind. He would remind you of the Prophet Ezekiel and his visions if you heard Dave Lubin today discussing this matter of markets, of supply, demand and prices in his office in Rome. When he had studied the markets of the world he paid a visit to the King of Italy and laid his plans before that monarch. King Victor Emmanuel took the matter up, with the result that the Italian Parliament erected at the edge of the Eternal City in the beautiful Borghese gardens a magnificent building as the center of the world market bureau to be conducted under the direction of Dave Lubin.

The other day a telegraphic dispatch to the press presented carefully-prepared and accurate statistics of the cereal crops of the whole world. These included wheat, rye, oats, barley, corn and rice. The grain statistics were followed by others covering other crops. Dave Lubin's market bureau has been in operation for several years, but the field to be covered is so broad and the subjects to be handled are so many that only a beginning has been made. In time these statistics will cover annually every important crop produced in every corner of the world.

Lubin's vision that he saw in the way of the Hebrew prophet of old looked like this: There are two separate interests gathering crop reports. One is composed of the middlemen, who cover pretty carefully every portion of the earth. They gather the reports directly, but as they are vitally interested they do not take the public into their confidence. Before each harvest is gathered they give out information which creates the impression that the supply is going to be excessive. This frightens the producers who are induced to accept too low prices for their produce, and so the middlemen rake in the crops below intrinsic value. When the crop is all bought up the buyers give out false information tending to create in the minds of consumers the impression that supplies are deficient. The result is an undue enhancement in prices, and so the consumer is robbed. The other interest is that of the producers, who, acting separately without proper organization, are at a great disadvantage. But as they are full of human nature, they are inclined to give out information that will create the impression that crops are deficient in order to make the speculators bid up.

To remedy this defect is the work to which Lu-

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

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AND BY WIRE TIMES.]

at Germany and Adrianople—Eighty Per cent in Ba-

4 [October 26, 1912.]

bin has devoted his life. He took up the work with the governments of the different nations of the world with the idea of making them the gatherers of statistics which should be complete and accurate. These reports are sent to the office of Lubin at Rome where he has a corps of statisticians who speak many languages than ever were heard at Babel, and in this way a comprehensive and fairly correct view of the amount of the harvests in different countries is obtained.

When Dave Lubin's bureau is thoroughly organized and covers all crops of all kinds of all the world, he expects to be able to give producers and consumers accurate figures which will tell them where there is a surplus, where a deficit, how to strike a general average and thus fix reasonable prices which will give the producer more for his crop and yet will enable the consumer to buy his supplies cheaper and hold down the profits of the middlemen to a reasonable figure.

It was a great dream, greatly undertaken, and is being greatly carried out. Its effects will be very great. Already we seem to be getting good out of this here in California, for the fruit growers are receiving higher prices for their products, which are being exported directly to Germany in larger quantities because they are sold over there at a lower price to the consumer.

Sun Spots Deceiving.

IN A RECENT issue of this Illustrated Weekly reference was made to the work of Dr. Ricard, a member of the Society of Jesus and of the faculty of Santa Clara College, who is attempting to forecast the weather through a study of the spots that appear periodically on the sun.

The learned astronomer gives out his prognostications at the beginning of each month for the following thirty days. Our reference was to the very happy forecast made by this studious Jesuit for the month of September. As stated in the article referred to the prophecy was almost exactly fulfilled.

But foretelling California weather requires both courage and knowledge. The United States Signal Service undertakes to foretell the weather for only about thirty-six hours ahead.

Dr. Ricard's forecast for October promised a month of unusually high temperature with extreme heat about the seventh of the month and a similar hot wave about the 27th.

The Signal Service undertook to foretell the weather for the first week in October day by day, and missed its guess as sensationally as Dr. Ricard, who depended on his sun spots. While the weather observer was predicting clear skies and at least normal temperatures, a rainstorm slid in from the southwest while he was asleep, and kept him guessing day after day, and guessing wrong every day.

As a matter of fact, the weather for the first ten days of October showed scarcely any clear sky at all, and as to the temperature, it was far below the normal for this time of year in Southern California.

So it was when this was written October 10. And the next day it sizzled and burned. Dr. Ricard missed his guess by a few days, but the temperature, although a little late in arriving, mounted to a degree that left nothing to be desired by the forecaster, but much in the way of relief by the sweltering people.

We are now awaiting with a good deal of interest the last portion of the month to see how near or how far Dr. Ricard's forecast comes from the fact.

Taxpayers Becoming Restive.

LOS ANGELES property holders are probably the least niggardly of any city in the country. As a general rule all taxpayers, large and small, are patriotic, with a good deal of pride in their city and as practical as they are patriotic, knowing that to maintain the growth of population and the consequent prosperity of the community, the government of the city must be kept on a high plane, and they know that means money.

But in spite of their practical views and ardent patriotism the taxpayers are beginning to view with a good deal of alarm the ever-increasing assessment valuation and the accompanying higher rates of the tax collector. Last year the tax rate was about \$2.50 on each hundred dollars of valuation, and in view of the enhanced assessment roll this was regarded as a pretty liberal rate. This year the tax rate will amount to \$3.25 and a good many taxpayers who are watching affairs say that the way things are going the rate another year will rise to \$4. We are using here the combined

city, county and State rates. It is of course exclusive of taxes levied for street improvements, storm drains and other extraordinary matters.

The schools of the city are the things to which the average Los Angeles person points with as great pride as to anything else. The City Superintendent of Schools is regarded as great in pedagogy and generally much commended in the city. It is acknowledged that with the population increasing at about 50,000 souls a year the cost of the schools must of necessity come higher. But with the population increasing at the rate of about 20 per cent. or less, and the demand for schools in money values increasing 42 per cent., the taxpayers are getting to watch the expenditure of the school money with a little growing anxiety. When the City Superintendent was speaking of this the other day and somebody charged that the increase was 50 per cent., Prof. Francis with some emphasis said it was only 42 per cent. The little word "only" was regarded by the taxpayers as very significant.

Now we think the taxpayers of Los Angeles will agree with us when we say that no niggardly policy will be tolerated here in the levying and spending of taxes for legitimate purposes. The people want good schools, indeed, the best in the country. They will have this kind of schools and no other. They want clean streets, an efficient police department, and every other department of the city on the highest plane of efficiency, and they are willing to pay for it.

But they think the city government extravagant in many small ways. They conceive that the political machine intent upon running the politics of the city is disposed to create places at the public crib for too many tax-eaters, alias political workers at the polls on election days. There are also too many hare-brained doctrinaires running the affairs of the city to suit the practical people who pay the taxes. The municipal newspaper, to be sure, eats up only \$35,000 to \$50,000 a year, but a good many taxpayers want to know why such a thing should batten on the taxes to the extent of 35 cents. Every intelligent, practical and sensible citizen knew at all times that the aqueduct was being built by practical, honest men who would not touch a cent of the public money or suffer a dollar of it to be wasted. They want to know why the Council permitted a little bunch of agitators to put their hands into the treasurer's till and draw out \$8000 to \$10,000 to fee a committee of little, irresponsible and as little efficient agitators to make an investigation which resulted in absolutely nothing.

In some cases laws passed some years ago are at fault. A system of storm drains is to be constructed in the western section of the city. To give notice of this under a freak law passed by inattentive or unpractical persons it is necessary to print a notice covering a whole sheet of bristol board in thousands, to buy twice as many thousands and stakes as there are notices, to send out an army of men with wagons to drive these stakes in front of every fifty-foot lot and to tack one of the big notices on these stakes. Before the men doing the work had got two blocks away from where a lot of these notices had been tacked up, the wind had torn two out of every three of them from the stakes and whirled them away to strew in an unsightly manner streets, alleys and vacant lots. The total cost of this must have run into many thousand dollars, and the result was utterly inefficient. The work did not accomplish at all what it was intended to do.

Must All Pull Together.

UP IN the San Joaquin Valley trainloads of delicious grapes have been lost from the inability of the railroads to furnish cars. The grape growers threaten to sue the common carriers for failure to meet their demands.

The interest is manifestly entirely mutual. The growers lose their fruit, the railroads their earnings and the consumers at the East their supply of delicious and wholesome food.

Of course we do not pretend to judge this case, or to attempt to locate the responsibility. The fault is probably as mutual as the losses are, and the railroad people claim the United States government is particeps criminis, accessory before, during and after the commission of the offense.

The railroad companies have to perform their duties through the faithfulness and diligence of several million employees. Of course the companies are responsible for any negligence on the part of those they employ.

The railroad companies deal with hundreds

of thousands of shippers whose activities are carried on through other millions of employees, and it is manifest that the consignees and the consignors are, under the law, just as responsible for the shortcomings of those they employ as in the case of the railroads.

The government of the United States has undertaken, under acts of Congress, to keep close tab on the business of great corporations where these touch the interests of the general public. The common carriers, receiving perhaps more substantial favors from the government than other corporations, are singled out for government watchfulness above the lot of other corporations.

As the matter stands, the producers of farm products are perhaps the least culpable and the most helpless. The only blame that can attach to them is not practicing proper dispatch in loading cars. They are probably as deliberate in doing this work as any other shippers, and probably have their own lack of energy to blame in part for the scarcity in cars.

That the general shippers, consignees and consignors are negligent about loading and unloading cars there can be no question. As we have said before, this work must be done through employees with no large personal interests in the matter, and these employees are directed in their work by other employees who perhaps are not as keen as they might be.

It is just as far beyond all reasonable dispute that the railroad men do not keep careful track of the movements of their cars. To do so would indeed call for sleepless watchfulness and tireless energy. To see the force of this it has only to remember the vast number of cars required to move the internal commerce of the country for a single day and for every day in the year.

The government has under the direction of a great bureau at Washington a number of inspectors all over the country whose duty it is to see that these freight cars are kept in proper repair to render effective service to shippers, and to forbid the use of any car not up to standard in the service required.

The railroad people complain that in the present emergency a good deal of the car shortage comes from the over-zeal of these government employees who work by the rule of hard and as relentlessly as Mr. Gradgrind did in his school for the production of practical human beings.

Now we certainly have here a tangled web of influences in the handling of the commerce of the country. No doubt if the government inspectors were out of the way the railroad people would use cars that are now laid up for repair. Surely in a good many cases this would be with admirable effect in enabling the shippers to move their stuff. But if there were no inspectors it is just as certain that the railroad, through carelessness or greed would offer cars very unfit for the service required.

It is a hard case surely. Here we have grape growers losing their fruit, then their earnings, the consumers their food, the government inspectors getting kicked in by unyielding martians.

It is surely a case of each for all and all for each. Shippers, whether grape growers or others, should strain every nerve and exhaust every endeavor to load their cars with the grapes. Consignees should be wide awake to load the cars and return them to the company, and the managers of the common carriers should stir up all their train dispatchers those in charge of cars to keep the rolling stock off of side tracks and out of team-yards, their duty.

Will it be permitted us to close with the suggestion that in times of stress like these government employees should be permitted a little leeway and license so as to put every effort in an effort that will do the work fairly well and aiming at absolute perfection.

The Egotist.

Licensed by some self-brewed miracle and entirely neglects her offspring.

He does assume to stride a higher plane than normal man was by divine law granted.

Or wished by such obsessive way to get

In life recipient of pity or of jeers,

Though unconscious that he such a but

He passes his narrow, self-important years

Causing less than a ripple on life's sea.

Then but a brief time, if that, following his

Is memory of him kept in minds of men,

So quickly does he sink into oblivion

That few can long say how he lived or what



THE Eagle tribe and human traits in common. One of descent." Of course this is with people who come from far and always true to type. For the no Eagle poet named Tenby and any Lady Clara Vere de Vere, old gardener and his wife laug

There is in your literature, table about a bird called the living for 500 years. But a great being do not know of the relation the primeval world and the Eagle was really an Eagle, and a glorious feathers were all of crimson and a streak of glory as he flew in the very brilliancy of the sun.

Of course this is a parable meaning to it, as all students of aware. That is why the Eagle that can look straight into the blinking, and when we are very sent it is when we are thinking this bird of plumage gay who

The Eagle tribe of today is not a cester of ours long ago. We are as glorious as our ancestor, the fallen as far from "original sin" human brethren with us in the hood? Of course in asking such a lowing the lines of religion rather. Your philosophers of the Spencer sent all living things as an evolution and back of that the protoplasm, as one and the same thing, for a brethren with us and both you and related to the veriest worm that is in the sun. I love to dwell upon this relation Eagle tribe and the human family of those and all the other things that



DID you never have a mother an indignant lady correspondence in which you write of roughly contemptible."

Now, you know, dear lady, this question has been a bit overdone. It is an opportunity to remind an unregenerate sinner if you succeed in making him shed a tear for her sins.

There are many kinds of mothers and are better than other mothers, but the few good mothers. That weak, after who sacrifices everything for the sake who pampers the little brats into fat, spoiled ineptitudes is a greater monsterty than the harsh, repellent mother without reason, or the selfish extravagance.

Quite a lot of us love our mothers, but we have made of us, a cordial disgust

more natural. The rarest person in an ideal mother, but so sure as you a woman will have ideal sons. It is ten women are responsible for the character of their children—and a pretty lot they have

their pains today.

It is all very well for the modern

page in the region by Tenby, where since the affair at Vera Cruz, his followers have entered a number of towns and appropriated houses and supplies.

GUERRILLA FIGHTING.

Col. Diaz Ordaz, cousin and chief

Los Angeles Times

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test that the consignees and the
under the law, just as responsible
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the railroads.

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the interests of the general public
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The Egotist.
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long say how he lived or who
FRITZ MUE



THE Eagle tribe and humans have a great many traits in common. One of these is "pride of long descent." Of course this sentiment is not popular with people who come from families of no distinction. The Eagle tribe is all of one family, uncontaminated and always true to type. For this reason you will find in the Eagle poet named Teufflyson writing lyrics about my Lady Clara Vere de Vere, and saying "The grand old gardener and his wife laugh at the pride of long descent."

There is in your literature, my human brethren, a tale about a bird called the phoenix, represented as living for 500 years. But a great many of you human beings do not know of the relation between this bird of the primeval world and the Eagle tribe. The phoenix was really an Eagle, and a glorious bird he was. His feathers were all of crimson and gold, and he looked like a streak of glory as he flew across the sky, eclipsing the very brilliancy of the sun.

Of course this is a parable with an astronomical meaning to it, as all students of that noble science are aware. That is why the Eagle probably has an eye that can look straight into the midday sun without blinking, and when we are very proud of our long descent it is when we are thinking of our origin from this bird of plumage gay who represented the process of the sun.

The Eagle tribe of today is not exactly like this ancestor of ours long ago. We are neither as great nor as glorious as our ancestor, the phoenix, but we have travelled as far from "original righteousness" as you human brethren with us in the same common fatherhood! Of course in asking such a question I am following the lines of religion rather than of science. Your philosophers of the Spencerian following represent all living things as an evolution from the monocell and back of that the protoplasm. It all seems to me as one and the same thing, for in any case you are brethren with us and both you and we are also closely related to the veriest worm that burrows in the damp soil where the sunlight never reaches.

I have to dwell upon this relationship between the Eagle tribe and the human family and between both of these and all the other things that live and multiply

upon this good old earth of ours, such a beautiful and glorious home and a home capable of being made so comfortable for all of us if we will only use our natural faculties and each one recognize the rights and interests of all the others.

I know you humans are smiling as you think of a bird of prey regarding the interests or rights of anything except himself. But that is just where your prejudices blind you and prevent you from learning important lessons in life from your humbler brethren including the Eagle family and many other humbler tribes lower in the state of creation.

From my eyrie on the granite tower I read the other day in the columns of The Times a story that interested me. It told of a somewhat new philosophy started among you humans, and I could not help thinking how wrong that philosophy was and wondering where it would lead you if you followed it very far. And by the way you have so many philosophies that guide you or misguide you in your career through life, while we live so simply by one code of morals and one system of philosophy. You have always been fertile in the concocting of new philosophies and that they are always imperfect is shown by the way you discard one system and adopt another to be discarded for a third and on down to the end of the alphabet and then to the unknown. Limits figures can be made to permute and commute.

This philosophy to which I am referring seems to be about the most misleading, and if you will permit me to use a little human slang, the "rotteness" that ever sprang from the great brain of the great dominant race that exercises kingship over all creation. It was thought out, moreover, by a member of the German family, about the most fertile of all in the concocting of new philosophies. It related to the basic and therefore the most important matter in human life, at least it is the most important in the life of the Eagle tribe. I refer to the act of picking a mate and mating for the propagation of the race. This German philosopher of very advanced notions is looking for a life mate and the measure of her fitness is to be found in her bank account. "Marry for money? What will you marry for?"

Now according to the same Spencerian doctrine of evolution the human race has made almost immeasurable progress since the missing link dropped its ape's tail and acquired a human tongue with the capability of speaking a language. We Eagles are living as we did at that period of primitive manhood, and as we lived long before it. As we have gone through life we have accumulated less diseases, infectious, contagious and otherwise, while you humans have multiplied diseases faster than you have philosophies or religions, as fast as you have multiplied your own race. The Eagle of today is in all respects as powerful, as healthy, as the Eagle of a thousand or ten thousand years ago. The jungle man of today is like the jungle man of former days, is physically swifter, and more powerful than the men of higher civilization, and subject to fewer diseases. When you carry civilization among an uncivilized tribe you carry with you ten vices to one virtue and ten diseases for one cure.

It appears to me that the preservation of pristine powers and health by the Eagle tribe comes entirely from the simplicity of the life we lead, the way we mate and bring up our families.

There was once a half-civilized ruler of men known as William of Normandy, who proposed to a daughter of a neighboring duke to mate with him, and she objected because he had on his escutcheon a bar sinister. Duke William seized the embryo Duchess Matilda by her hair and other good holding places and as you say, "wiped up the floor with her." When he got done she said "I will marry you. I did not know there was a strong man in Europe." As Duke William had a well-developed mind as well as this muscular development, the young lady got a very good husband. By the prowess of his arm and the cunning of his intellect he changed the dukedom of Normandy for the Kingdom of England. The point I am trying to make is that there were richer men in Europe than Duke William, and richer women than this Matilda of Flanders. But according to the notion of the young lady there was no physical development in Europe equal to that of the Duke and according to his notions Matilda was a wholesome, clear-minded young woman of a physical development very much like his own.

There are in museums in Europe a great many coats of mail worn by the men of these somewhat primitive and half-barbarous days. The descendants of these knights of old cannot begin to get into these warlike accoutrements. Their bodies are too big, with too much adipose put on at the expense of muscle. And these "puddy" men of today can neither ride, walk nor run as their ancestors. They could not match their weak grandfathers in battle with sword or spear. They have less endurance and more diseases, more luxury and over-indulgence of all kinds.

You see the Eagles are living as simply as they did of yore, and consequently are just as true to the type today as they were a thousand years ago. They are mating very much like William of Normandy and Matilda of Flanders mated, and there is no consumption among the Eagle tribe from lack of fresh air while living out of doors and in the sunshine. We know nothing about typhoid fever brought on by too large an accumulation of avoidropois, high living, laziness and over-indulgence of all kinds.

To get back to your new philosophy and your mating for money, I want to tell you that no male Eagle would think of mating with a puny female eagle lacking in power and vitality simply because he found such a mate possessed of the carcass of a rabbit or even of a well-grown calf, which is about the greatest wealth an Eagle could possess, and if he did mate for such a reason our philosophy would be about as "rotten" as that of you humans and the Eagle tribe would soon degenerate physically as the human tribe has.

Yours for the simple life and good health,

The Eagle



“DID you never have a mother or sisters?” writes an indignant lady correspondent of mine. “The manner in which you write of women is thoroughly contemptible.”

Now, you know, dear lady, this question of mothers has been a bit overdone. It is an old and brutal device to remind an unregenerate sinner of his mother. If you succeed in making him shed a tear, be sure it will be for her sins.

There are many kinds of mothers and some mothers are better than other mothers, but there are precious few good mothers. That weak, affectionate mother who sacrifices everything for the sake of her children, who pampers the little brats into insufferable, selfish, spoiled heathen is a greater menace to the community than the harsh, repellent mother who chastises without reason, or the selfish extravagant mother who entirely neglects her offspring.

Quite a lot of us love our mothers, but it is often impossible. Could many of us realize what our mothers have made of us, a cordial disgust would be much more natural. The rarest person in all the world is an ideal mother, but so sure as you find her, that woman will have ideal sons. It is terribly true that women are responsible for the characters of their men children—and a pretty lot they have got to show for their pains today.

It is all very well for the modern clubwoman to

shout of political corruption and to talk of the advent of women into politics as the dawn of a clean era in that field, but women could have wiped out graft long since without soiling their pretty hands had they so wished. Almost without exception, you will find that the professional politician has a fashionable and ambitious wife, greedy, spoiled children—and a mother. There may be exceptions, but you have to hunt for them.

Adam never had a mother. That's why he managed to grow to man's estate in courage and innocence. Then Eve spoilt it all as usual and Cain and Abel—sin and ineptitude—have been the result ever since.

Environment and Heredity.

WHEREFORE these environment-versus-heredity arguments give us much hope. The latest investigating professor—there's a lusciousness about that title of professor that satisfies the tongue—is finally convinced to his own satisfaction that it is environment that counts. No matter what sort of a scoundrel a man may have had for a father and no matter what sort of a fool for a mother, there is still a chance for him if he can be made an orphan at birth. This is comforting, but we can never get away from those old wives' tales of prenatal influences. That a child can be endowed with a hare lip just because its mother insisted upon fixing her silly attention on the hare lip of an attendant has been proven time and again, and the case of Sir Richard Calmady has been shown to be not only possible, but highly probable. But supposing prenatal influence to be of its best, how can one possibly arrange for the child to be an orphan right away? Such a dreadfully large percentage of babies have to be brought up by their mothers when they are brought up at all, so that the case seems quite hopeless.

True the female of the species is among the first to desire that this responsibility should be shifted from her shoulders, and as she generally gets what she wants, a subtle power would seem to be working for her children. The average clubwoman is such a sensible creature—she knows so well what is best for the dear lambs!

Alas, Poor Wilkes.

MRS. WILKES is an English suffragette of the order of militants. Mr. Wilkes is her husband. They

each enjoy a little private income. A new law a

decade back gave married women the right of separate property in Great Britain, so Mrs. Wilkes has now declared independence and declined to pay any taxes whatsoever on her share of the money on the plea of No Taxation Without Representation. So the Tax Collector applied to Mr. Wilkes, who said he did not feel called upon to pay taxes on some one else's income. Did the government proceed to fight Mrs. Wilkes? Was she called upon to pay or accept His Majesty's hospitality? Certainly not. They followed the very simple expedient of suing Mr. Wilkes for the money—with costs—and judgment was given against him, inasmuch as husbands are responsible for the debts of their wives' Wilkes paid.

What about a married man's property act? For my part I consider that not only should women never be allowed to handle or possess money or property in any shape or form, but in addition they should be made to earn every cent their husbands are called upon to spend on them. Unmarried women should be compelled to turn their earnings over to a committee of males who should be called upon to see that the women were decently clothed, properly fed, well behaved and as modest as their brazen temperaments would allow.

Of course the scheme could never work—ideals are hard to realize in this world, but only under some such arrangement could men ever get a square deal.

Patent Medicines.

PATENT medicines are very much like mother love when you come to think of it. They claim so much and mean so little. At the best they are harmless, at the worst they poison.

The Congress of Hygiene now being held at Washington is making another futile attempt to educate the masses on the infamy of the patent medicine. A much-advertised nerve tonic proved to be decomposed cheese, an expensive eye wash was plain boracic acid sold at 50 cents an ounce instead of 5. A baby soother contains 80 per cent. morphine, and a wonderful remedy for skin disease is just our old friend cold cream with a new smell!

As for consumption cures, the congress has an exhibit of 100 testimonials of "cures" from consumptives to various patent medicines—and in every case the patient had actually died from tuberculosis a few weeks

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

sign in the region by Tehuacan, where since the affair at Vera Cruz, his followers have entered a number of towns and appropriated horses and supplies.

GUERRILLA FIGHTING.

Col. Diaz Ordaz, cousin and chief

points on the Mexican frontier. Gen. E. Z. Steever, who from Ft. Bliss, Tex., directs the cords of troops along the border, is said to have stricter orders

night says the army is preparing to take the offensive and that the Cabinet has decided to prosecute the war with the utmost energy and prepare for a winter campaign should the present operations result unfavorably for the Ottoman army.

EVERYWHERE FALLING BACK.

There is no indication where the

ERLIN. Oct. 27.—Germany will not assist England, France and Russia to end the Balkan war. Kaiser William is quoted as having told the Imperial Chancellor to light

A Name For the Baby. By Geo. W. Burton.

HUMAN NOMENCLATURE.

WHAT a dramatic moment it is in the household when on the visit of the stork a new baby arrives and a name is to be chosen! Yet naming the baby now is a perfunctory matter, whereas among primitive people it involved no end of poetical inspiration and profound philosophy. We are puzzled to account for the names given to the newly-arrived papoose of the North American Indian. "Walk-in-the-Mud," "Hole-in-the-Day," "War Eagle," "Black Hawk," and "Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse." These appellations are inexplicable to most of us. But the names are given on account of some fanciful notions connected with the birth of the little redskin. Similar circumstances governed the Norsemen, ancestors of the Anglo-Saxons, in naming their children after animals, as is indicated by Hengist and Horsa, both meaning horse and bear, eagle and raven. Burton-on-Trent, where the ale is made in England, is named after a viking whose device was a bear and means just Beartown.

Go back still further in the ages and over into Asia, and you will find the early Hebrews naming their children just as the North American Indians do today, and as it was done in the northern part of Europe in the days of the Vikings. Israel means a Prince of God, and Jacob is closely akin to our word grifter. Then there is Benjamin, whom the old Hebrew named in memory of his own bereavement, and there is also Ichabod, which means "The Glory is Departed." The Bible being the oldest extant literature takes us further back toward the genesis of all things, and we get "Moses" from his being drawn out of the River Nile, and away back at the very dawn of everything we have Laamech naming his daughters Adah and Zillah, meaning a shadow and a flower. How little things have changed since that second murderer, Cain being the first, to the Indian tepee of the American forest, when the stork visits the Indian family.

Among primitive people each individual bore but a single name. This habit continued until the Roman empire. The Greeks had but a single name and nearly all of them were very individual and had a special significance. In their language Aristos means best and Hippo a horse. Many Greek names are some compound or a modification of one or the other of these roots. Aristotle, Aristides, Aristarchus. Then Hippolito and a number of compounds that indicate horsemanship; and remember it was among the Greeks the fable of the Centaur had its origin. They were probably the first people in Europe that used horses.

But the Roman empire was too vast for a single name to answer for each person. So among that people grew up the custom of having three names. Caius Julius

Caesar will furnish an example. The middle name shows that he belonged to the Julian tribe or clan, Caius was a family name, and Caesar a specific or individual name. It was given the child exactly as the Indian calls his baby "Rain-in-the-Face," because he was brought into the world through an operation that has since taken his name, the Caesarean. It comes from the Latin word that means to cut, and indicates that a surgeon officiated at the birth.

With the spread of Christianity through the world scriptural names came into use and I believe that good Roman Catholics to this day always name each gift of the stork after some saint in the calendar of the church, generally the one whose birthday happens to coincide with the birth of the baby. By the way, this is the manner in which the Spanish conquistadores chose names for the new lands they discovered and the new towns they founded. Florida got its name because it was first found on Easter Day, which the Spaniards call the feast of flowers. San Fernando was named because it was founded on the feast day of that saint, and Los Angeles because it was founded about Lady Day. So in all Christian countries we find biblical names attached to almost every individual. Stephen, the first martyr, is found in some form in every language of Europe. So is John. So is Peter and nearly all the apostles. But while this was begun by the historical churches of Europe it was carried to extreme by the Puritans of England, who exhausted both testaments in searching for names for their children even to the old Hebrew name Mehitabel. In the fantastic religion of these people they exhausted all the proper names and took for the nomenclature of their children epithets. Witness the redoubtable Mr. Pecksniff's daughters, Mercy and Charity. Even the virtues were not numerous enough to satisfy these people who looked upon the Bible as a fetish, and so we have in Cromwell's Parliament three men whose surnames were in their time as distinctive as that of the North American Indians, being Barebones. Now when they came to name these babies with such a distinguishing surname they called one "Tribulation," which was duly shortened into "Trib." Another was called "Praise God," and then to cap the climax the third one ran thus: "If Thou Hadst Not Been of the Number of the Elect Thou Hadst Been Damned Barebones." The practical British mind cuts to its smallest proportions all the words in its vocabulary, as "Hack" for "Hackney Coach," and so this last-named Barebones was popularly known as "Damned Barebones" and the Parliament of which they were members became known as the "Barebones" Parliament. We may smile at these fantastic names, but they are fully matched in American history. March 4, 1787, George Washington was inaugurated first President of the United States, and on that day there was

born in New Hampshire to a family named Burt a son and he was named "Federal." About the same time down in New York there was born a baby who afterward became a leading merchant. The family name was Fish, probably progenitors of Stuyvesant and Hamilton Fish of our own days, and this baby was named "Preserved." At the same time up in Maine was born a baby to a family named Ham and he was named "Pickled." In Pennsylvania a little gift brought by the stork to a family named Eve, was called "Adam." Well, in our own time do we not name children "Tennessee" and "Nevada" and after other stars on the flag? It is noticeable that the great American republic with its immense population by instinct at its very beginning as in the case of the Romans, gave their children several baptismal names. While in England in its early history people were content with a single given name. So the Germans have been accustomed for a long time to bestow two or three names on their children.

If we would go back to the early history of Britain, whether among Celts, Saxons or Normans, we would find the children named George, John, Peter, Patrick or Andrew and nothing more. As they moved from place to place one person would be known away from home as John who came from the town of Burton, another John might have come from Manchester, a third from Leeds and a fourth from York. To distinguish them one from another there was attached to the name that of the town from which they came. In due time the connecting proposition was dropped and we have a family name taken from the town where the person was born. So we have London, Liverpool and even Dublin as family names among people of British descent.

Another fruitful source of family names were occupations. There might be working on the same job four men all named Richard, one a carpenter, another a mason, another a worker in stone and a fourth a painter. And so we have all these as proper names. Some of them are Norman-French in origin, Fletch meaning an arrow-maker, and Taylor a cutter. In how these names prevail in various languages, for a German Schneider is a tailor and comes from the name of scissors as in the French. Talbot is another Norman-French name and means simply wood-cutter.

Last we have locations different from towns, Mountain, River, are such, so is Atwell and Atwood and a number of others.

In Scandinavian languages the boy is called his father's name with the word son attached as Nelson and many others. This way of naming the baby is found in early English, being brought down by the Vikings, for the name Richard comes Richards, Richardson, Dix, Dickson, Dixon, and even Ricks and Rickson, sometimes spelled Wrixon.

Mark Twain and Queen Victoria.

[Albert Bigelow Paine, in Harper's Magazine:] It was one day in 1887 that Clemens received evidence that his reputation as a successful author and publisher—a man of wealth and revenues—had penetrated even the dimness of the British Tax Office. A formidable envelope came, inclosing a letter from his London publishers and a very large printed document, all about the income tax which the Queen's officers had levied upon his English royalties as the result of a report that he had taken Buckingham Hall, Norwich, for a year, and was to become an English resident. The matter amused and interested him. To Chatto & Windus, his English publishers, he wrote:

"I will explain that all that about Buckenham Hall was an English newspaper's mistake. I was not in England, and if I had been I wouldn't have been at Buckenham Hall anyway, but Buckingham Palace, or I would have endeavored to have found out the reason why

"But we won't resist. We'll pay as if I were really a resident. The country that allows me copyright has a right to tax me."

Reflecting on the matter, Clemens decided to make literature of it. He conceived the notion of writing an open letter to the Queen in the character of a rambling, garrulous, but well-disposed countryman, whose idea was that Her Majesty conducted all the business of the empire herself. He began:

"Madam: You will remember that last May Mr. Edward Bright, the clerk of the Inland Revenue Office, wrote me about a tax which he said was due from me to the government on books of mine published in London—that is to say, an income tax on the royalties. I do not know Mr. Bright, and it is embarrassing to me to correspond with strangers, for I was raised in the country and have always lived there, the early part in Marion county, Missouri, before the war, and this part in Hartford county, Connecticut, near Bloomfield and about eight miles this side of Farmington, though some call it 9, which it is impossible to be, for I have walked it many and many a time in considerably under three hours, and Gen. Hawley says he has done it in two and a quarter, which is not likely; so it has seemed best that I write Your Majesty."

The letter proceeded to explain that he has never met Her Majesty personally, but that he once met her son, the Prince of Wales, in Oxford street, at the head of a procession, while he himself was on the top of an

omnibus. He thought the Prince would probably remember him on account of a gray coat with flap pockets which he wore, he being the only person on the omnibus who had on that kind of a coat.

"I remember HIM," he said, "as easily as I would a comet."

The letter, or "petition," as it was called, was published in Harper's Magazine and widely copied. It reached the Queen herself in due time, and the Prince of Wales, who never forgot its humor.

Montreal's New Harbor.

[Edward Hungerford, in Harper's Weekly:] Montreal, having accomplished her harbor and the channel for 5000-ton ships that led to it from the open sea, stood still for half a century and admired her works along the water front. They were impressive. Much-traveled folk were not slow to say that she possessed one of the handsomest harbor fronts in the world, with its gay show of shipping, its broad, stone-walled quay street, and, back of that, the line of sober, serious limestone buildings, much given to domes and cupolas. It was all impressive and in its way beautiful. But it was growing obsolete. And there were more and more men in Montreal who realized that each year.

Then Montreal awoke. Two new transcontinental lines were being driven across western Canada. If she did not take care the bulk of their traffic would not come to the wharves of the chief city of Canada. It would go rushing by rail down across the United States or to new harbors below Quebec.

Montreal Harbor is still too new in its renaissance to have given full evidence of its value, but only last summer the Canadian Pacific liner Mount Royal discharged 4250 tons of general cargo and took on 9500 tons, also of general cargo, all in fifty-three hours. The average time taken in European ports, as shown by carefully-compiled statistics, for the loading and unloading of a 10,000-ton cargo is fourteen days. Montreal handled 13,750 tons in a little over three days and feels that her new port measured up to its first test.

Saphire Not Easily Imitated.

[New York Sun:] This has been the season of the sapphire. Its vogue has been remarkable. It has even ousted the ruby from popular favor. One of the reasons for this is that there are many artificial sapphires on the market now and fashionable women do not care to

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wear their genuine stones when so many false ones are seen everywhere.

The sapphire is not as easily imitated, so one can be sure one's gems are being appraised at their full value and that nobody is likely to suspect their genuineness. The emerald, too, is difficult to reproduce, and the sequence is that, with the sapphire, it has been the most used in tiaras, pendants and necklaces worn at court functions and balls.

A new use has been found for the marquis ring—the thumb ring with its one antique jewel or, better, for any ring which is noticeable for its size as well as its artistic setting of gems. It is now seen as a decoration of the velvet bow which finishes a blouse as an ornament of the equally modish knot of silk. It is simply slipped over the bow and practically serves the purpose of the old-fashioned tie ring men used to wear. It is especially attractive when the stones are colored, and some women have had the diamonds in their marquis rings replaced by sapphires or emeralds.

Careful jewel lovers wear a slender chain of gold around their necks, to which the ring is first attached in order to avoid any danger of losing it. Some of these rings are mounted on hairpins and worn in decorations in the evening coiffure. They are fastened with swivels to give them an appearance of looseness.

The fancy for wearing plain flat gold bracelets which charms hang has been revived recently, but bracelets are worn above the elbow instead of below.

A Prayer.

Give me the power to love and to live,
Power to listen, to hope, to forgive.

Give me the grace to be patient, to see.

Give me deep knowledge of Thy love and Thy ways.

Give me the mercy that no words can tell.

Give me the kindness that great hearts impel.

Give me the power to feel and to know.

As Thou wouldest have me—fashion me so.

—[Virginia Kline, in All the Year Round.]

[Harper's Bazaar:] Two country youths went to visit London. They went into the British Museum and saw a mummy, over which hung a card which was printed: "B.C. 87."

They were mystified, and one said:

"What do you make of that, Sam?"

"Well," said Sam, "I should say it was the motor car that killed him."

FROM THE B
HEN about thirty years ago Gen. George Stoneman, then Governor of California, sent his son, then a machinist, to the Union Iron Works at San Francisco. As Governor gave the people domestic affairs or into anything beyond the executive office a person, even in America in our great commonwealth of California, everything, some of them independent of their own business.

Then a good many people are frequently, lacking and ability for reflection. To Gen. Stoneman to devote his son in the way of a learned profession right and then again perhaps the You see, it all depends. It depends on the taste of the young man. Many him the making of an excellent lawyer, while with mental gifts suitable for the law have no capacity at all for mechanics. A good mechanist has a vastly better and is vastly more useful than a lawyer, and the young man pursuing mechanical pursuits has just as learned a profession. Gov. Woodrow Wilson to have made an excellent president in what respect is he more distinguished than Andrew Carnegie?

I find a great deal of pleasure in sketches in the Illustrated Weekly because it brings me in contact with persons of great ability in their field. In nearly all cases of interesting really charming manners and dispositions of human activity do I find of broader views or more enticing than those at the head of the various centers here in the Great Southwest. I am a newspaper man with many years coming in contact with late Senator Stanford, the late Col. Charles M. Hays, and lesser lights, such as Joe Fillmore and J. E. E. Hewitt. And when you holding a distinguished position who seat on his own merits, like a tub, and that is not a gentleman of fascin will have an experience as rare as the snow.

The other day I sat in a railroad car to the broadly intelligent and kindly roader, and like nearly all the rest bottom round of the ladder and bottom round of the particular railroad ladder been climbing.

Arthur G. Wells is not a native son of the railroaders of the present day. But he is a native of Canada, and the different Canadians and the Americans on this infinitesimally small. This Canadian was born in 1861, and went railroading at 15 years old. He had received a education in the public schools of Guelph, Ontario, and then gone through school.

Arthur G. Wells entered the railroad apprenticeship and spent four years in the useful and intellectual trade. He soon to have had the faculty of making friend with the railroad company, a position he held for a year, promoted to be clerk in the purchasing road, where he remained for less time. He had not yet attained his majority when he came to enter the service of the Santa Fe, N. M. He became chief clerk of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad absorbed by the Santa Fe. In 1888 he went to the Ohio and Mississippi road, then returned to the Santa Fe Company, step higher at each change, until he became manager of the whole western branch transcontinental system, having under him and all its activities west of Albuquerque and San Francisco.

General Manager Wells has just passed away, but although his task is a strong brain power to the uttermost and hours of service, time has left few traces on features or form. Although in his 70th year, he will be ready for the application of

Burton.

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less that great hearts impel
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—[Virginia Kline, in Alabam]

Two country youths were in a city, over which hung a card or sign, and one said: "What of that, Sam?" Sam, "I should say it was the man that killed him."

FROM THE BOTTOM UP.

WHEN about thirty years ago the Civil War veteran Gen. George Stoneman was serving as Governor of California, the people of the State were somewhat generally and very much scandalized because he sent his son, then approaching young manhood, into the Union Iron Works at San Francisco to learn to be a machinist. To be sure, the election of Gen. Stoneman as Governor gave the people no right to pry into his domestic affairs or into anything connected with his life beyond the executive office at Sacramento. But the people, even in America in our own generation and in the great commonwealth of California, do not all know everything, some of them indeed not enough to mind their own business.

Then a good many people are always, and some people are frequently, lacking in habits of meditation and ability for reflection. The Californians wanted Gen. Stoneman to devote his son's talents to something in the way of a learned profession. Maybe they were right and then again perhaps the Governor was right. You see, it all depends. It depends on the capacity and taste of the young man. Many a young man has in him the making of an excellent machinist but would make a very poor lawyer, while vice versa, some men with mental gifts suitable for the study and practice of law have no capacity at all for mechanics. Another thing, a good machinist has a vastly better chance in the world, and is vastly more useful than the commonplace lawyer, and the young man possessed of gifts for mechanical pursuits has just as lucrative, distinguished and useful a career before him as may be found in any learned profession. Gov. Woodrow Wilson is reported to have made an excellent president of a university, but in what respect is he more distinguished, or in what respect has he been more useful to his kind than the eccentric and spectacular Laird of Skibo, Millionaire Andrew Carnegie?

I find a great deal of pleasure in these Who's-Who sketches in the Illustrated Weekly of The Times, because it brings me in contact with many distinguished persons of great ability in their several callings, and in nearly all cases of interesting personality and of really charming manners and disposition. And in no branch of human activity do I find as a rule bigger men of broader views or more enticing manners than among those at the head of the various great railroads that enter here in the Great Southwest. I have been associated as a newspaper man with railroaders for a great many years, coming in contact with such men as the his Senator Stanford, the late Collis P. Huntington, the late Charles M. Hays, and lesser lights, but not rash lights, such as Joe Fillmore and John A. Muir. Yes, and E. E. Hewitt. And when you meet a railroad man holding a distinguished position who does not sit in his nest on his own merits, like a tub on its own bottom, and that is not a gentleman of fascinating manners, you will have an experience as rare as the one who saw red roses.

Then in 1897, President McKinley, being an Ohio man and knowing the people of his State well, selected George R. Davis for the post of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Arizona, a position which he held until the expiration of the term and then received a reappointment at the hands of Theodore Roosevelt, who by the sad and awful assassination of the lovable and the loved McKinley had become President. So Judge Davis served out another term ending in 1905 and then with his family he came to Southern California and settled in Pasadena, where he still lives happily with the mother of his four children who are all now engaged in securing a good education in the Pasadena schools, the eldest of them being a boy and the other three girls.

In 1910, Gov. Gillett being Chief Executive of the State, and the Legislature having increased the number of courts for Los Angeles county, George R. Davis was appointed to one of the newly-created benches, a position which he filled with credit to himself both as to knowledge of the law and as to his judicial fairness in every case and therefore by necessity to the welfare of the commonwealth of California, which of course means to the welfare of the people of the State.

The other day I sat in a railroad office and looked into the broadly intelligent and kindly face of such a railroader, and like nearly all the rest he began at the bottom round of the ladder and is now on the very top round of the particular railroad ladder up which he has been climbing.

Arthur G. Wells is not a native son like a good many of the railroaders of the present day, nor is he a native of the United States. But he is a native-born American, being born in Canada, and the difference between the Canadians and the Americans on this side of the line is infinitesimally small. This Canadian boy was born November 18, 1861, and went railroading in 1876, before he was 15 years old. He had received a good preliminary education in the public schools of his native town, Guelph, Ontario, and then gone through a Latin high school.

Arthur G. Wells entered the railroad service as an apprentice machinist and spent four years learning that useful and intellectual trade. He seems as a youngster to have had the faculty of making friends, for the master mechanic of the railroad company made him his clerk, a position he held for a year, and then he was promoted to be clerk in the purchasing department of the road, where he remained for less than half a year.

He had not yet attained his majority when an opening came to enter the service of the Santa Fe at Albuquerque, N. M. He became chief clerk to the superintendent of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, afterward absorbed by the Santa Fe. In 1886 Mr. Wells went to the Ohio and Mississippi road, then returned after about two years to the Santa Fe Company, always going a step higher at each change, until he has become general manager of the whole western branch of that great transcontinental system, having under him all the road and all its activities west of Albuquerque to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

General Manager Wells has just passed the half-century mark, but although his task is a strenuous one, taxing brain power to the uttermost and involving long hours of service, time has left few traces of its passing on features or form. Although in just one decade his big railroader will have reached Dr. Ossler's life limit, and be ready for the application of a sponge satur-

ated with chloroform, to look at him one would say he had another half-century of usefulness before him. Mr. Wells lives in Los Angeles with his very interesting family, I believe all intact. He is a member of the California Club, which he has served as president, of the Los Angeles Country Club, of the Pacific Union Club of San Francisco, of the Cuyamaca Club of San Diego, and of the Commercial Club of Albuquerque, of which he has also been president.

He is a Buckeye Boy. *

Almost since the century broke over the world the people of the Great Southwest have been well acquainted with an attorney learned in the law, diligent in the practice of his profession and moreover one who has served the country well as a capable, upright and just judge.

I am speaking of George Russell Davis, a resident of the beautiful city of Pasadena and a practitioner before the courts of the State of California and also before the Federal Courts here and elsewhere.

George R. Davis was born December 13, 1861, soon after the first battle of Bull Run and when the northern States loyal to the Union had learned that the war was to be anything but a picnic, that Lincoln's army of 75,000 men under the first call would not be enough, and that the conflict would extend over years instead of months. The birthplace of this child born "in the midst of alarms" was Huntsville, O., where he spent his babyhood.

At the age of six with his parents he removed to another part of the Buckeye State, where he lived and moved and had his being until he was thirty-five.

During these thirty eventful years he went

through the public schools, taking a high school course,

and then entered the law office of T. W. Brotherton,

long since a resident of Los Angeles, who abandoned

the law for real estate operations, and like all who went

into that enterprise has prospered. Mr. Davis having

been admitted to the bar and worked up a good practice

on his own account, did what all sensible young

men should do and what most of them do, took unto

himself a wife.

Then in 1897, President McKinley, being an Ohio man and knowing the people of his State well, selected George R. Davis for the post of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Arizona, a position which he held until the expiration of the term and then received a reappointment at the hands of Theodore Roosevelt, who by the sad and awful assassination of the lovable and the loved McKinley had become President. So Judge Davis served out another term ending in 1905 and then with his family he came to Southern California and settled in Pasadena, where he still lives happily with the mother of his four children who are all now engaged in securing a good education in the Pasadena schools, the eldest of them being a boy and the other three girls.

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Judge Davis is a companionable man, and decidedly gregarious in his habits, as all men are who are constituted properly. In order to secure such companionship for himself as he knows is beneficial, he is a member of the Union League and Federation Clubs of Los Angeles and of the Overland Club of Pasadena. He is also a Scottish Rite Mason of the Thirty-second Degree, a Shriner and a Knight of Pythias.

Just turning the half-century mark as he is, Judge Davis enjoys perfect health and a good legal practice and it looks as if he had before him a long number of years profitable to himself and his family and from which the public may expect to reap further advantages.

The Lady Elector and Her Mother.

In the early days of October on a Saturday half-holiday there met in Hollenbeck Park in the city of Los Angeles a remarkable gathering of men and women. It was a picnic to which were invited all residents of the city or its suburbs who were 70 years old or more. The assembly numbered over 200 and of these one out of every ten was between 80 and 90 years old.

California is remarkable for many things besides the longevity of its inhabitants and among these is that the first time in the history of the United States women's names are on the ballots for Presidential electors, and as this is the case among the candidates of all parties some women are sure to have their names so distinguished on the pages of our political history for all time to come.

I have a little sketch to offer the readers of the Illustrated Weekly of one of these possible Presidential electors and of her mother. I am sure the political lady was not at Hollenbeck Park among the septuagenarians for the reason that she was not qualified by reason of the limit, and I know her mother was not there for the same reason.

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Early in the year 1860, or possibly in the previous year, before Abraham Lincoln was seriously talked of for President, and long before many Americans dreamed of the great Civil War, there left the great commonwealth of Missouri a citizen of good British blood with wife and family. He was Obed Macy, and in the prairie schooner that crawled laboriously across the southern route there were stowed away not less than ten and probably as many as a dozen children pretty equally divided between boys and girls. Now it is worthy of note that that was considerably over half a century ago, and yet fully half of this Macy family still live in health and hearty old age in Southern California.

Among them was one girl, a little tot at that time, known as Lucinda M. Macy. She grew up here to womanhood in sunshine and pure air, and amid the flowers of Southern California, in sight of its grand mountains and almost within hearing of its singing seas.

Sometime about the same date came into the Great Southwest another early settler, I believe from the same great commonwealth, Missouri, who has left a name in the history of Los Angeles to be known for many years as Samuel C. Foy. He met Miss Macy, and they duly set up the Foy household, which resulted in a family of six children, five daughters and a son, three of the daughters being now married, and the son, Cal Foy, also married.

Obed Macy for years owned the corner of Franklin and New High streets, where the Titus Insurance and Trust Company's old building stands, and Samuel C. Foy opened a harness and saddle shop on Main street about where Spring joins that thoroughfare, and almost directly opposite where Temple street comes down. If I mistake not, Uncle Billy Workman and his brother were actively engaged in the business there which was founded some fifty-five years ago. Later it was moved down on Los Angeles street just north of Commercial, where the business has been continued for so many years, and where the legend on the window has shown it to be among the earliest pioneer industries of the State. When Samuel C. Foy passed away some years ago he left behind him one of the most valuable estates in realty in the city, which has been kept intact to the present time. Mrs. Foy and three of her sisters are still living, and the good lady enjoys a well-earned period of rest and luxury in her years that can scarcely be called declining yet. Her home on San Rafael Heights, along the banks of the beautiful Arroyo Seco in Pasadena, is one of the most beautiful homes in Southern California.

The first child born to the Foy household was a girl who was named Mary. Coming of sturdy stock on both sides and of parents who led a very temperate and simple life, the child grew to girlhood and young womanhood a fine specimen indeed of a native daughter. I think she was born on Main street between Second and Third, at any rate there is where she spent her early years and at a very tender age she was sent to school, where she distinguished herself in the cultivation of intellectual gifts above all her associates. Mary Foy is in all respects a typical and worthy product of Southern California. When she was a well-grown miss it used to be an inspiration to see her swing along the streets in a perfectly natural and unconscious movement that was poetry in motion, so graceful with the girl, and which indicated a full flow of healthful life through every fiber of her frame. She was the most graceful pedestrian in petticoats in the State.

About this time the city organized a public library, and I feel sure Miss Mary Foy was the first librarian of the institution and I know she performed her duties most carefully and acceptably to all the public. The home of the little library was on Main street, where the post office now stands, in the old Downey block.

Then Miss Mary Foy became a teacher in the public schools and step by step climbed the ladder until she was at the head of the English-literature department in the High School, where she became greatly beloved by every pupil in her class for her kindly disposition and respected for her painstaking methods and great ability as a teacher. In those days (as I suppose now) Washington Irving's Alhambra was a text-book in the High School, and so thorough was Miss Foy's study of the subject that she went to Spain to visit the Alhambra in order to get local color for teaching from that wonderfully fascinating book.

When the Legislature gave women the vote in California Miss Foy at once shied her big picture hat into the ring, not after the fashion of Teddy, but like the true lady she is, and organized the Democratic women of the State to study political affairs and fit themselves for the duties of voting. Mary Foy never fails and her political activities were most successful. So when the Democratic party came to nominating electors, the name of Mary Foy very properly led all the rest and if she shall have the pleasure and the distinction of being about the first woman in our history to cast an electoral ballot for President there are a vast number of people in Southern California who will give the lady three rousing cheers, and among them will be a good many real Republicans.

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TIMES]

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

EL PASO (Tex.) Oct. 27.—A condition neighboring on martial law exists today here and at other points on the Mexican frontier. Gen. E. Z. Steever, who from Ft. Bliss, Tex., directs the cordons of troops along the border, is said to have stricter orders

night says the army is preparing to take the offensive and that the Cabinet has decided to prosecute the war with the utmost energy and prepare for a winter campaign should the present operations result unfavorably for the Ottoman army.

EVERYWHERE FALLING BACK.

BERLIN, Oct. 27.—Germany will not assist England, France and Russia to end the Balkan war. Kaiser William is quoted as having told the Imperial Chancellor to light

Central America at the Seaside.

By Frank G. Carpenter.

Costa Rica's Chief Port.

PUNTA ARENAS AND ITS WINTER HOTELS.

WHAT ONE EATS AND DRINKS—THE UBIQUITOUS BUZZARD—A NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY—COSTA RICAN COFFEE AND HOW IT IS RAISED—SOME AMERICANS IN COSTA RICA.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PUNTA ARENAS (Costa Rica).—I have come over the new railroad down the mountains of Costa Rica to the Pacific Ocean, and I am now at the chief port on this side of the continent awaiting a steamer for Nicaragua. The port is named Punta Arenas. The words mean Sandy Point, and there is enough sand here to plaster the locks of the Panama Canal. Everything is sand. The roads are of a black sand and the beach is covered with sand of a somber hue.

Punta Arenas has about 5000 population. It is built

into the water. The bath-house has union suits, which it lets for 12 cents a swim, but these suits are so poorly knitted that if you get near the wire fence you may break a thread and be unraveled to nudity before you get in.

Moreover, the dark sand discolors the water, and when the tide comes in it is somewhat like swimming through mud. Punta Arenas, like Atlantic City, has a promenade walk with concrete seats on each side and a bandstand at the end. It is about one-fiftieth as long as the walk at Atlantic City.

At the Central American Seaside.

This town is nothing like any of our American seaside resorts. Take the hotels. The one at which I am staying is called La Europa, and it is about the best in the place. It is a two-story building made of wood with a roof of galvanized iron. Last night we had an earthquake, which made the wood creak and the galvanized iron rumble like so much stage thunder.

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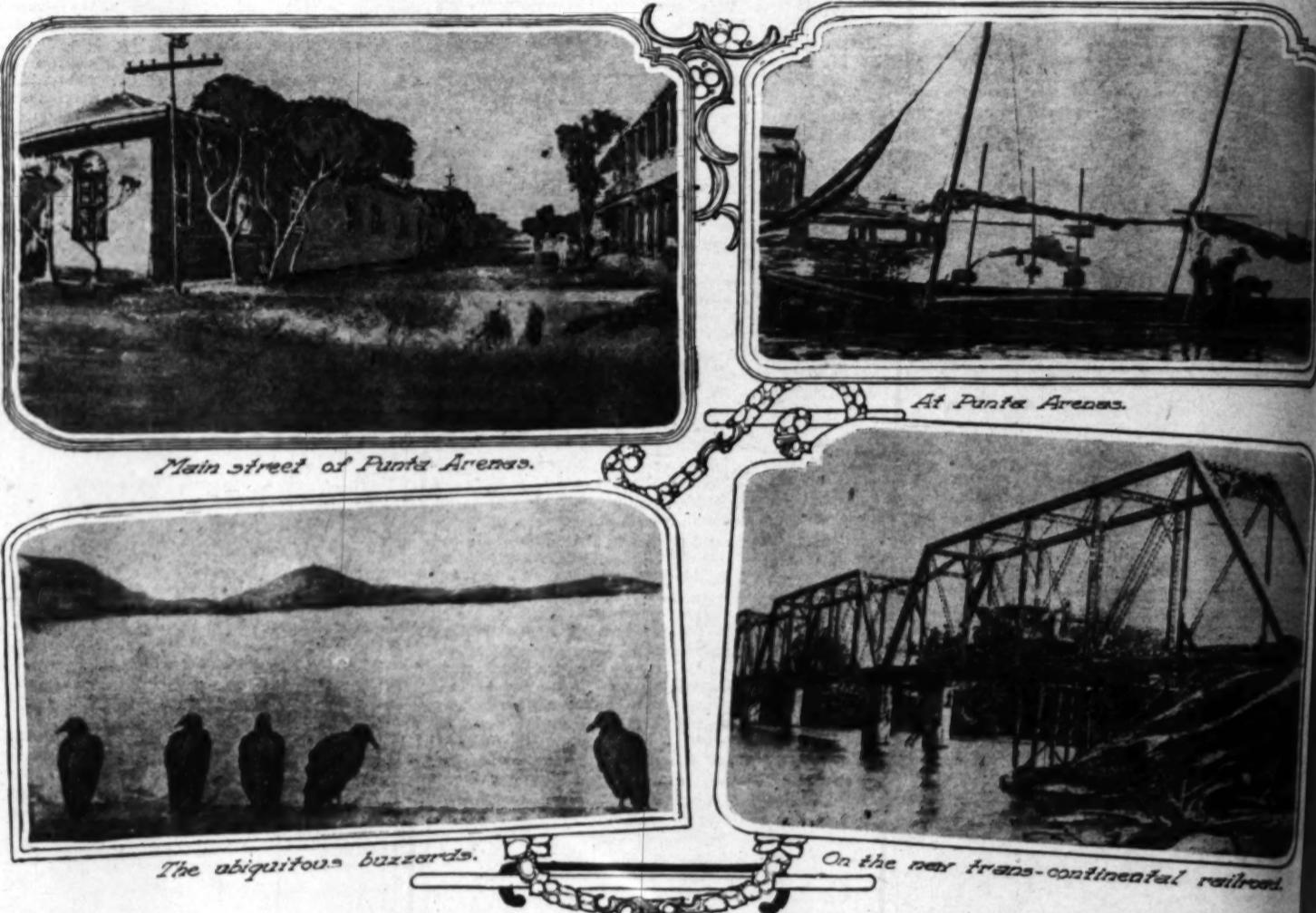
filled with tropical vegetation. Here the hand plays betimes.

The stores are scattered throughout the town. The merchants are chiefly Costa Ricans, and in most cases they have large stocks of goods. This is the business center of Pacific Costa Rica, and the merchandise is carried from here up the rivers and to the settlements along the coast.

The harbor of Punta Arenas is excellent, and when the canal is completed it is believed that this port will have a considerable trade. The town is now on the boom. The prices of real estate have already increased about 1000 per cent., and the people expect great things when the steamers from the Atlantic shall come across the isthmus to them.

How One Lives at the Seaside.

But let me tell you how one lives here at this Central American resort. Take the Hotel Europa, which, as I have said, is about the best here. I have described the walls of my room, and its outlook upon the Pacific



on a sandy spit of land which runs out into the Bay of Nicoya, being bordered on one side by an estuary nine miles long, up which one can go into the interior of the country. This part of Costa Rica is heavily wooded. It has forests of cedar, cocobola, mahogany and other hardwoods, and on my way over the railroad I passed many little sawmills which were cutting timber for shipment abroad. I passed also the road to the Abangarez gold mines, which are located some distance away in the woods. Those mines belong to an American company, and it is taking out something like \$90,000 worth of gold every month. They have stamp mills and are now employing over 15,000 men.

A Costa Rican Resort.

Punta Arenas is sometimes called the Atlantic City of Central America. Dr. Franklin, the American druggist here, says it deserves the name, but I have yet to find any reason for the statement. Atlantic City has white sand and it is comparatively clean. The sand of Punta Arenas is as black as your hat and it is mixed with the debris of the eastern Pacific. The bathing is good at Atlantic City, although now and then the water is cold. The sea here is as warm as boarding-house soup and it is so infested with sharks that one is lucky not to lose a leg while swimming. Indeed, there is only one place that is safe. This is inside an enclosure where the sea is fenced around by a woven wire fence so fine that the sharks cannot get through. Inside the fence is a public bath-house with steps leading down

plaster on the walls to fall and none on the ceiling. The walls consist of plain boards nailed to studding about four feet apart, and the ceiling, which is fifteen feet high, has a lattice work around it about ten feet from the floor that the air may blow through. There are no windows in my room, which faces the Pacific Ocean, but there is a wide-open transom over the door, with a lattice work higher up. It is only when the door is open that I can look out on the sea.

The dining-room of the hotel extends out over the sea, and the maids sweep the dirt and droppings right out into the water. The floor is of rough lumber, and there is a low fence along the side which faces the ocean.

This hotel is dignified in that it has two stories. The other buildings are mostly of one story, with rooms looking out on the street, so that one frequently sees the people dressing as he goes by. The buildings are made of boards and roofed with red tiles ending in a gutter which has a pipe extending out over the sidewalk. It rains now and then, and the water from the roofs pours down through these pipes upon the middle of the pavement so that one has to shy in and out to keep from receiving a cataract down the back of his neck.

I wish I could show you the streets of Punta Arenas. They are unpaved and heavy with the dirty black sand. Some of them are lined with cocoanut palms and there is a beautiful park in the center of the city which is

the only furniture is an iron bed, a washstand two rickety chairs. Upon the washstand is a towel. I have a right to one towel every day if I demand, but no change is made unless on request. A water pitcher is of about the size of a large schooner. It may hold one liter, but it is not full. I am allowed a napkin a week, and this has changed only upon my request. There seems to be a constant mix-up of napkins, and I am now passing myself by writing a great C on the knot in which is tied at each meal.

The eating here is awful. The regular breakfast which I take at 7 a.m., consists of a cup of black and hot milk, with some crusts of dry bread. It is furnished, but this is so unspeakably bad that I do not eat it. Eggs are an extra, and I pay 12 cents each one I order. They are of the scrambling variety. It is risky to try them soft boiled. I have my breakfast with some jam which I buy at the

La Europa serves luncheon between 11 and 12. It consists of a soup, a fish and a beefsteak, with potatoes, or one can have eggs without bacon. Between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening there is dinner which is much like the second breakfast. It consists of a soup, of fish, some meat and a dessert. The dessert always consists of preserves. The menu is full of ripe bananas, pineapples and oranges. No fresh fruit is served except upon order.

How Coffee Is Raised.

I have visited coffee plantations, but those of Costa Rica are different from those seen in Brazil, Java or elsewhere. They are set out in the shade, and bananas are cultivated with them, that the sun. The business is scientific, great care is taken in selecting the best plants and the best beans are sprouted in seed beds prepared beforehand. The ordinary coffee beans are a yard square. The beans are hopped with earth. Indeed, they are set in

page in the region by Tcherny, where since the affair at Vera Cruz his followers have entered a number of towns and appropriated horses and supplies.

GUERRILLA FIGHTING.

Col. Diaz Ordaz, cousin and chief lieutenant of

Illustrated W

some in the market and table.

The Ubiquitous Buzzard.

In fact, there seems to be in Punta Arenas. This is a buzzard or vulture which is a Costa Rican. I met him first in my room at the hotel. He has seen him everywhere, coast his name is legion, roosting on the roof about. They sit on the fence, their dead, sleepy eyes are on my bones and wonder served in true vulture fashion.

I verily believe there are there are people. The great law, and they take the place of Panama. I do not like the Bombay, and the great which the Parsees lay out birds pick the bones clean.

The New Transcontinental.

I came to Punta Arenas upon continental railroads. The oceans, all the way from Canada, which ends at Panama, joins Buenos Aires to Valparaiso of the hemisphere. The ship at Panama, and next, perhaps. This new road in Costa Rica, year, connects with the Atlantic and runs down here to the line from ocean to ocean, and it is one of the roads which have already described the Atlantic slope between Limon and Parque with the Himalaya Mountains quite as luxuriant.

On the western slope of the mountains as the Rockies. The fields are the railway winds about over thirsty canyons, some of which are deep. Approaching the Pacific and within a short time the trees are magnificent, and bananas, which are being cut out. Now and then we pass an orchard of bananas. The fruit is brown and we can buy seven oranges for

This road to the Pacific belongs to the government, and it is operated. It is poorly run and the cars were probably made in Costa Rica though they were cut out with from San Jose to Punta Arenas the train was six hours on the age of less than twelve miles a day.

Indeed, the transportation means are exceedingly primitive. The means of travel is on horseback. Merchandise is carried on pack mules and mountainous, and washes easily and falls off in season the roads are filled with the time of the rains they are very much the same as the roads consisting of ditches, cut by fifteen or twenty feet, with high banks on each side.

On the Coffee Plantations.

I am told that there are extensive coffee plantations in this part of Costa Rica. They lie in the sea, some distance back from the sea, probably be opened up to settlers. I have already written about Rica coffee. The country is now 600,000 pounds every year, and is London and Paris. The people are too rich for American blood, and a few cents more a pound from the us. The coffee trees are descended from plants, and some of the beans though the average is larger.

Most of the crop is raised on in size from forty to fifty acres in the fashion for the rich man to plantation, and nearly every one San Jose has a country estate, the is coffee. He has his home in the winter holidays takes his family to his winter home for January and February he harvests the crop. The labor is who work for about 50 cents a day with the foremen suffice while the

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side.

station. Here the band plays

red throughout the town. The Costa Ricans, and in most cases of goods. This is the business of Costa Rica, and the merchandise is sent to the rivers and to the settlements

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the Atlantic shall come across

seaside.

Now one lives here at this Costa Rica Hotel Europa, which, as I have here. I have described the bare and its outlook upon the Pacific.



Continental railroad.

is an iron bed, a washstand and upon the washstand is a solitary sheet to one towel every day if it is made unless on request. My about the size of a large beer mug, one liter, but it is not always a napkin a week, and this has been my request. There seems to be a napkin, and I am now protecting great C on the knot in which my

is awful. The regular breakfast consists of a cup of black coffee, some crusts of dry bread. But it is so unspeakably bad that I have an extra, and I pay 12 cents for it. They are of the scrambling variety, try them soft boiled. I have some jam which I buy at the same luncheon between 11 and 12. The fish and a beefsteak, with rice and beans. I have eggs without extra charge. At the clock in the evening they have a such like the second breakfast. They consist of preserves. The meal consists of preserves. The meal is served except upon order. I

some in the market and bring my own fruit to the table.

The Ubiquitous Buzzard.

In fact, there seems to be only one thing which is free in Punta Arenas. This is on hand at all meals, and I might say at all other times. I refer to the ubiquitous buzzard or vulture which is the scavenger of Costa Rica. I met him first in the capital, where he walked into my room at the hotel and pecked at the sofa. I have seen him everywhere else, and here on the sea coast his name is legion. I can see forty vultures roosting on the roof about me as I am writing this letter. They sit on the fence as I eat my breakfast, and their dead, sleepy eyes seem to be weighing the meat on my bones and wondering how it would taste if served in true vulture fashion, a trifle high.

I verily believe there are as many buzzards here as there are people. The great birds are protected by law, and they take the place of the garbage wagons of Panama. I do not like them. They carry me back to Bombay, and the great white towers of silence, upon which the Parsees lay out their dead, whereupon these birds pick the bones clean.

The New Transcontinental Railroad.

I came to Punta Arenas upon the newest of the transcontinental railroads. There are now lines connecting the oceans, all the way from the Grand Trunk Pacific, in Canada, which ends at Prince Rupert, to that which joins Buenos Aires to Valparaiso at the southern end of the hemisphere. The shortest railroad is our line at Panama, and next, perhaps, that at Tehuantepec. This new road in Costa Rica, which was completed last year, connects with the Atlantic Railway at San Jose, and runs down here to the Gulf of Nicoya. It makes the line from ocean to ocean a little over 180 miles long, and it is one of the scenic routes of the world. I have already described the tropical beauties of the Atlantic slope between Limon and San Jose. They compare with the Himalaya Mountains and the jungle is quite as luxuriant.

On the western slope the land is now as dry almost as the Rockies. The fields are parched and brown, and the railway winds about over dry gorges and skirts thirty canyons, some of which are a thousand feet deep. Approaching the Pacific the rainfall increases, and within a short time the land is jungle again. The trees are magnificent, and among them are mahogany, which are being cut for our furniture markets. Now and then we pass an orchard of oranges or a field of bananas. The fruit is brought to the stations and we can buy seven oranges for 2 cents of our money.

This road to the Pacific belongs to the Costa Rican government and it is operated at a considerable loss. It is poorly run and the cars are uncomfortable. They were probably made in Costa Rica, for they look as though they were cut out with a hatchet. The distance from San Jose to Punta Arenas is sixty-nine miles, but the train was six hours on the way, making an average of less than twelve miles an hour.

Indeed, the transportation methods all over the country are exceedingly primitive. The most common means of travel is on horseback, and much of the merchandise is carried on pack trains. The country is wild and mountainous, and the soil is such that it washes easily and falls off in flakes. During the dry season the roads are filled with clouds of dust and at the time of the rains they are rivers of mud. They are very much the same as the roads of northern China, consisting of ditches, cut by the wheels to a depth of fifteen or twenty feet, with high walls of dry, soft earth on each side.

On the Coffee Plantations.

I am told that there are excellent coffee lands in this part of Costa Rica. They lie about 2000 feet above the sea, some distance back from the coast, and will probably be opened up to settlement when the canal is completed. I have already written something of Costa Rican coffee. The country is now producing about 25,000,000 pounds every year, and the bulk of this goes to London and Paris. The people here say their coffee is too rich for American blood, and that they can get several cents more a pound from the Europeans than from us. The coffee trees are descendants of the Arabian plants, and some of the beans look like Mocha, although the average is larger.

Most of the crop is raised on small farms, ranging in size from forty to fifty acres up to 400 acres. It is the fashion for the rich man to own his own coffee plantation, and nearly every one of the well-to-do of San Jose has a country estate, the main crop of which is coffee. He has his home in the city, but after the winter holidays takes his family and goes to his country home for January and February, during which time he harvests the crop. The labor is done by the natives, who work for about 50 cents a day, and these, together with the foremen suffice while the master is not present.

How Coffee Is Raised.

I have visited coffee plantations all over the world, but those of Costa Rica are different from any I have seen in Brazil, Java or elsewhere. The young plants are set out in the shade, and bananas and other trees are cultivated with them, that they may keep off the sun. The business is scientifically carried on and great care is taken in selecting the seed. This is from the best plants and the best beans of those plants. The beans are sprouted in seed beds which have been prepared beforehand. The ordinary seed bed is perhaps a yard square. The beans are only half-covered with earth. Indeed, they are set in by hand so that only

a half of each shows above ground. After a time from the top of the bean comes a sprout and from the bottom shoots down a root into the earth. The sprout grows into leaves, and when the plants are a month old they are set out in the nursery in rows about six inches apart. They grow there for a year, and are then transplanted to an orchard, where they are to stay. The plants are now about six feet apart. They are carefully cultivated and are kept free from weeds. They begin to produce fruit at three years and will yield a full crop at five. In Costa Rica a good yield per tree is about one and one-half pounds.

The harvesting season begins along in December. The coffee is then ripe, and the trees are covered with berries much like red cherries. These are picked off by girls and carried to the factory, where the flesh is taken off by pulping, or by running the dried seeds through the machinery. After the beans have been pulped they still have two thin coats of skin. These are taken off by machinery, and the beans are then sorted, polished and packed up for export.

Some American Planters.

I find many American coffee planters down here in Costa Rica. I met in San Jose a banker who has an estate of 400 acres, and I saw several other Americans who own estates on the railroad between San Jose and the Atlantic Ocean. I found a big coffee plantation on my way up Mt. Posas. This belongs to the British Consul, Mr. Cox, and a young American, Jerome B. Clarke. It is one of the best managed coffee estates in the country. The owners are mixing their work with brains and are adapting modern agricultural methods to the raising of coffee. They cultivate the trees so as to conserve the moisture. They use artificial fertilizers, adopting the same formulas as those used in Hawaii. The effect of this work is already shown in their trees and in their crops, and people come from far and near to see the results.

The coffee plantation of Cox & Clarke now consists of 250 acres, which they have chopped out of the jungle. It is as clean as a Dutchman's flower garden, and the trees are wonderfully thrifty. I asked Mr. Clarke as to his labor. He tells me that the ordinary wage is 50 cents a day, but that he finds it better to contract for his work by the piece. The contractor labors with the men, and in this way is able to get much more work done. Mr. Clarke has also a coffee-drying establishment and a lumber mill, connected with which is a factory for making ox carts.

This Man Grows Oranges.

Among the other American planters I have met here is a Mr. Meigs, the son of the Californian who built so many of the South American railroads. Mr. Meigs has an orange estate on the Atlantic slope, which he is cultivating after modern scientific methods. He is also raising grape fruit. He has now about 10,000 trees, and they are just coming into bearing. His fruit will go first to Port Limon by railroad and thence direct to New York.

Speaking of American institutions in Costa Rica, by far the most influential of all is the United Fruit Company, the Costa Rican manager of which is now William E. Mullins. This company has millions invested in its banana industry, and in ranches and railroads. It owns the chief transportation lines and has one of the leading steamship lines of the Caribbean Sea. It has done more to develop Costa Rica than any other one thing, and it is today the chief influence in behalf of the prosperity and progress of the country.

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The Wigglywog.

The wigglywog is a fearful thing
To meet in the darksome night,
He reeks with venom and has a sting
And he dearly loves a fight;
For him a row is a "bully" joke,
As he smites both friend and foe;
He never bends 'neath the servile yoke
And he strikes a "corking" blow—
He strikes a corking blow, my lads,
He strikes a corking blow,
And he tries to hit below the belt,
As he smites both friend and foe.

The wigglywog has a grip of Steel
As he hugs the Harvester trust;
The others he breaks upon the wheel
And he grinds them in the dust.
The wigglywog is a crafty wog
With his ear upon the ground;
He is never known to slip a cog
As he listens for the sound—
He listens for the sound, my lads,
He listens for the sound,
He hears the wall of discontent
With his ear upon the ground.

The wigglywog is a skillful wight,
For he always wriggles free;
He is never held by honor bright
Such as binds both you and me;
He carries a sharp and trenchant knife
To be used as pen or sword,
And he takes of friend and foe the life
As he battles for the Lord—
He can carry sail in any boat
With the yeasty seas abol.

But how about the New York vote
And the funds of Standard Oil?

—[Sanborn Gove Tenney, in New York Sun.

[649.]

The "Rain Birds."

A TWELVE-MONTH WITH THE WHITE CROWNS.

By Emma Younglove.

"The rain birds have come; we shall have rain soon," said the pioneer, and after that he frequently exclaimed: "I do not see why it does not rain, the rain birds are here." But rain did not come, for it was the dry autumn of 1911, and the sign of the white-haired veteran failed, as all signs do in a dry year. Moreover, the coming of the old man's "rain birds," after all, was only the return to their winter home in Southern California of the white-crowned sparrows.

A year has rolled round and the birds are with us again. They made their appearance as usual early in October.

The entire United States and Canada up through Labrador and down into Mexico are included in the range of these birds. Yet they are migrants and their winter haunts are not identical with their summer homes. In summer they go to the far north or the high mountains; in winter they seek milder climates. Southern California with its semi-tropical conditions, affords them a winter residence. In the rainy season the white crowns are familiar denizens of our gardens, sometimes solitary or flocking with their kind, sometimes in company with the linnet, and as tame and fearless as they. At that season they are exceedingly quiet and peaceful in habit, and as they sit in little companies on branches and twigs, plump, soft-hued, and handsome, they seem a fine illustration of prosperous comfort, even in the rain, which they apparently mind very little.

Like so many birds, though coming about the homes of men at other times in most unreserved fashion, at the nesting season they are shy and retiring. Then they seek isolated places on the mountain heights 6000 or 7000 feet above sea level or hide in the depths of northern woods. There their nests are constructed so like the surroundings as almost to defy discovery. A friend of birds has told me of spending a summer in the Wisconsin woods and daily listening to the shrill song of these birds, yet never being able to see one as they flitted about in the tops of the pines. Indeed, their finely mottled bodies are at all times easily confused with foliage.

The nests are loosely constructed of small twigs, weed stalks, or grasses, and are lined with fine grass or hair. They are usually placed on the ground or in low bushes. The eggs are from three to five in number and are a pale greenish blue speckled with light reddish-brown.

White crowns are among the handsomest of the sparrow family, and are larger than most of their relatives. Their gray backs are profusely marked with black and more sparingly with brown, and their breasts are soft, light gray. Their heads are striped with seven bands of alternate white and black, the median white. These clear, contrasting colors in set design give an appearance of distinction. The young are more quiet-hued. Their breasts also are plain gray, but their backs are cinnamon-brown like the California towhee, and their crown stripes are of alternate chestnut and buff. This dress they retain until the spring molting, but the second season finds them garbed like their parents.

Unlike most birds, the white crowns sing throughout the year, and, though their song has little variety, it has a cheerful sound. First, two shrill, high notes, then the same warble with which the song sparrow closes, makes a much more monotonous lay than the latter's. Like the song sparrows, the white crowns sing everywhere and at all times. In the breeding season they often pipe up their brief lay until long past midnight, and they are such incessant singers as to win the sobriquet "the ballad singers of the mountains." After a disastrous storm, even before the rain ceased falling, I have heard a white-crowned sparrow sing its cheerful little song with an effect like a rainbow.

In the spring these birds are vagrant, wandering about in considerable flocks, now numerous in a locality, then entirely lacking for several days.

At that season they often annoy the gardener on account of their fondness for early vegetables. They relish a variety of greens. Tender lettuce, radish tops, young tomato plants, little pepper plants, pea vines—all are choice morsels to the white crowns, and woe to the garden where they sample these delicacies! For if they get a taste they return again and again, and only with their migrating about the first of May will the garden be left in peace.

At that time, while gathered in flocks, they sing their shrill song in chorus for an hour or two with no intermission. This sometimes gets on the nerves of the gardener.

So it comes about that the feeling toward them is not always kindly. They have even been trapped together with outlaw linnets. The justification for this is felt in the usual contempt for "only a sparrow."

But these same white crowns are valuable in the economy of nature, for they are among the most effective destroyers of seeds of noxious weeds. The gardener and the rancher would do well to make friends with these assistants and willingly pay the toll they exact.

[*Harper's Weekly*:] "Did you lose much in that bank failure, Jim?" asked Hawkins.

"I should say I did," said Slabsides. "I had an overdraft of \$163 in that bank, and gee! how I had to hustle to make good!"

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(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

E L PASO (Tex.) Oct. 27.—A condition neighboring on martial law exists today here and at other points on the Mexican frontier. Gen. E. Z. Steever, who from Ft. Bliss, Tex., directs the cordons of troops along the border, is said to have ordered

that says the army is preparing to take the offensive and that the Cabinet has decided to prosecute the war with the utmost energy and prepare for a winter campaign should the present operations result unfavorably for the Ottoman army.

EVERYWHERE FALLING BACK.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND BY WIRE)

E RLIN, Oct. 27.—Germany will not assist England, France and Russia to end the Balkan war. Kaiser William is quoted as having told the Imperial Chancellor to light

Halloween Duplicated by Indian Rites.

By William Atherton Du Puy.

Weird Performances.

LORE OF FALSE FACES BEING COMPILED BY GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS.

FALSE FACE CEREMONIES COMMON TO MANY TRIBES AND HAVE THEIR ORIGIN IN A MYTHOLOGY MUCH LIKE THAT UPON WHICH THE DRUIDS BUILT OUR OWN CELEBRATION—ABORIGINES MAKE MANY GROTESQUE MASKS.

WHEN Halloween funmakers run riot and test their ingenuity for extremes of folly they cut no capers that surpass those that have been performed immemorially in the wigwams of the native American Indians.

A civilized people, tracing the origin of its customs into the dimness of a mythological origin, is unable to

the wilds today mingles with his fellow who has adopted civilized ways, puts on the white man's clothes and graduates from his colleges. These two extremes may today be seen donning their masks or coming for the fire cure at the hands of the society.

Dr. J. N. B. Hewett, who is engaged in scientific research for the Bureau of Ethnology, was born an Iroquois, though but part blood, and is today a painstaking scientist like the others of his kind. He knows the Iroquois language and has translated much of the literature of the tribe into English. Recently he visited his tribe at the False Face celebration, witnessed the antics and the applications of the fire cure.

Holding Fire in the Hands.

The society meets in the council-house. All who are afflicted are invited to come and be cured. Always there are present lines of the lame and halt and of

plunge their hands into these coals and take up double handfuls of them. These they carry to the afflicted who may be at another end of the room. During the time that it takes to walk the length of the room the coals are held in the hands as one might hold apples. When the afflicted are reached the coals are dumped precipitately upon their heads. Yet the hair of these heads is unscorched and the sufferers make no outcry. The hands of the secret society members are not burned. Dr. Hewett says he looked on this performance most critically in an attempt to find an explanation for it, but could find none. One man who received this treatment was an educated Indian in civilian clothes, and even these clothes escaped scorching, although the coals must have gone inside his coat collar. Yet Dr. Hewett is a thoroughly-trained scientist afire with desire to find out the truth.

they turned their backs and then turned round to see whether the mountain had moved half way.

It was now the turn of the little speech and both waited. Presently there was a knock at the door. Then the Disease God stepped forward. When he did so he burst into a roar. The mountain itself, so far as could be seen, was so severe that it twisted God all awry and it has been.

In this way was the authorized and he was about to invite God to death when the Disease God explained that he had been suffering disease and contagion and that he would help fight if he were to. Life God spared him and ever Lieutenant in fighting disease, twisted and contorted face has of driving out disease. The Indians make masks upon the twisted faces when they annually cleanse the Eskimo False-Face Celebration.

The greatest riot of false-face known any place in the world are natives of the Pacific Coast of British Columbia, the fondness for the celebration seems to intensify as Eskimos even surpass their Indian and along the Yukon the innumerable and terrifying.

Among the Yukon Eskimo the wise man, who is able to see the shades of the shaman has a clairvoyant vision merely to see through the attempts of animals as well. For, he is within them the shades of departed may, at times, push up the forms in which they appear and

So, in the masquerade festival appear great numbers of these within them the shades of the stages of the performance they party in any community back in spirit back of the mask is revealed.

In looking over great numbers of Eskimo masks one sees many viewed in show windows and is of Indian origin. It is a fact, however, that nations of these people run much of the hideous and grotesque nations of more civilized races. Therefore, that he can borrow best from the Indian or the Eskimo for himself.

The great, square-faced, goggle-eyed mask is quite familiar. There is the like among the northern tribes that a long Arctic night. There is many in the meeting-house of these tribes be worn as an actual face. It is seen and its operator stands behind its stumps. The strings are pulled the eyes, stick out its tongue or clatter. Even transparencies are made to shoot through the mouth of the demons of the celebration.

Pueblo Clowns.

As the old Germanic Halloween the nature of ancestor worship, so the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest. The celebrations of the Hopi and even the Moqui Indians, both of which are of the Pueblo tribes.

Among the Pueblos every clan has a god. It may be represented by the wild turkey, the eagle or any of the animals and things that make up part the case of the Moqui it is represented by mother from which the tribe is believed.

Each of these animal ancestors is believed by what are known as Katchins to have a certain very definite meaning. They represent it in all its ceremonies. The clothes of these Katchins are always each season these are freshly painted thus successively for centuries having become quite striking.

Second in importance to the Katchins are the clowns. No celebration is complete without its clown. He is the buffoon, the laughing, the clown. He uses all the devices of the circus jester, a laugh. He knows the slap sticks, those among him who gormandize to behold. A favorite joke upon one to rub that individual's bare flesh with thorns of the prickly pear, greatly to the beholder's.

Dr. J. W. Fewkes, representing the Bureau of Ethnology, has spent twenty-five summers among the Indians. His study of the different clans has a sort of ultimatum by saying to the Disease God.

"If you created this world suppose you call up the mountain which is a very unimportant part of the world and have the mountain come over here and stand up in front of us."

The Disease God accepted the challenge and uttered an incantation to the mountain and the mountain abode by emerging from the Grand Colorado. After reaching their pre-



find a basis for this, one of its prettiest of celebrations, that equals in allegorical beauty the story upon which is based the False Face Society of the Iroquois Indians.

The lore of the false faces of the American Indians is being compiled by the Bureau of American Ethnology, that government bureau which, under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution, is endeavoring to chronicle the big facts with relation to the American Indian before the race passes or loses its individuality through contact with other races. Already there are great stores of information in hand that indicate that civilized man is a poor competitor with his brother who is nearer to nature when it comes to simulating the mystically unreal.

Indian False Face Society.

Probably the greatest of the celebrations of the Indians that parallel our own Halloween festivities are the stunts that are annually put on by the Iroquois, that greatest league of Indians that was ever known. The League of the Iroquois, with one base in the valley of the Susquehanna and another in the valley of the Ohio, dominating six great tribes, had a colonial policy before Great Britain had one. In that tribe the recall of officials has been in practice for a thousand years. Suffrage is granted only to the mothers of babes, and thus is recognition extended to the greatest of acts, the reproduction of kind, and thus is the ban placed upon the barren.

But of the many institutions that were developed by the Iroquois that, when understood, might be envied by the whites, the one of especial interest here is the False Face Society, with its strange antics, its allegorical origin and its carefully guarded secrets. The False Face Society of these Indians is a secret society that is as exclusive as the Masons as we know them or as any of the other secret societies of civilized man. Only the tried men of unquestioned standing are initiated, and there are strange secrets that even science has seen and is unable to explain.

The False Face Society holds its high jinks once a year. The object of the celebration is to frighten away those evil spirits that cause disease. The red man of

those wracked with disease long before the celebration begins. Finally there is an outrunner who announces the approach of the False Faces. Then they arrive bedecked fantastically and wearing masks that represent the countenances of man and beast grotesquely twisted into strange shapes.

The wearers of these garbs enter the room wriggling on the floor or hopping on two feet and one hand. Their antics are weird and terrible. They approach a great fire that has been heaped high with wood, but which has burned down until it is a mass of glowing coals. Here it is that the greatest of the secrets of the order is shown. These wearers of the False Faces

As the Druids of Old England held that on All Hallow's Eve ghosts and witches were abroad and that the wicked souls left the bodies of the animals in which they were confined, so has the False Face Society of Iroquois a definite thing which it represents in the distorted faces it wears. But the idea of the Indians is probably more clearly understood and its origin is more definitely known than is that of our own ancestors.

Origin of the False Face.

The origin of the false face in Iroquois legend is closely linked with the creation of the world. The story also is translated by Dr. Hewett from the Indians. The world, according to legend, was created by the Life God. After having performed his work he came to earth and there walked about viewing his accomplishment and giving it only approval until one day he was much to his surprise, another creature much of his own appearance.

This other creature approached him and inquired what he was doing. He responded to the effect that he had created this world and was just walking about viewing his handiwork and finding, to his gratification, that the task had been well performed.

The second creature who, as it developed, was the Disease God, disputed with the Life God the honor of having created the world. Finally the Life God issued a sort of ultimatum by saying to the Disease God,

"If you created this world suppose you call up the mountain which is a very unimportant part of the world and have the mountain come over here and stand up in front of us."

The Disease God accepted the challenge and uttered an incantation to the mountain and the mountain

Colwell.

asped.

a here, and went away again—
I went away with her."

again."

one's speech was clear as day.

Save for what a tear or two
last. The son took her in his
While he was thus trying to
nervously, the very touches he
her hands, the innocent came
in the doorway, stopped short,
"escape her, tried to catch it,
about to retire, but, finding
ed shyly.

meet her.

"I was here, but went away a

on," the girl apologized. "And
me—to us," she added.

"It matter."

he insisted. "And I ran away,
not ever thanking you. What
said I'd never speak a word to
and begged pardon; and I just
we are ugly at all; and I told
that handsome does?"—that's
d that's what I say, too. I'm
in unless you do. So, there!"at weep, Isidor smiled. The old
him much comfort. To his sad
now as the mumbled aphorismsugly, both of you," he said. "Go
t only forgive him, but also con-tried the girl, in evident alarm.
to be congratulated?"

"I mind me," he said reassuringly.

"Oh, don't I just wish he were as
exclaimed.

"Sam," said Isidor, as if he were

him and literally ran away.

looking at the empty doorway,
other came behind him and put
it. He would have turned round,
and kissed the back of his head.

bit," she whispered.

poor old mother."

her conscience cut the protest
silent.one bit," repeated the mother.
I only wish she were one of us,"

the mother."

son. You—

matters. She is going to marry
her told mother!"away from his neck. He turned
on his hands. "Poor little mother."

"Did you think she was going

else?"

not as you came in."

mother wept. Both kept silent
aloud. Outside, the bells of the

city. At last, Isidor:

"I have you."

boy?"

"I guess," said Isidor, breaking

you gave her for the books."

"I give her for the books."

"I give you, my boy?"

I would have thought with

you boy—this stranger?" asked the

son took her in his arms. Isidor was so amazed that he did not step behind him. But when his shoulders, he came to the round. There was Abolom his hand. "I was a cad," he blurted out, the apology, and the com

lishman, I see," thought he said.

words escaped him.

the boy proudly.

How He Found a Furnished House.

By Hamilton Pope Galt.

THE WOOING O'T.

BILL SUMMERS and Maria Wilkes are going to get married this fall," said the tall slim young man in a wistful voice.

"Well, it is of no use for anybody to ask me to marry him until he has a nice house to put me in," replied the queenly blonde. "If a man wants to marry me let him build a nice house and then come and ask me."

The short, fat man on the opposite side of the piazza signs cleared his throat.

"Supposing I was to build a swell new house and then came and asked you, would you marry me?" he asked.

The tall, slim young gentleman stared.

Proposing to a girl right in the presence of a rival was enough to startle any man!

But the slim gentleman held his peace. He just watched the golden curls that the evening breeze waved at him. The wind had a chance to do these esquith little tricks out on the porch. It not only toyed with her hair but it waved the shiny wheat in the field across the road, and it scattered the odors of flowers which had been duly watered, and it conspired with the new moon to make a man yearn-like and romantic.

The short, fat man cleared his throat and repeated his question. This time the girl answered him.

"Yes, I think perhaps I would, Jim."

At this the slim young man cleared his throat and put the same question.

"Well, I don't know but what I would, Sam."

The three sat still on the porch saying little after this, until Molly intimated that it was time for her two sisters to depart.

The two men walked along the road back to the town together. The walk was a short one and they separated on the outskirts.

"Good-night, Sam!" said the stout young man.

"Good-night, Jim!" said the slender one.

Sam boarded at the Palace Hotel. Jim boarded at the St. Charles. Both were bachelors. Sam had a beautiful farm situated on a sunny slope, but he had never built a house on it. His brother had inherited the house with his portion.

Jim also owned a beautiful farm which had no good house on it. As long as the farms were near the village and the owners were unmarried the arrangement was satisfactory.

As far as anyone could tell Molly liked the two men equally. It really seemed as though it would make little difference to her which suitor she married.

The day after she declared herself the two men met at the depot. They were bent upon sending a telegram. They telegraphed for lumber in sufficient quantities to build a house.

The agent told it around town.

"He will marry the one who gets his house done first!" everyone said.

Some thought it would be Sam because he was a better worker; but others said it would be Jim because he was the smartest.

Rockins the tailor was as excited as anybody. Part of the time he fancied himself cutting out a long tall wedding suit, and part of the time he was cutting out a short fat one.

Wilkes of the drygoods emporium did not know whether to order an extra dozen short fat shirts or an extra dozen long tall shirts.

And in the midst of the excitement a carload of lumber arrived. Only one carload! It was Jim's lumber.

Sam burned the wires to find out what had become of his car and learned that his order had been countermanded.

That night when the two suitors met on the lady's porch Sam accused Jim of countermanding his order, and there was quite a scene. Jim bitterly denied having done such a trick, and threatened that Sam would have to prove it if he made any more assertions like that. Then Sam apologized and said he was only too

.

"Listen to what?" asked she, coming forward.

"Mr. Asher here would marry a Christian any day of the week."

"Would you, Mr. Asher?" asked Rachel.

"No," said Mr. Asher emphatically.

"Listen to that!" cried Rachel triumphantly. Then, turning to Mrs. Asher, "You are not a Christian?" she asked.

"No," answered Isidor's mother, all smiles. "I am Mrs. Asher."

"There," said Rachel, turning again to her brother, but in her tones was now no triumph.

"Well, what made you say so, then?" demanded the crestfallen boy of Isidor. Then, defiantly, "I don't care—I'll marry her anyway."

Isidor was silent. His mother came to the rescue with "He thought your sister was a—"

"Hush!" begged the now orthodox Isidor.

"Oh, I know!" cried Rachel. "He took me for a gen-

tile. Everybody does. Mamma says that I look no more like a Jewess than if I were a Madonna by one of the old German masters."

"Mothers are sometimes mistaken, aren't they, mother?" asked Isidor.

"And sons," she beamed back.

"Mother!" echoed Rachel. "Why, I thought she was your—"

"What?"

"Your—your wife."

What a miracle-worker is happiness! At that moment, Isidor, 'tis said, looked positively handsome; but then there is only his mother's word for it. As for Rachel's, unless a woman in love has eyes in the back of her head, it is worth absolutely nothing, all authorities being agreed that from the time she said wife until she made good her escape, she kept looking at the floor, the ceiling, the backs of books, at everything and anything but him.

ment at the slippery path down which the Widow Boggins' house had come the previous night.

"I thought I had seen the house some place!" said Jim.

"I thought witches had done it!" declared Molly.

Meanwhile, Sam was busy talking to Mrs. Boggins, telling her he had loved her even before she had married Phil Boggins, and arguing that the fates had brought her to him, and he was not going to let her go.

Annie Boggins' answers to Sam's arguments were blushes and stammerings, and they did not convince Sam that his arguments were poor ones. By way of further argument he kissed her on the cheek.

While they were discussing the matter of her remaining, Jim and Molly returned from looking at the landslide, and the situation was explained to them.

"Well," laughed Jim, "it isn't every man that wakes up in the morning in possession of a house furnished even with a wife!"

When Mark Twain Read Browning.

[Albert Bigelow Paine, in Harper's Magazine:] Just what kindled Mark Twain's interest in the poetry of Robert Browning is not remembered, but very likely his earlier associations with the poet had something to do with it. Whatever the beginning, we find him, during the winters of 1886 and 1887, studiously, even violently, interested in Browning's verses, entertaining a sort of club or class who gathered to hear his rich, sympathetic, and luminous reading of the "Papleyings"—with "Bernard de Mandeville," "Daniel Bartoli," or "Christopher Smart." Members of the Saturday Morning Club were among his listeners, and others—friends of the family. They were rather remarkable gatherings, and no one of that group but always vividly remembered the marvelously clear insight which Mark Twain's vocal personality gave to those somewhat obscure measures. They did not all of them realize that before reading a poem he studied it line by line, even word by word; dug out its last syllable of meaning, so far as lay within human possibility, and indicated with pencil every shade of emphasis which would help to reveal the poet's purpose. Once, at a class meeting, after finishing "Easter Day," he made a remark which the class requested him to "write down." It is recorded on the fly leaf of "Dramatis Personae" as follows:

"One's glimpses & confusions, as one reads Browning, remind me of looking through a telescope (the small sort when you must move with your hand, not clockwork). You toll across dark spaces which are (to YOUR lens) empty; but every now & then a splendor of stars & suns bursts upon you and fills the whole field with flame.—Feb. 23, 1887."

In another note he speaks of the "vague, dim flash of splendid humming-birds through a fog." Whatever mental treasures he may or may not have laid up from Browning, there was assuredly a deep gratification in the discovery of those splendors of "stars and suns" and the flashing "humming-birds," as there must have been in pointing out those wonders to the little circle of devout listeners. It all seemed so worth while.

The Nocturne of Night.

The whisperings of the night,
With all their subtle meaning—

The gentle whirr of wings in flight,
Some night bird at his gleaming.

The murmur of the wind through trees,

And muffled crash of surf on sand—

A rustle of the falling leaves—

What an argosy of dreams for Man!

Moonlight aslant on placid streams,

That, silent as the foot of Time,

Move slowly 'midst the silver gleams,

As nature's own and—mine!

Yet, with the signs of coming dawn,

And growing sounds of day,

Voices of the night become a pawn

At sunlight's willful play.

SHANNON B. MYERS.

Abandon
to Come to
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OF THE
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AND BY WIRELESS
TIMES.)

ERLIN. Oct. 27.—Germany will
not assist England, France and
Russia to end the Balkan war.
Kaiser William is quoted as having
told the Imperial Chancellor to light
his pipe with the note sent by

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

EL PASO (Tex.) Oct. 27.—A condition neighboring on martial law exists today here and at other points on the Mexican frontier. Gen. E. Z. Steever, who from Ft. Bliss, Tex., directs the cords of troops along the border, is said to have stricter orders

the rural guard, and Capt. Hermilio Martinez were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, and Gabriel Ramos, customs collector, and Herman Aragon, censor of telegraph, were sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Nine other officers and civilians were

The Druids and Their Picture Writing.

"The Jarvis Letters."

[Copyright, 1912, in the United States, Canada and England.]

By Stinson Jarvis.

FOREWORD.

REVIEW AND EXPLANATION OF THE WORK.

BY AN EXPERT STUDENT OF THE MANUSCRIPT.

PEOPLE who are interested in the origin of the Jews, the pre-Christian Church, the ancient priestly order in which Jesus was High Priest, the authorship of the Bible, etc., will find their old-time queries explained by the remarkable records collected in a series of expositions which The Times has now begun to publish.

While these records change the viewpoint from which the Bible will be regarded, they do not alter its efficacy, but merely show that its authors had in all ages claimed to use the mind of Deity. As to this point, "The Jarvis Letters" only gives the facts, because the book is the history of words and does not deal with religion except where it must be considered as a factor. Consequently the work is wholly for building, and not for tearing down; being filled with admiration of the early methods; and in the self-proving plans for the make of words, the beauties of thought exhibited by the fathers of language sometimes seem to almost exceed the range of human conception.

Stinson Jarvis is best known to Californians as the author of "The Ascent of Life," published by a Boston magazine (Arena) serially and in book form. His "Geoffrey Hampstead," published by the Appletons, had the widest range of its year, and his "Doctor Percue" took the \$1000 prize in the Chicago competition of 1893. His "Letters From East Longitudes" was published after a long study of records in Egypt, Syria, etc., and he maintains that it was this personal research in the East which enabled him to see that the picture-language of pre-historic America was the same as in other lands, and was the medium used everywhere by the hierarchy which controlled many countries through priestly rule.

The proofs that the Welsh and Irish Druids wrote the Bible are wholly of record, having existed for a great length of time. The mere suggestion that the Bible had any human authorship would of itself bring a great many people to the attention; but when it is learned that the matter has been reduced to the simplest kind of proof in "The Jarvis Letters," the work cannot fail to have innumerable readers. The author uses the paralleled pictures of each country's records. When indicating that the pre-Christian priesthood referred to by Paul and John did missionary work in America and Egypt, he shows the carvings of the Crosses, the Cross, the Sickle and the Flail as these records appear in the temples of ancient America and Egypt. When these are placed side by side with our own episcopal symbols, the author says: "These are the same!" They certainly are. There is no proof more potent for conviction than the "deadly parallel," and after it has been used several hundred times in this book, the reader perceives that argument has small place in the matter.

As a fact, the proofs as to the Druid authorship of the Bible are only an incidental part of the showing that these learned priests fathered all religions and colonies; each colony being sent out bearing a name which forever identified it with the land of its origin. That they had one picture-language for the whole world is simply an affair of pictures, and it is certainly new to find that our Jupiter's Trident was as important in the naming of him in the South Pacific Islands and in India as it was with us. Many proofs are taken from the records carved on the temple walls of Thebes, which explain the local theogony and a large part of the Druid picture-language. These say that perhaps thirty of the local gods are the same as 'RA,' who was the Head of the Bull and Hawk priesthood of the Druids.

Other Egyptian and Greek records say that all human knowledge and invention came from one source, from a priest-god who lived in some westerly region, in the same place from which all the Greek gods and heroes came. This was the one Heaven of all the ancients who died; its locality being indicated in the naming of compass-points and otherwise, as "north-west from Athens, Nor-Nor-West from Rome, and Northeast from Mexico; while in Java the "god of the Nor-west" was officially called NORWITI.

These records and the Egyptian and Greek priestly statements have always asserted that astronomy, music (both vocal and instrumental), algebra, geometry, arithmetic, letters, words, picture-language, knowledge of agriculture and horticulture, athletics and religion, etc., came from this westerly priest-god identified with Mind and named as THOT, which was the ancient Anglian way of spelling "Thought." From the early Celtic manuscripts it is shown that the above were the branches of learning which were taught in the Druid colleges, to which the nobility of north Europe sent their sons. The American histories are quoted to show that some of the arts brought to America by the priestly teachers were the same as those taught in the Druid colleges. These teachers,

called gods, came across the Atlantic in boats, and were robed, girdled, sandaled and cowled monks, who bore Welsh and Celtic names identifying them with the home Church. St. Paul is quoted where he tells of a secret priesthood which had done everything for mankind from the beginning of record, and that this was the priesthood in which the HESUS or IESUS was prepared, after great unwillingness on his part, and "was made perfect by that which he suffered." The "Book of Enoch" is quoted where it says that this undying succession of priests (always named as one man, who never died) was concealed in all ages, and "his existence known only to the elect." The four primitive languages are quoted to show that in the British isles the local names of Jesus were all class names of the one Healing priesthood which had had its astronomy perfected for thousands of years before our era began. Writers who were eye-witnesses describe the symbolical ceremonial of the Druids in regard to their Oak god; a cross being formed with a beam on the divine Tree; on the central stem of which was carved the name of the one Thundergod of the whole world, with the name of the British god priest BE on the left-hand branch, and the name of HESUS or IESUS carved on the right-hand branch; as our HESUS always said that his seat was on the right hand of deity. That we were expected to understand the whole of this ceremonial (when the right time arrived) was indicated when two disciples were named as "Boanerges," explained in the Bible to mean "Sons of Thunder." The Celtic words BO AN name the "Bull God" mentioned in the name of the always concealed "Upper-BO-RE-ANS," or "Bull-TIME-Gods." This Bull and Thunder Jupiter, whose name was carved as TAR, was also written as TAUR (bull), THOR, TOR, and the THUR of THURSDAY. In their own writings, the English ancients named him as their god, as "THUR Yopiter," and also as LA-TONA, named by the Latins as TONANS, meaning "Thundering"; while the Thundergod of Mexico was TONA-TE-U, meaning "Thunder God Fire"—described in the Bible as having Thunder in his voice and dwelling in the secret place, in the midst of the sea, and among the clouds which in all Homeric and biblical history are identified with Jove and make his Clothes; the Welsh word for Cloud meaning what cloaks, conceals, or incloses the Sun God; as our CLO-U-D means the same.

Owing to the fact that the individual letters of our alphabet were formerly words by themselves, and still have over 200 meanings, Mr. Jarvis has tabulated the letters of the Celtic and Greek alphabets, with the more important meanings of each letter ranged alongside; showing that the first combinations of these one-letter words made our first monosyllables, which, when combined in later times, gave us our words as they now stand. All this deals with the words, both large and small, as they have always existed and still exist, together with their recorded and well-known meanings; so that the whole explanation as to the make of our words from the beginning contains its own proof, requiring no argument, but simply an exposition of the scheme. Thus our words are shown to be legible by the letter, by the syllable, and as a whole. The author shows by the American carvings that thirteen of our own and the Greek letters were used in America in an unconnected way, and simply as pictures naming Deity; and also that our letters named and described Deity. Here the "A" means the "First" and names the Mountain, or ALPA, which it pictures. "B" is the "Life" and the Bee which it pictures, and is the name of the BE priesthood and of Brital. "C" is the goddess Ce worshiped in America as Ce, our Ceres, named on the Sickle, which it pictures, and was carried by the Christ of the Revelations. As the Greek letters were named at a more modern time, each letter was then explained in its new name, as the "O" was now named with Celtic words, as, O-MI-CRON, saying: "Circle, Moon, TIME"—this Celtic CRON naming Cronus, or Saturn, "Father of all gods."

For example—The universal Celtic god-name of AL-LA (the "Most High") is made of the two signs "A" and the Light-sign "L," making the word A-L, to name the "FIRST LIGHT" and "Mountain Light," and making the word "AL" which means "ALL." The addition of the Celtic LA makes the name of AL-LA mean "ALL: DAY;" while the Greek name of the "A" is AL-PHA (ALL-Light); the Arabic is AL-I-F., and the Hebrew is AL-EPH. This sufficiently shows the plan on which all words are made; and because Mr. Jarvis is the first to rediscover the original meanings of all our own and the Greek letters, he has called his work "The Jarvis Letters," this knowledge enabling us to read any god-name or tribe-name—all of which are record-names. The values of this very old knowledge (which seems so new today) are almost without limit; but among them may be mentioned the fact that words tell their own meaning in their parts, and thus contain in themselves the proofs that they were made according to definite plans and arranged schemes, and that they came from one source, from the continued mind and continued schemes of one priesthood which in all ages claimed to use the mind of deity; and it will be for the reader to decide for himself as to

whether they "made good" in regard to their claim. This will necessarily make the book the talk of the day and a reference volume in the future, because some way the new knowledge must affect everyone and reach into the roots of everyone's thought.

It has been the duty of this reviewer to verify a good many of Mr. Jarvis's references, and it is true that the old Anglian "JOB" named both JOB and Jupiter; so that our Book of JOB names the Book of Jupiter, and Mr. Jarvis may be quite right in saying that all the descriptions of deity as the Whale and the Dragon, etc., are placed there as a record of the early picture-language concerning Jupiter and the combined Whale-Dragon-Serpent deity of the ancient English. As the Latin and Greek words are shown by their component parts to be extensions of the small primitive words in the British languages, Mr. Jarvis divides important names in the Iliad to show that they were manufactured to name the Druid gods and symbols, in order that many colonial peoples could in this way be identified with the ancient aristocracy from which all the great Greeks claimed descent, but were made by law to say anything more definite than they were. "Atlanta-Genes" or "Atlantic-born." Through cataloguing all those who were supposed to attend a great imaginary war, this kind of naming conveniently identified all the peoples thus listed with the intellectual giants who had for ages ruled the world. Homer often breaks off in the middle of a tremendous fight to give the pedigree of a combatant, showing that his pedigree was far more important than his fight.

None were admitted to the Druid priesthood except the nobility, and because the Iliad is literally filled with family history, the whole imaginary world was evidently devised as a line of pegs on which to hang records and satisfy the endless pride of men. Thus the Odyssey names the hero called OD-UR being two Anglian words saying "Our Story." It travels secretively describe the always concealed land, and tell of her customs, beds, ornaments, nature, mariners, and the great dairy products of the land referred to in priestly stories as the Cow Milk and Honey country. This is the land of the goddess CIRCE, which in the Anglian is the same as "C-Y-R-C," formerly pronounced CHURCH, and KIRK, which not only named the goddess of a "dred Cycles," or "CIR-C," but also the circular church of the Druids which contained its name as the Scotch church of today. The old English writers abundantly prove that the famous enchantress was identical with the Druid Church and with the Healers, whose names in the different British languages make all the local names of Christ, which course remained the same after the arrival of emissaries from Rome.

Mr. Jarvis puts the study of words into his way such a way that the marvels of the Druids and the make of these words remove any sense of fatigue, because the fairy tales that prove that the truth are new in literature. Thus when showing the secreted Fathers and peoples had to have their story told through stories of persons bearing their names, he shows that a universal way was the naming of Brass and Bronze, and that were coined to name people as "Brass-Bearded" and "Footed," because Brass was the chief export of church lands. Consequently AENEAS names and his story called the AENEID is the story of Brass people, and Christ has Brass Feet when filled with the Druids in the picture-language of nations, and he also carries their eternal Star wears their Golden Girdle, and is the White Horse so much carved on the ancient crosses. In the same way, the huge Assyrian Bull emblems of the divine empire, made of combined Bull, Lion, Eagle and Priest, are again in Ezekiel's visions of deity; are used in Revelations, and appear again in the secret priestly art.

The author seems to try to show that what the Druids did was right, or at least in accordance with what they believed to be right—that the sonation of deity was right, because it would only obey law because it was divine; cause it was backed by reason or was a natural nature; that their continuous use of symbols for healing and for the impressing of the right, because the masses had to be made to believe that the givers of law had the authority of God. He says that these great men who have voted their own lives and the lives of their people who were totally unable to understand the magnitude of the purposes for which they were not for any immediate culmination, but for that would be manifest after thousands of years and used in recording the cycles of operations. This Fire Signal was through Britain, till long after the in America was stated by the M

Illustrated We

and was preparatory to all be made to the commoners short, that the improving of their religious conception method for elevating mankind. Druids everything was made results, and that temporary was judged solely by its continuous effort in producing taught in America and elsewhere with Ideals of Gentleness Harmony; so that after the world with these ideals the question these teachers had really existent. The statement was: "know me"; and the fruits are becoming more and more ripe that could curdle the Milk Church was named. The priest as Paul says, existed from the time when it was named in British words which names the "MILK Island" and concerning the work of tenth Psalm says: "There language where their voice is no gone out through all the earth to the end of the world. The sure."

In supplying the dictionary these words, Mr. Jarvis's book from Peru and Vancouver to the and as this verbalizing of the accomplished before it could be we here get wholly new vision concerning the extraordi men who accomplished all this written.

As the records here collected to our knowledge of the world's "Jarvis Letters" will be a necessary gleaning of words and religions

CHAPTER I. OF "THE JARVIS LETTERS."

The ancient priestly records of the world's history by showing sonated deity and wrote on translated writings of the Egyptian words, astronomy, law, scriptures etc., came from a priestly Thought way westerly, and his name was our ancient English way of spelling. Hindu priestly stories say that was in the "WHITE ISLAND," as of England always named. All mans identified it with their Nort-Astecs said their Heaven lay across the ocean from Mexico. All CHURCH Druids. Therefore to the Roman compass-point "Nor-N-CIRCIUS; and among the Greeks for Olympus (from which all the same) is told in the name of the "North-West," which is "OLYMPIA" of Olympia." These Greek and Roman mention in their names the place "Helleponius" names the point from Athens to the Hellepon, along the course for Libya, in Africa. To N.W. from Rome, N.W. from Mexico, they all meet in the Druid the astronomer's method of getting star, and we are to deal with the stars named and mapped long before.

The letters of the Celtic, Welsh, and languages were originally complete still, having about two hundred indicated in the dictionaries. To a general idea regarding the way we select one of the many meanings of each of them named the Sun-god First (A) Life, (B) Growth, (C) Oak, (D) Garden, (G) Breath, (H) Fire, (I) Light, (L) Parent, (M) Heaven, (O) The, (P) Tail, (Q) Red, (R) Sige, (U,) which is really the last how these god-names were combined in seeing how the Druids see themselves as the source of all human religion (as agents of deity,) the to join in an intellectual picnic which for us by our distant fathers. It could in one man's lifetime, because every dealt with, but enough is here others to examine the endless marvels further assistance.

To get things in the right order, I will first Fire Signal of the god FIRE! name is the Torch—our "Y" and "U-pallion," whose American and British served as the Torch, Y. I begin with religion and sign-language, and the make our letters, and the names of the stars and used in recording the cycles of the control of the common people operations. This Fire Signal was through Britain, till long after the in America was stated by the M

The Riviera of Switzerland.

By Ruth Victoria Inglis.

SHORE OF LAKE GENEVA.

DURING the past fifteen years that part of the shore of Lake Geneva from Lausanne to Montreux and Territet has become more and more popular as a winter resort as well as a summer one, and many English people, driven from their foggy isle, have found a winter home on this shore at once sunny and bracing, this latter quality being a distinct advantage over the rather enervating climate of the Mediterranean Riviera.

Lausanne has always been an educational center, with many schools and a good, bracing climate. It is situated on the terraced slopes of Mont Jorat, dominated by the cathedral high above it, which was built in 1235 to 1270, a massive, Gothic edifice, restored by Viollet-le-Duc. During the past ten years, Lausanne has grown rapidly till it now has a population of some 70,000 people, and as comfortable hotels are being built,

Up above the town, on the slopes of the mountains, are vineyards which are the chief industry of this part of the country. Wall upon wall, built at every conceivable angle, some only ten feet apart, extend up the hillsides to keep both soil and vines from slipping into the lake when the heavy spring rains come on. Every inch of ground is used and intensive agriculture is carried on here to its highest point of development; the work of trimming the vines in winter down to a knobby root and of weeding in the spring, is all done by hand labor, as there is no room on the tiny bits of ground for horses or vehicles of any kind. There was a disease among the vines a few years ago and they imported vines from America, and it is strange to walk along the country roads here and see the sign: "Vignes Américaines à vendre"—American vines for sale. The wine made from these grapes is a very good light, white wine. The orchards which cover the slopes

and the lake. There are many hotels and numerous visitors here during both winter and summer. Beyond Montreux, on an isolated rock, connected with the main land by a bridge, stands the celebrated castle of Chillon, with its massive walls and towers. Byron's poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon," has invested this spot with much of its romantic interest by these beautiful lines:

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonivard! May none these marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God!"

There are numerous mountain railways of all kinds from the popular Swiss Funiculaire, which climbs the steep places to the electric lines which go over the more gradual slopes. One delightful trip is up from Montreux on a cogwheel line through tunnel after tunnel.



more people are attracted to it for long sojourns. English and American families come here to put their children in schools, and there are many pleasant diversions for both parents and children. The city is being improved with many new boulevards and buildings, but it does not lose its quaint old-time air, with its narrow old streets running up and down, for Lausanne is a very hilly place. The port of Lausanne is Ouchy, on the lake front a half-mile away.

One may go by train in twenty-five minutes, or by boat in fifty minutes along one of the most lovely shore lines in the world, to Vevey. This is a bright, clean little town of 13,000 good Swiss inhabitants, lying along the water's edge, having a pretty esplanade shaded by plane trees. The historical interest of Vevey dates from Roman times, and it also possesses an old ruined castle of the Middle Ages built by Peter, Duke of Savoy, in the thirteenth century. Vevey was also the scene of Rousseau's famous romance, "La Nouvelle Héloïse," written in 1761. St. Martin's Church erected in 1498 with its old square tower forms a picturesque addition to the landscape. In the church repose the remains of the regicides Ludlow and Broughton. The latter read the death sentence to Charles I of England. When Charles II came to the throne, he demanded the extradition of the regicides, but the Swiss government refused to give up the men who had sought its protection.

are a source of profit to the inhabitants while being at the same time a delight to the eye of the traveler. The hotels for the accommodation of Vevey's many visitors are excellent and are modest in price compared to city rates. Some of them are on the lake front with splendid views of lake and snow-covered mountains and have delightful gardens. Farther up the hill, back of the town and among the vineyards is the charming Park Hotel Mooser in its own beautiful grounds. The balconies are covered with wisteria, some of it having climbed to the third floor. From the terrace in front of the hotel, there is a drop of fifteen feet to the vineyards below, which assures one of an uninterrupted view of lake and mountains. It is difficult to convey in words the beauty of this view, but it is one of the most permanently satisfactory combinations of lake and mountain scenery that can be found anywhere. Below us lies the lake with its picturesque boats with the crossed sails carrying stone for building purposes from one shore to another, while standing out in startling whiteness from the rest of the range is the glorious Dents du Midi, that mountain with its seven jagged peaks, superb always, but which becomes, at sunset, with the rosy alpine glow upon it, a veritable dream of beauty.

A tram line follows the shore from Vevey to Montreux past villas with charming gardens overlooking the clear waters of Lake Geneva. Montreux is built on a narrow strip of land between the steep mountainside

and to Glion, which has fine hotels and villas. It also has its funiculaire built many years ago. Continuing on the cog railway, we come to Caux, a high place 3500 feet above sea level, where may stand on the terrace of the Grand Hotel and down on Montreux, Clarens and Vevey, and the line assumes the aspect of the birdseye view of the coast in the school geographies.

In the summer people go to Caux for the cool, clear air, and where in the winter they lug or drag they pick narcissus. It would seem as if there were nowhere such a beautiful wild flower as this, it grows in such profusion on the mountainsides, the snow disappears. In April one may gather the buds which will come out in the house and last weeks; then from the first of May on, the flowers may be found in bloom on the lower slopes and, as the season advances, higher and higher up. The flower resembles what we know as a Chinese lily, and grows on a long stem. At Blouay, twenty minutes from Caux by electric tram, there is a fine old chateau which belonged to the family of that name for centuries. Near the chateau is a little village and all the fields filled with the pure white star-like flowers.

There are many excursions to be made from Caux for the afternoon or for the whole day, taking lunch to enjoy in the fine pine forests which cover the mountainside. Everywhere there are good roads and sign posts.

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THEIR PR

F LORILLA and I had a year—since an idyl where we had come intuitively and inevitably intent. Technically, we had been an ideal fit for an ideal marriage. We had planned it all and we were puppets in their hands. Their personalities was beautiful pent in our garden of Edens.

It happened on this wise. Florilla did not kiss me as myself as usual but she ignored me. I felt extra through my mind that her love had grown cold. It filled me with time fanned my passion into

I caught her in my arms. Kissed her on the anky of dismay when she fathomed my face and I must perform extra affection upon her hair—or She struggled from my grip defensively.

"Don't, Harold, don't. Florilla, what has come of you?"

We entered the parlor and at my fiancee in perplexity, piano separated us, and regard air of troubled restraint.

"What have I done, Florilla? don't welcome me—in this cold way."

"You've done nothing, Harold. I love you just the same more than ever—more intelligent should be sensible in their love as sanitary—" she faltered shyly.

"Florilla, what are you driving a step toward her. She—"

"Please sit down, Harold, said determinedly. "I've been reading? What has that to kiss me?"

"Don't interrupt me, Harold. wonderful book, 'The Insidious by Prof. Helmboldt von Baldon' suspect the danger that threatens their lives; that there are millions about us waiting a favorable assault us, strike us down. The furniture and bric-a-brac, on the He says larvae are more to be shouldn't have kissed my hair, finding an awful—"

"Florilla, what nonsense. You're terrible to think of, Harold, or beard—it gave me the creeps we'd always been so reckless. And dear of a mustache. But think, happened. That's the reason, do you?" she said naively, her eyes "So your fear of Baldoni seems for me," I said coldly.

"Harold, don't be unreasonable, only I couldn't think of love each other just as devotedly."

"And cut out unsanitary oscil ironically. "You are quite correct a moment of inoculating you with varieties of insidious germs Prof. illuminatingly. So ours will be a We will love strictly along sanitary lines."

Bungalow on a Sky [New York Sun:] Soon after came known the advantages of the summer camps were tested, and you would hear of persons putting of lofty buildings and camping in heated term. One of the newest in New York is the skyscraper.

One ordinarily thinks of a bungalow structure. There is one uptown the skyscraper which forms its base, speak of a bungalow situated almost of New York, but that is where a broker who is living in it this summer is the most comfortable place in or there is always a breeze coming or other, and when the sun shines still, a broker is not in the habit much during business hours, and gets up to the heat of the day has

in the region by Tchoucas, where since the affair at Vera Cruz, his followers have entered a number of towns and appropriated horses and supplies.

GUERRILLA FIGHTING. Col. Diaz Ordaz, cousin and chief

An Antiseptic Engagement.

By Guy Arthur Jamieson.

THEIR PREDICAMENT.

FLORILLA and I had in reality been engaged over a year—since an idyllic summer at Lake Mohonk, where we had come to the supreme understanding intuitively and inevitably rather than by any conscious intent. Technically, we had been engaged two months. Ours had been an ideal friendship and gave promise of an ideal marriage. We fitted into each other like the halves of a perfect whole. It seemed that the gods had planned it all and we were but willing, foolishly happy puppets in their hands. The blending of our love and personalities was beautiful to see. Then came the serpent in our garden of Eden, with the usual serpent results.

It happened on this wise. When I called one evening Florilla did not kiss me as was her custom. I offered myself as usual—but she purposely or absent-mindedly ignored me. I felt extremely awkward. It flashed through my mind that her love for me had begun to grow cold. It filled me with uneasiness and at the same time fanned my passion into a flame.

I caught her in my arms impulsively and kissed her. Kissed her on the snaky coils of her hair, for to my dismay when she fathomed my intention she ducked her head and I must perform a gendre of the exuberance of my affection upon her hair—or was it her hair?

She struggled from my embrace, holding her hands defensively.

"Don't, Harold, don't. You must n't kiss me."

"Florilla, what has come over you?" I asked, following her up.

We entered the parlor and I sank into a chair, staring at my fiancee in perplexity. She sat down so that the piano separated us, and regarded me, I thought, with an air of troubled restraint.

"What have I done, Florilla, that you welcome me—or don't welcome me—in this cold, odd manner?"

"You've done nothing, Harold. Don't look at me that way. I love you just the same. No, I love you more—more than ever—more intelligently. You know people should be sensible in their love as in other things. Just as sanitary—" she faltered sheepishly.

"Florilla, what are you driving at?" I said, rising and taking a step toward her. She seemed so unlike herself.

"Please sit down, Harold, and let me explain," she said determinedly. "I've been reading—"

"Reading? What has that to do with your refusing to kiss me?"

"Don't interrupt me, Harold. I've been reading that wonderful book, 'The Insidious Pervasiveness of Germs,' by Prof. Helmholz von Baldoni. He says people little suspect the danger that threatens them every minute of their lives; that there are millions of deadly germs hovering about us, waiting a favorable opportunity to assault us, strike us down. They are in the air, on the furniture and bric-a-brac, on our clothing and bodies. He says larvae are more to be feared than lions. You wouldn't have kissed my hair, Harold. You were taking an awful—"

"Florilla, what nonsense. Von Baldoni is crazy—"

"It's terrible to think of, Harold," Florilla went on indignantly; "but he said where there was a—mustache or beard—it gave me the creeps when I read that, and will always be so reckless. And you have such a little ear of a mustache. But think, dear, what might have happened. That's the reason, dear Harold, I didn't kiss you," she said naively, her eyes avoiding mine.

"No fear of Baldoni germs outweighs your love for me," I said coldly.

"Harold, don't be unreasonable. I love you just the same, only I couldn't think of endangering—we—can love each other just as devotedly—"

"And cut out unsanitary osculation," I interrupted ironically. "You are quite correct. I couldn't think for a moment of inoculating you with any of the fifty-seven varieties of insidious germs Prof. Baldoni writes of so imaginatively. So ours will be a kissless engagement. We will love strictly along sanitary and scientific lines.

Bungalow on a Skyscraper.

[New York Sun:] Soon after skyscrapers first became known the advantages of their roofs as sites for summer camps were tested, and every once in a while you would hear of persons putting up tents on the tops of lofty buildings and camping out there during a heated term. One of the newest forms of architecture in New York is the skyscraper bungalow.

One ordinarily thinks of a bungalow as a one-story structure. There is one uptown that is just this height—above the eighteen stories that go to make up the skyscraper which forms its base. It seems odd to speak of a bungalow situated almost in the very heart of New York, but that is where this one is, and the broker who is living in it this summer asserts that it is the most comfortable place in or near New York.

There is always a breeze coming from some direction or other, and when the sun shines you get that, too. Still, a broker is not in the habit of being at home much during business hours, and by the time this one gets up to the heat of the day has been broken. He

is so far above the noise that it comes to him in the nature of a gentle murmur.

You can look in any direction and get a fine view not only of Manhattan but of the surroundings. Each way you look a fine panorama spreads itself before you, and at night the lights and the movement of traffic in the streets below give you a sort of moving-picture effect.

The bungalow is on top of the Cameron Building, at Madison avenue and Thirty-fourth street. If you get far enough away from that locality you may see the top of it over the balustrade that runs around the roof, or you can see it from the upper windows of the Vanderbilt or the Waldorf-Astoria. It is built of concrete, and you get little idea of the comfort there is up there.

Signed With a Cross.

[New York Sun:] It is said that the signature of a cross, much used on old documents, is often misunderstood to mean ignorance on the part of the signer. It was sometimes due to inability to write, but quite as often among the Saxons it was an attestation of good

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"I thought we had settled on something. I was to shave my mustache. I have. I've fulfilled to the letter my part of the compact. You were to kiss me, just as of old—before—before—Baldoni and his germs came to our lives."

Florilla was silent for a space.

"I think, Harold," she said soberly, presently, "you have made a mistake."

I did not reply.

"I could never love you without the mustache," she went on earnestly. "It really makes you quite a different person."

"Florilla," I said accusingly, "do you know it takes several months to grow a mustache? What is to become of us in the meantime—and you won't even look at me?"

"It's horrid of me—I just hate myself."

"Now, please, Florilla," I said sympathetically, "don't incriminate yourself in that way. I love you just the same. Cutting off my mustache hasn't changed you the least—if you only wouldn't hide your face. It is pleasant, I must confess, talking to the top of your head, but, nevertheless—"

"Harold, do be serious—what—what do you think you had better do?" she said in distress.

"Well, you might get up a little courage and face the music—I mean face your lover. I might improve our acquaintance—"

"No, Harold, I don't want to—to get acquainted and you like that."

"Thank you, Florilla."

"But—but I'm not blaming you—"

"How kind of you, Florilla—and generous."

"If you only wouldn't be so—so sarcastic."

"I tell you, Florilla, a way out of the difficulty," said a bright idea flashing upon me; "I could get a detachable mustache. I could have it made at the haberdashery where you purchase your marmals. I could wear it while we conversed. Then when you kindly descended to favor me with a kiss I could deftly remove it. In the meantime you could close your eyes—"

"Harold, please don't be silly."

"Very well, then. I shall have to banish myself unmercifully again performs a miracle upon my lip, seeing that it is a mustache you have fallen in love with. I assure you I am humiliated into the dust. Notwithstanding the many virtues you have been kind enough to attribute to me—all of them pale into nothingness when weighed in the balance with one poor, delicate, little—"

"Oh, please don't, Harold. Can't you see how miserable I am?"

"Then I will go—go desolate and alone—"

"How long did you say it would take, Harold?"

"That depends. I assure you I will do all in my power—to, well, anyway, it is one of those things over which we have no control. It took the last about twenty years—but—considering the dire necessity of the case, nature may be more kindly. Let us hope that you may look upon my—my mustache in three months."

"But you'll write and telephone me often, Harold?"

"It will give me great pleasure to report from time to time the progress of—that is being made toward rehabilitation. Until then, I will say good-by."

I bent and kissed her hair.

"Harold, I feel awfully—"

"Dear Florilla," I said soberly, stopping in the doorway, "we are not solving the problem after all. With the return of the mustache there will return Prof. Baldoni and his germs. Have you thought of that?"

"Harold, if you love me, please never mention Prof. Baldoni and his germs again."

"You mean it, Florilla?"

"Yes, I'm going to burn the book."

"Glory be! Then I go joyfully to my exile. A long long farewell, dear Florilla," I said, my hand on the door.

"Harold!" Florilla called sharply.

"What is it, dear Florilla?"

"If—if you'll turn off the hall light—I'll—I'll tell you good-night."

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faith, a form of oath that the statement was true. It was often required of the signer that he add his name to his name, and the cross was used as often in this sense as because the man could not write.

My Queen.

Down at my feet, bereft of all her sweetness, Low lies a queen who gave her life for me;

Gone is her beauty, one in rare completeness,

Crushed is her wonted pride and majesty.

Gladly she came with heart of amorous fire,

Wholly she gave her graces and her bloom;

Joyous she yielded to my heart's desire

And went unquestioning unto her doom.

Glad was our one brief, glorious, bliss-filled hour,

Thrilled by her gentle touch upon my hair.

While on my breast her lovely head fell lower,

She drank my poisoned breath and perished there.

She was the queen of every flower that blows,

She was my queen, my beautiful red rose!

MARGARET HOBSON.

is so far above the noise that it comes to him in the nature of a gentle murmur.

You can look in any direction and get a fine view

not only of Manhattan but of the surroundings. Each

way you look a fine panorama spreads itself before

you, and at night the lights and the movement of traffic

in the streets below give you a sort of moving-picture

effect.

The bungalow is on top of the Cameron Building, at

Madison avenue and Thirty-fourth street. If you get

far enough away from that locality you may see the top

of it over the balustrade that runs around the roof, or

you can see it from the upper windows of the Vanderbilt

or the Waldorf-Astoria. It is built of concrete, and

you get little idea of the comfort there is up there.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

EL PASO (Tex.) Oct. 27.—A condition neighboring on martial law exists today here and at other points on the Mexican frontier. Gen. E. Z. Steever, who from Ft. Bliss, Tex., directs the cordon of troops along the border, is said to have stricter orders

than ever before. The rural guard, and Capt. Hermilio Martinez were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, and Gabriel Ramos, customs collector, and Herman Arostegui, censor of telegraph, were sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Nine other officers and civilians were

night says the army is preparing to take the offensive and that the Cabinet has decided to prosecute the war with the utmost energy and prepare for a winter campaign should the present operations result unfavorably for the Ottoman army.

EVERYWHERE FALLING BACK.

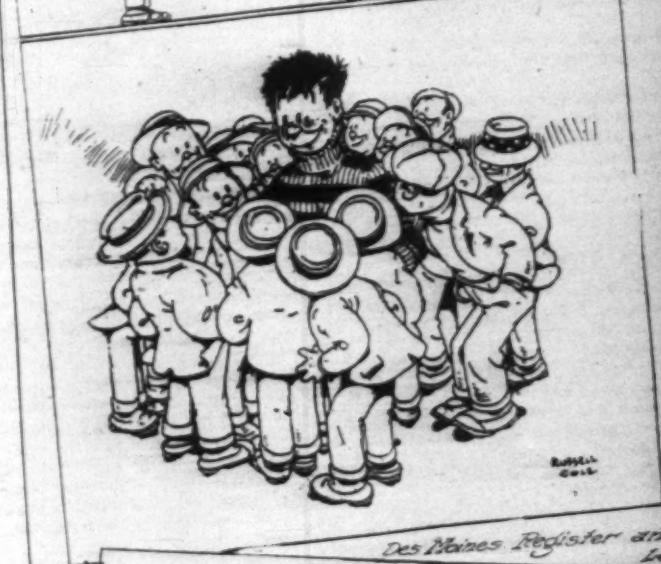
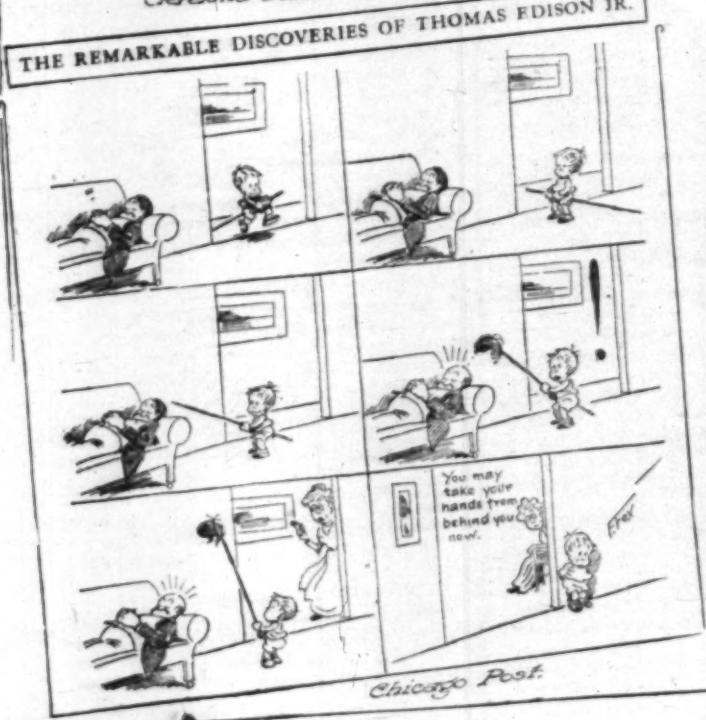
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BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND BY WIRELESS TIMES.]

ERLIN. Oct. 27.—Germany will not assist England, France and Russia to end the Balkan war. Kaiser William is quoted as having told the Imperial Chancellor to light his pipe with the note sent by the

3 [October 26, 1912.]

Recent Cartoons.



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Illustrated W

Go

Wonderful Country, Kan.
WILLIAM ALLEN at his
Halloween party in

story.
"Nature is superlatively
Mr. White, as he watched
girls who tried, their hands
to snatch with their teeth,
floating in a tub of water.
helpful here that one could
old Hi Robinson.

"A neighbor, passing Hi
day, found the old fellow and
"Nothin' to do, Hi?" he
"No, nothin' much, the
right smart grove of pine trees
if last week's cyclone didn't
'em up as well."

"Wonderful country, Kan.
"You bet!" Hi agreed.
"You was goin' to blast? Well,
trouble."

"Do tell! Say, that's a
Hi." And the visitor nodded
blossoming vines.

"Yes, ain't it?" said the
for an earthquake to come and
open the ground, same as in

The Vandal.

SENATOR DEPEW at Saratoga
contemplated changes.
To break up the venerable
he said with a smile, "smack
Tom Tunkin to my mind.

"Tom, traveling in Italy with
in Naples:

"Well, we've done Naples, the
Arcade, Pompeii and Vesuvius
ence."

"Oh, the deuce with Flores!
There's no cafe life there, nor
"Look here," said Tom Tun
Europe for something a little
cafe life. I'm going on to Flo
got to get a chunk off of
statue of David for my souven

A Barometer.

GEN. DANIEL E. SICKLES, of
biles, continues to tell innum
One of the most recent of these
a South American war.

"This captain"—so Gen. Sick
continually getting sick and in
duty whenever there was a big
"After he had shirked about

of sick leave, he became notorious
he once overheard, from the
boys talking about himself.

"Juan," said the first boy, "we
supply of papers. There's goin
ing tomorrow."

"How do you know that?" he
asked.

"'Capt. Blanc,'" was the reply,

The Careful Neute.

DR. ARMOND DELILLE of the
National Congress of Hygiene at
bercuosis was not hereditary
tagious.

"Hence," said Dr. Delille to a
may undoubtedly be eradicated; he
must be careful—as careful as in
in woolen mittens."

"Woolen mittens?" said the rep
trown. "Well, I suppose, these ch
is indeed some little danger of cat

"Oh, no," said Dr. Delille, smilin
reason the deaf mute wore woolen
them so that he couldn't talk in h

The Truth About Old Age.

GEORGE F. BAER, the Philadel
said on his seventieth birthday:

"I agree with Prof. Metchnikoff a
the old. Prof. Oaler made in fashion
hairs, but my experience has been
only possess wisdom, but they seek

With a smile Mr. Baer added.

"The only people who think they a

are those who really are too young."

The Rose and the Brick.

SENATOR CLAPP, at a dinner
chickled over the appearance of
Col. Roosevelt.

"The colonel," he said, "certainly
body. He reminded me of the Irish

"A friend of mine, traveling in Ire

aign in the region by Toluca,
where since the affair at Vera Cruz,
his followers have entered a number
of towns and appropriated horses
and supplies.

GUERRILLA FIGHTING.

Col. Diaz Ordaz, cousin and chief
Lieutenant of Gen. Felix Diaz, has
not yet been captured. His whereabouts
are unknown and many be

Good Short Stories.

Compiled for The Times.

Brief Anecdotes Gathered from Many Sources.

Wonderful Country, Kansas.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, at an old-fashioned Halloween party in Emporia, told a Kansas story.

"Nature is superlatively helpful here in Kansas," said Mr. White, as he watched a half-dozen pretty Kansas girls who tried, their hands fastened behind their backs, to scratch with their teeth the enormous Kansas apples floating in a tub of water. "Nature is so superlatively helpful here that one could almost believe the story of old Hi Robinson.

"A neighbor, passing Hi's fertile farm one autumn day, found the old fellow smoking a corn cob on a fence.

"'Nothin' to do, Hi?' he asked.

"'No, nothin' much,' the old man answered. 'I had a right smart grove of pine trees to cut down, but blamed if last week's cyclone didn't level 'em for me and split 'em up as well.'

"'Wonderful country, Kansas,' said the visitor.

"'You bet!' Hi agreed. 'You know them stumps I've gain' to blast? Well, the lightnin' saved me the trouble.'

"'Do tell! Say, that's a fine potato crop over there, Hi.' And the visitor nodded toward a field of white孟宗姜。

"'Yes, ain't it?' said the old man. 'I'm just waitin' for an earthquake to come along and shake the 'taters when the ground, same as usual.'

The Vandals.

SENATOR DEPEW at Saratoga was deprecating certain contemplated changes in the Constitution.

"To break up the venerable Constitution like that," he said with a smile, "smacks of vandalism, and recalls Tom Tunkin to my mind."

"Tom, traveling in Italy with a friend, said one day in Naples:

"Well, we've done Naples thoroughly—Aquarium and Arade, Pompeii and Vesuvius. Let's get on to Florence."

"Oh, the deuce with Florence!" his friend growled. "There's no cafe life there, nor nothin'."

"Look here," said Tom Tunkin sternly, "a man tours Europe for something a little bit more elevating than cafe life. I'm going on to Florence if I go alone. I've got to get a chunk off of Michael Angelo's famous statue of David for my souvenir collection."

A Barometer.

GEN. DANIEL E. SICKLES, despite his financial troubles, continues to tell innumerable witty war stories. One of the most recent of these concerns a captain in a South American war.

"This captain"—so Gen. Sickles tells the tale—"was continually getting sick and being reported unfit for duty whenever there was a big battle in sight."

"After he had shirked about seven battles by means of sick leave, he became notorious; and it is said that he once overheard, from the hospital tent, two newsboys talking about himself."

"Juan," said the first boy, "we'd better order an extra supply of papers. There's going to be some tall fighting tomorrow."

"How do you know that?" Pepe, the second boy, asked.

"Capt. Blane," was the reply, "is sick again."

The Careful Nurse.

DR. ARMOND DELILLE of Paris said, at the International Congress of Hygiene at Washington, that tuberculosis was not hereditary but exclusively contagious.

"Hence," said Dr. Delille to a reporter, "consumption may undoubtedly be eradicated; but to eradicate it we must be careful—as careful as the deaf mute who slept in woolen mittens."

"Woolen mittens?" said the reporter, with a puzzled frown. "Well, I suppose, these chilly fall nights, there is indeed some little danger of catching cold."

"Oh, no," said Dr. Delille, smiling. "That wasn't the case; the deaf mute wore woolen mittens. He wore them so that he couldn't talk in his sleep."

The Truth About Old Age.

GEORGE F. BAER, the Philadelphia railroad man, said on his seventieth birthday:

"I agree with Prof. Metchnikoff about the wisdom of the old. Prof. Osler made it fashionable to deary gray hair, but my experience has been that the old not only possess wisdom, but they seek it also."

With a smile Mr. Baer added:

"The only people who think they are too old to learn are those who really are too young."

The Rose and the Brick.

SENATOR CLAPP, at a dinner in Washington, checked over the appearance before his committee of Col. Roosevelt.

"The colonel," he said, "certainly got back at every lady. He reminded me of the Irishman."

"A friend of mine, traveling in Ireland, stopped for a

drink of milk at a white cottage with a thatched roof; and as he sipped his refreshment he noted on a center table, under a glass dome, a brick with a faded rose upon the top of it.

"Why do you cherish in this way," my friend said to his host, "that common brick and that dead rose?"

"Shure, sir," was the reply, "there's certain memories attachin' to them. Do ye see this big dent in my head? Well, it was made by that brick."

"But the rose?" said my friend.

"His host smiled quietly.

"The rose," he explained, "is off the grave of the man that threw the brick."

The Commission.

ROBERT HENRI, at a Halloween supper in New York, talked of his student days in Paris.

"Then there was L'Oignon, dear old L'Oignon," said Mr. Henri, smiling pensively at a decoration of pumpkin jack-o'-lanterns. L'Oignon was always in hard luck.

"One day the poor fellow was pacing up and down in front of Jouvin's restaurant in the Boule Mich, hoping you know, that some acquaintance would happen along and invite him in to dejeuner—of course he hadn't a sou—when a superb limousine darted out of the Boulevard Raspail, drew up, and disgorged Milliard, the famous picture dealer of the Place Vendome.

"Milliard rushed up to L'Oignon, seized him by both hands, and cried:

"A commission for you, my dear L'Oignon! I have a commission for you. Can you attend to it at once?"

"I can indeed, cher patron," said L'Oignon, in a tremulous voice, and a tear of joy trickled from his eye, but he brushed it away hurriedly. "What is your commission, sir?"

"The picture magnate consulted his magnificent gold repeater.

"In fifteen minutes," he said, "the train from Pont Aven arrives at the Gare Montparnasse. My old housekeeper—Marcelle, you know—will be on it. She's deaf and almost blind, and I want you to run up to the station, meet her, and bring her home."

Easily Deceived.

SENATOR POMERENE has a happy knack of driving home a statement with an epigram.

At a luncheon at the German Embassy Senator Pomerene described a would-be litterateur.

"Thanks to whisky and strong cigars," he said, "the poor fellow has failed to make good. He earns a precarious living by newspaper work, but, though he is 50 now, none of the wondrous novels and thrilling stories that he used to prate about have appeared."

"And yet, in his shabby apartment, over a bottle of cheap liquor and a box of cheap cigars, he will boast by the hour—poor, gray, wrinkled duffer—of his unfinished MSS. Oh, they will appear yet! Yes, he will yet illumine the world with the light of his genius."

Senator Pomerene sighed and concluded:

"Ah, if we could deceive others as easily as we deceive ourselves, what reputations we'd all have, to be sure!"

Two Thursts.

CONGRESSMAN HENRY was deprecating in Washington an international "marriage à convenance."

"Two men were talking about this marriage cynically but truthfully," he said. "The first man remarked:

"Of course the earl won't be able to support Miss Lotta Golde in the style she's been accustomed to."

"Oh," said the other, "her father will make allowances for that."

Congressman Henry gave a grim laugh and resumed:

"The first man looked thoughtful for a moment. Then he said:

"Despite the stories about the earl's past, it does seem to me that he's Miss Golde's devoted slave."

"Oh, yes," was the other man's reply, "he's eager for the bonds, all right."

A Financier's Expedient.

IF THE high cost of living keeps on, the rich themselves will feel the pinch of it."

The speaker was Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo. He continued:

"I know a Toledo banker who has already begun to retrench. His daughter said to him the other day:

"Father, dear, I need a new fall riding habit."

"Can't afford it," the banker growled.

"But, father, what am I to do without a riding habit?"

"Get the walking habit."

Home Straight for Once.

RANK GOULD, at a Halloween dinner, told a timely story.

"The morning after Halloween," he said, "a youth remarked to his father:

"I don't know what's the matter with mother. I never saw her in such a good humor. She's singing and smiling around the house like a bird."

"The old man nodded absently over his newspaper.

Some minutes later, as he rose to go to the office, he growled:

"I can't imagine what got into the stewards of that Halloween banquet of ours that we'd been counting so much on. Blest if they gave us anything to drink but mineral water."

The Husband's Complaint.

IN A SPECIAL Halloween edition, the editor of the Cinnaminson Scimitar writes:

"Our girl readers, with incantations involving pumpkin seeds and apple peelings, mirrors and coffee grounds, will try to find out on Halloween whom they will marry. Alas, girls, if you act after marriage as our esteemed wife does, you might as well stay single."

"Our wife is a confirmed beauty seeker. She reads the beauty column in all the exchanges. Every beauty dodge that comes along is tried by our beloved wife."

"Her chin being double, she places on it every night before retiring, by the advice of Lillian Russell, a pad of cotton soaked in Tinct. Benz."

"The lips of our wife are thin and pale. So, following Cavalleri's recipe for full red lips, she coats them at bedtime with 'a salve of lanoline, oil of almonds and nux vom.'

"To make our wife's eyes bright and her lashes thick, she sleeps under Billie Burke's well-known 'potions of boracic acid, benzoinated lard and gum trag.'

"Our wife, to obtain firm, round arms of satin finish, paints the same nightly with Ethel Barrymore's famous emollient—'soap liniment, oil of eucalyptus and oxide of zinc.'

"Now, girls, we ask you frankly, what good is our wife to us coated all over like that with every sticky, greasy, bitter article in the pharmacopoeia?"

"Where are we going to kiss her?"

Too Much.

LIBERT BIGELOW PAYNE, the biographer of Mark Twain, was talking to a group of old newspaper cronies in New York.

"Mark Twain loved the Germans," he said. "He especially loved the ponderous German bull, which he considered far superior to the bull of Ireland."

"He used to quote with approbation this bull from a reichstag oration:

"To squeeze the juice out of a lemon and then give it a kick—no, it is too much."

Motor Troubles.

SENATOR DIXON was talking about a very unscientific and amateurish method of tariff tinkering.

"Tariff tinkering like that," he said, "reminds me in its uselessness of the motorist's friend."

"A motorist lay in the mud under his car, mending with grunts of pain and effort a bad break in the works."

"When, at last, he crawled forth, all black and greasy, his friend approached him with the oil can."

"While you were busy under there," said the friend, smiling blandly, "I, too, made myself useful. I gave the cylinder a thorough oiling."

"Cylinder be hanged!" growled the motorist. "It was my ear you oiled."

Another General Rule.

GEN. SIR JOHN FRENCH of the British army talked to a reporter on the Lusitania about aviation.

"Its mortality is dreadful," he said. "Such sacrifices, however, attend every human advance."

With a grim smile he added:

"On an aviation field an aeroplane inventor said one day to me complacently:

"See the aeroplanes looking down on the plodding motor cars! That is the general rule now. Aeroplanes everywhere are looking down on motor cars."

"Yes, and falling down on them, too," said I."

A Hopeless Predicament.

MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE, the English suffragist, said at a farewell dinner in New York last month:

"The anti-suffragists protest against the vote on the score of woman's weakness have been thrown into a terrible predicament" by Prof. Dantzig's positive proof that girl babies are stronger than boy babies.

"Their predicament is hopeless. It is embarrassing as the predicament of a lady who, about to be fitted for a pair of new boots in a boot shop, flushed, bit her lip, and said to herself:

"Oh, dear, which boot shall I try on? There's a hole in my stocking, and I can't remember whether it's the left toe or the right!"

Too Improbable.

GEORGE W. PERKINS was talking to a reporter about the obloquy, so frequently unjust, which nowadays attaches to great wealth.

"A little boy," he said, "once remarked to his father: 'Pa, I often read in the low-priced magazines about poor but honest people'—why do they never say 'rich but honest'?"

"Because, my son," the father answered, "nobody would believe them."

SOURCES OF LIVING LIQUID



Ways in which water

[660.]

Southern California.

HOME

muslin, made perfectly plain in "baly," with little puffed sleeves finished with a little frill around the neck. Taylor was quite "manly" in his first "M." made of white linen, with a Russian black patent leather belt. He ~~had~~ ^{had} two "real" pockets in the

psign in the region by ~~Yankees~~ ^{Yankees} where since the affair at Vera Cruz, his followers have seized a number of towns and appropriated horses and supplies.

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[661.]

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

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GUERRILLA FIGHTING.

Cel. Diaz Ordaz, cousin and chief Lieutenant of Gen. Felix Diaz, has not yet been captured. His whereabouts

E L PASO (Tex.) Oct. 27.—A condition neighboring on martial law exists today here and at other points on the Mexican frontier. Gen. E. Z. Steever, who from Ft. Bliss, Tex., directs the cordons of troops along the border, is said to have stricter orders

the rural guard, and Capt. Hermilio Martinez were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, and Gabriel Ramos, customs collector, and Herman Arostegui, censor of telegraph, were sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Nine other officers and civilians were allowed to go free.

ERLIN. Oct. 27.—Germany will not assist England, France and Russia to end the Balkan war.

Kaiser William is quoted as having told the Imperial Chancellor to light his pipe with the note sent by

BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND BY

EVERWHERE FALLING BACK.

There is no indication where the

A Hallowe'en Ghost Party. By May C. Ringwalt.

HEROES OF THE PAST.

ATE one sleepy night—when not a creature was stirring except a gnawing mouse—a California writer of original ideas, familiarly known to newspaper sanctums as Nibs, sat at his desk, his woe-begone face propped in his hands, his forehead pucker-ed, his brains tied up in double bow-knots.

It was the last-possible-moment that he could write a Halloween article, and he had written Halloween articles at the last-possible-moment for the past twenty years.

Suddenly, a laugh jarred on Nibs's overwrought nerves, and he turned and glared at the occupant of the nearby armchair. "He had not noticed before that the armchair had an occupant. But the discovery did not disconcert him, for he at once recognized the hoary-haired, white-bearded gentleman seated there as Old Father Time.

"I should like to know what you are laughing at?" scowled the writer.

"I was thinking about my Halloween party," chuckled the old gentleman, "and some of the ghosts I'd invited."

"Ghosts?"

"Certainly. I've no patience with the mean, grasping disposition of live people who can entertain each other 364 nights in the year and aren't willing to show a little hospitality to ghosts on the one night they modestly lay claim to. But if you'd like to come to my party, I'll make an exception in your case. You look half-dead, anyway."

"De-lighted!" Nibs bowed—with the intention in the back of his mind of having a "previous engagement" when Halloween came.

But to his consternation, no sooner had he accepted the invitation than Halloween was already there, while to his further dismay, in a flash of fright, a puff of bluish smoke, desk, furniture, the floor, the walls of the room, the gnawing mouse, dissolved into thin air, and he found himself floating through space, with Old Father Time—the white drift of his beard like the tail of a comet—for guiding star.

He came down to earth at last with the dizzy whiz of a stick fallen from a rocket—into the midst of one of the fairy rings of a California redwood grove, eerily lighted by a great, high-hung jack-o'-lantern which the dazed Nibs later discovered to be a roguish-faced Halloween moon.

"Unless you can get a haunted house—and they're harder and harder to find"—exclaimed Old Father Time, seating himself cross-legged on the ground. "ghosts feel more at home out of doors."

"Yes," assented Nibs, a start in his voice as an owl hooted above his head.

There was the soft, padded sound of moccasined feet in the outer shadow world that lay beyond the moonlit circle, and into the magic ring came a tall young red-skin and a beautiful Indian maiden.

"The first guests," announced Old Father Time, "but you needn't try to hide behind me. The eyes of ghosts are holden. You are as invisible to Kossuka and Tee-heenay as though enveloped in one of those enchanted

cloaks that you and I used to believe in when we were children."

"Kossuka and Tee-heenay?" questioned Nibs. "Surely you know the most beautiful romance of the Yosemite Valley? The love story of the gallant young hunter who went blithely forth in the morning to procure venison for his wedding feast. His gay promise that at set of sun he would shoot down from the top of a cliff an arrow bearing as many grouse feathers as the deer he had killed. The patient, anxious waiting of Tee-heenay at the foot of the cliff. The vain search for the arrow. The sad discovery and rescue of her lover's dead body fallen over a precipice. Of love that was stronger than death. Love so strong that life without the loved one was impossible, and even as she kissed his dead lips Tee-heenay went to join Kossuka in Elowin, Spirit Land of the Blest, and—"

Nibs clutched his arm with a grip of iron, for at that moment came a low growl and a grizzly, big and terrible enough to make any one's hair stand straight up on end, entered the magic circle of light.

"Don't get into such a panic, boy!" laughed Old Father Time, waving a welcoming hand, as a man dressed in buckskin from top to toe strode after the grizzly. "That's only Lady Washington. One of Jimmy Adams's cubs grown to bear estate. As harmless as Mary's lamb. Why, Jimmy used her for pack mule all over the Sierra! What's that? Never heard of James Caper Adams? Spare us your ignorance, child! He was one of the most wonderful hunters and tanners of grizzlies that ever lived! Ben Franklin was another of his pet bears. Jimmy had Ben trained to help him hunt. Lady Washington was always the favorite, though."

Nibs began to shiver—not from fright this time, but from the sudden cold, the air white—shot with snow in spite of continued moonlight.

"Who's that queer duck trying to walk with pieces of rail fence fastened to his feet?" he whispered. "No wonder he has to balance himself with a pole."

"Didn't you ever see Norwegian snowshoes before? That queer duck's 'Snowshoe Thompson' who for more than twenty years carried Uncle Sam's mail over the Sierra in winter. Made ninety miles on his first trip, with the snow thirty to forty feet deep, and from sixty to eighty pounds on his back, not to mention the twenty-five pounds weight of his solid oak runners—what do you think of that for strength of sinew and endurance?"

Again Nibs gave a start, for as Old Father Time spoke the last word there was the roar of a cannon and the flash of a white horse with a daredevil rider dashing by the magic circle's entrance.

"Harry Roff leaving Sacramento," smiled the old gentleman. "The first pony express rider East, you know. Believe me, an automobile race is nothing compared with that race against the flying minutes! I can feel the thrill of it down my spinal cord now! The chap made good, too. His fifty-five miles to Placerville in two hours and forty-nine minutes, with only a loss of ten seconds when he had to change horses."

Old Father Time excitedly fanned himself with the blade of his scythe.

"A Mexican cowboy?" ventured Nibs, as the clatter of the white horse's hoofs died into silence and a picturesque ruffian with a lariat swung over his shoulder stalked into the lighted circle.

The old gentleman grinned and winked an eye.

"The cattle our friend used to lasso had only two legs, my son. That's the brigand Joaquin Murieta who

had the pleasant trick of throwing a noose over the head of an unsuspecting passer-by and quietly drawing him into the chaparral to be robbed."

Quite a flurry of ghosts now darted in at the open greenwood door.

Yankee Jim, the shrewd Irishman, presiding genius over one of the first mining ditches in California. Old eye Foster with the sinister mystery of the sea that gave him his nickname, part horse-thief devil, part big-hearted saint nursing sick miners with all the tenderness of a woman. Jim Crow, the famous Kazoo who discovered Jim Crow Canyon and its wealth of gold. Chippa, the old ship carpenter who had an eighth of luck in prospecting until all his senses were steeped in sleep that knew no awakening by the gift of a bottle of "tanglefoot" whisky.

But there is a strange feature about ghosts. They come and they go with the same twinkling fleetness with which memories of distant friends and events come and go in our minds, and while a moment before the magic ring was crowded with elbow-jostling spirits of the past, the next it was as clean of ghosts as the air in which a radiant soap bubble has just burst.

A new presence stood upon the threshold, however, and so exquisite was the ghost that now entered with majestic tread that it was well indeed there were others to distract Nibs's fascinated stare. A tall, elegant gentleman ghost in a broadcloth suit that fitted him to perfection, a shining high silk hat, patent leather boots, immaculate kid gloves, his glittering jet black beard trimmed as carefully as a garden hedge.

"A Beau Brummel forty-niner," said Old Father Time, and while there was a smile of amusement on his lips a tear glistened in his eye. "William Hamilton by name. A man courteous, gallant, honorable. With many acquaintances, but no intimates. Known only to him now—and as he might have been seen any pleasant afternoon for years promenading up and down Monterey street in the little pioneer town of San Francisco. But discovered after death in a wretched, old, left-over water-front warehouse where he had lived and slept stuffing cushions for carriages and pews of church and making over old hassocks."

The new ghost winked out like the others, and as he looked up at the carelessly-dressed man who was standing in Beau Brummel's place he gave a little sigh of satisfaction, for he had seen so many pictures of the eccentric philanthropist whose body lies under one of the greatest telescopes in the world that he recognized him at a glance.

"What's the old duffer got in his hand?" he asked, having now become so familiar with ghosts that he dared be jocular.

"A model of that pet grist mill of his that was not out of solid mahogany. You never heard the story. How Lick when still a poor young man fell in love with rich miller's daughter back East and in a fury of sentiment at being summarily turned down vowed he would some day build a mill of his own that would 'open the eyes' of the purse-proud Pennsylvania grist grinder with astonishment?" Maybe it's only a poor dream fairy tale, but if it isn't true, it ought to."

Old Father Time abruptly paused—leaned forward, head cocked on one side, intent attention.

From far away came a note of music as against the throbbing sweetness of a meadow lark's call.

"Jenny Lind at the theater in old Monterey!" he claimed ecstatically. "Hi-u-sh! Listen!"

BENTLY'S G
E-A-O-W!"

"M The despairing cr
kitten penetrated
hated cats; and he was out of

"But," he declared to him
night for even a worthless cat.

The kitten's miserable "me
the shrieks of the zero wind
victim of the frosty blast was
fore lying down to freeze in th
of Bently's heart overcame h
for anything feline. As he
keen wind drove fine particles

The cat's cry sounded acro
ever find it there." Bently
crawled up on top of the radiat
given up all effort to warm th

Fuller than before of the ag
again reached Bently's ears. H
the snow sifted over his slipper
ter across the porch, and a bi
the room.

Bently picked the cat up in
feet dangled in the air, he exam
snow still hung in its bedraggled
grateful for warmth and atten
Bently drew a chair close to th
it, warm side up, the cushion to
the heater. On this he carefully
settled himself in the one rocker
said to adorn the room. A whi
him, as he gazed at the kitten,
pushing its claws into the cushion.

"So you're out of a job and up
Puss?"

Puss seemed more inclined to
the radiator had begun to emit to
than to engage in conversation,
interrogations and observations,
enjoy the situation as much as th

"Are you descended from Puss
from Puss in the Corner? The
handy this weather, although the
of style. But then, geniuses like y
about style.

"You are a wonderfully black
cats bring bad luck. Well, kitty
here, so I guess you bring none
tunes. You looked as though you
you walked in.

"I don't generally like cats, but I
I will be fine friends. That remind
been introduced—but geniuses ha
Bently halted in his soliloquy.

"I said I didn't like cats; but I
who does. I'll bet she'd like to ha
a pet. She would call you a beau
quite agree. Would you like to ha
likes cats?"

For answer, Puss ceased the abit
grossing her attention, yawned, and
from the cushion to Bently's knee an
in his lap.

"Well, by the shades of old maid
are really interested! I must tell y

"Once upon a time—no, not once
cause she is still very much alive. I
a time so far, as I am concerned, so
way. Once upon a time, there was
pendent young woman, who lived in
like this, only more homelike for hav
in this very city. Her name was M
made her living by writing things f
and magazines. One day, while sh
space rates for the paper on which
I met her. Puss, are you listening?"

Alligator Hunting

[Fur News:] It is a little more than five years since alligator skins were first exported from the United States. In 1860 one concern had a monopoly in alligator skins from catching and selling and exporting the skins and the exclusive government privilege of any one can catch the beasts, but there are fewer alligators to catch and the number are fewer each year, as there is a price of skin caught.

Hunting is conducted in the dry season from March and July and August, at the marshes and flat lands, usually covered with water and the alligators are captured with ease and in great numbers.

Telling the Bees

[Ave Maria:] The custom of "telling the bees" is often referred to by those interested in some parts of England it is a common saying that the bees are not to be told of the coming of winter, as they will not fly out to gather honey.

Nature's Name Is "Persistence!" By Herbert Kaufman.

[Copyright, 1912, by Herbert Kaufman.]

Don't give up—look up! Disappointment and despair lie in the mud. Despondency never leaves the ruts.

The rainbow painter works in the heavens—inspiration locates his billboards in the air.

Ophthalmologists dissenting, it's the shadow and not the sun that blinds.

Moles and cave fish belong to the lowest orders of life—when vision is gone, then degeneracy begins.

Darkness elings to the ground. Light comes only from above. There's a star for every man, but none are in the dirt.

Unwholesome, squirming, worming, dank, repellent forms hug the earth. The course of GROWTH is upward, and eyes that do not lift and souls that do not soar and faith that does not mount, search vainly.

Ambition must have brave and eager wings and mighty spaces and broad horizons.

Tomorrow lies behind the hills and can't be seen unless you climb.

Today dies with the dusk, but opportunity comes anew at dawn.

While courage lasts, nothing is lost.

Nature's family name is "persistence." In the face of every discouragement, she continues in her purposeful, unflinching courses.

Contrary forces disturb her plans for a futile hour, but in the very echo of destruction's crashes and in the waste of disaster's ashes, her splendid optimism takes fresh root.

If the seed thrives, what matter if the tree survives? Stumble, fumble, tumble, but always start again.

What you once accomplish, you can repeat.

Pioneers move slowest on the outward journey. They must feel their way cautiously, over a strange road—it doesn't take nearly so long to return.

Familiar paths shorten the miles. But you can't get back if you don't watch

for landmarks, and you won't see the doubt and fear bandage your sight.

Most men who fall down and stay down are kept down by cowardice.

Broken fortunes and broken backs are remedied—when nerve breaks, the soul is complete.

You can regain any place if you have enthusiasm.

Imagination is a magic wand. Turn it against yourself and it will destroy. Hold it before you and it becomes an irresistible sword. Direction determines success and failure. If you start for the moon, you can't reach the roof.

You can only slide to the bottom.

The Incense Industry

[Harper's Weekly:] Frankincense is a resinous gum that frequently forms a component of incense. The term is not met with in commerce, to which incense means a gum that exudes from a tree and is used in considerable quantities in British Somaliland elsewhere. There is an inferior gum of this kind that grows in India and other countries of the East.

The incense tree seldom attains a height of fifteen feet. It presents a thorny and angular trunk and thrives in desert regions. Dealers grade it according to color—bright yellow, medium yellow, and yellow. The chief market for it seems to be whence it is taken by Somalis during the winter.

GUERRILLA FIGHTING. Col. Diaz Ordaz, cousin and chief lieutenant of Gen. Diaz, has been captured by rebels in the region of Vera Cruz, where since the affair of Vera Cruz his followers have entered a number of towns and appropriated horses and supplies.

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shrewd Irishman, presiding genius of mining ditches in California. Cut the sinister mystery of the scar that name, part horse-thief devil, part big-sick miners with all the tender-

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no intimates. Known only as you see

he might have been seen any pleasant

or promenading up and down Montgom-

erry pioneer town of San Francis-

co's death in a wretched, old loft over

rehouse where he had lived and labored

for carriages and pews of churches,

old hassocks."

winked out like the others, and as Nibs

carelessly-dressed man who was slow-

ly milled his place he gave a little sigh

he had seen so many pictures of the

thief whose body lies under one of

scopos in the world that he recognized

and duffer got in his hand?" he asked,

one so familiar with ghosts that he

that pet grist mill of his that was made

hognay. You never heard the story?

still a poor young man fell in love with a

daughter back East and in a fury of re-

turning summarily turned down vowed that

lay build a mill of his own, that would

of the purse-pride Pennsylvania grand

restitution?" Maybe it's only a pipe-

but if it isn't true, it ought to—

time abruptly paused—leaped eager-

lyed on one side, intent attention.

came a note of music as exquisite as

the softness of a meadow lark's call.

at the theater in old Monterey?" he ex-

ually. "Hush! Listen!"

as, and you won't see them if

or bandage your sight.

who fall down and stay down

on by cowardice.

fortunes and broken backs can be

when nerve breaks, the smash-up

regain any place if you rela-

on is a magic wand. Turn

yourself and it will destroy you

and it becomes an end.

Direction determines me-

ture. If you start for the bar-

you can't reach the roof.

only slide to the bottom.

The Incense Industry.

Frankincense is a variety

that met with in commerce, to which is

gum that exudes from a tree flouris-

there is an inferior gum of this kind

and other countries of the East.

presently attains a height extend-

desert regions. Dealers trade in

bright yellow, medium, and dark

skins by Somalis during the winter months.

in the region by Tehuacan,

where since the affair at Vera Cruz,

his followers have entered a number

of towns and appropriated horses

and supplies.

GUERRILLA FIGHTING.

Col. Diaz Ordaz, cousin and chief

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antation.

The dance grew wilder; the crooning rose to chant—long drawn out, yet made strangely seductive by a thrilling contralto undertone. As I was, fairly steeped my senses with it, banished my terror and my racial repugnance from out of the darkness of the swampy recesses, but with swift, darting movements—unveiling with fervor and religious ecstasy. The man swung around the circle, drawing near to where Uncle Zeke and I stood, her face still.

Abruptly, she lifted high her right arm, a movement that was grace itself and which I felt had some occult significance, and from her darky auntie who baked gingerbread ponies and like, whiplike object hurtled through the air and into the pot. The object was a small heart standing still, in a sort of delicious horror, the face of the tall woman with wide open eyes struck to stone when I beheld in that savage the familiar features of Aunt Mimi! I shrank with a cry. At the sound, Uncle Zeke came to detach his gaze from the woman and sought to fear. "Don't yo' mine, honey; dat ain't nobody

Aunt Mimi. She ain't gwine to git hurt. Ye

st yo' Uncle Zeke. Dish hyah is des a pauper

ain't; dat ain't no harm in it, chile."

words reassured me somewhat, but Aunt Mimi's

was far from convincing—she seemed bound by

an spell, her bright eyes fixed with the gaze of

men, her lips mumbling an incantation when

was trusted despite two centuries of Christian

teachings. At last the chant began to die down and it ceased altogether. One by one, almost as if the negroes sank upon the ground. Uncle Zeke came up to Mimi: "Don't yo' reckon we better git a

disk hyah oblige?" he asked anxiously. "Misi' Ve

will raise one monst'ous rumpus even she don't

done been taken down hyah to dish hyah

now."

the first time since she had reached this spot, spoke at me, and I recall to this day the singularly dreadful scene of the uncanny which possessed me. I saw in that form two persons—the godlike darky auntie who baked gingerbread ponies and me for me, and this barbaric creature, in frenzied fits, performing the rites of her Afric ancestor, calling up serpents to her gods.

of the burning eyes were the eyes of a savage

and voice were Aunt Mimi's. "My Lawd, heema

fergi dat baby!" she cried in frightened tones.

time yo' reckon it is, Zeke? Mis' Victoria! Mis'

as Ah bawa. What ab gwine do? Ah ain't even

about dish hyah lamb sence Ah got into it

of dis fah. Ah plumb conjoined. Gaud know

yo' mine, honey, yo' Aunt Mimi git yo' back home

as ois Abraham kin trot—but Gaud know

much faster dan er ole grandpa snail kin crawl."

miracle that rarely befriends the transgressor, had not discovered my absence and we crept in the tall cane, chattering more fearfully than the family. It was a long time before I went that night and every shadow that flickered upon all from the old live-oak outside the window to assume human form and sway toward me. The breakfast bell, jingling merrily, brought me to a cheery, comfortable, commonplace world, and down the polished stair rail and followed the smell of fried chicken and fresh baked waffles. And stood Aunt Mimi behind my uncle's chair, and a name of the Voodoo cult, now, but, in the wholeness of a crisp October morning, a broadly smiling mammy, dispensing delicious food with a broad and full politeness, she inquired, as I came in: "You're yo'se'f las' night, honey? Have one of dominecker's yaller laigs, chile."

and were found dead in the snow by the two brothers.

Two Prayers.

Life was young I prayed with eager lips: "Lord, that all may love me! Grant me this something in myself others to me as the magnet draws—every day and hour be full, replete with love from every one—to me."

—the silver powders thick my hair, life has taught its lesson—Oh, today is the prayer I pray: "Dear Lord, we love others—love them with my heart, my breath, my being's very core—poor, the sad and lonely, the untaught, humble ones of earth, misunderstood, let me love them all!"

Life has taught its lesson—just to love, and of being loved—and I'm content.

HARRIET CROCKER LEWIS

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The City and the House Beautiful. Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes.

By Ernest Braunton.

Community Co-operation THE INDIVIDUAL'S DUTY EXTENDS BEYOND HIS DOORYARD.

"AM I MY brother's keeper?" is a question too often asked, figuratively, by those asked or urged to take an active interest and part in a movement looking to the decided improvement of the community in which they live. It is not enough that we should take care of our own premises, for all the betterment and progress that this world has seen has been founded, nearly in its entirety upon the sacrificial services of a few. It is not necessary, in order to do your country or your community a great good that you should do a spectacular stunt like Horatius at the bridge. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." There were doubtless many public-spirited citizens who helped make and keep the city clean and built the noble structure so ably guarded by Horatius and his dauntless fellows. Had this not been so there would have been no city worthy of capture. Horatius earned the gratitude of his fellow-citizens in a few minutes, but history makes mention of many who labored for a life time to make the city a desirable place of residence. Who rendered the greater service? "Am I my brother's keeper?" Figuratively speaking, you are.



CAUGHT BY FLASH-LIGHT.

If the neighborhood of your home is slovenly and unkempt you are jointly responsible with the rest, even though your own premises be spick and span. If, through superior education, training, experience, etc., you are better fitted than your neighbors to make and keep an attractive home place, it is your moral duty to help others and all, to reach the same high standard, if only in outward appearances. It is not to be expected that one, or many, will enter another's untidy premises and put all in order. The necessity for such action scarcely ever arises if the proper spirit of neighborly kindness and friendly co-operation is shown. There are few owners so obtuse, indifferent or unkind as not to join in a movement looking to the betterment of the whole community. Clean up your own premises; invite all your neighbors to help with the streets and other public places, and soon all will fall in line, for like measles and many other measly things, it's catching. A properly-aroused public sentiment has backed up all the common good ever accomplished; what is there about your community that differs from others? "What man has done man may do." And do not forget that in civic improvement women generally do more than men. Nature study and school gardening; in later years the study of civics will do much to give us successive generations each more appreciative of beautiful and healthful surroundings than those of the past.

Tolerance of Drought.

ACACIA DECURRENS, the Black Wattle, has proven a more resistant to drought, under favorable conditions, than six species of eucalyptus in the same location. The latter was a hilltop where the soil was deep and heavy and no water was given, and, except what fell as rain, the trees had none over a period of several years.

The delving eucalyptus sent their roots down below the heavy soil, into a loose, dry gravel, where water was always scant. Having extended the root system so deep by reason of the looseness of the soil, the upper roots, in the good soil, became large of size and devoid of feeders or root-hairs found only at the extremities

of the root system. Nearly all planted there died after several years' thrifty growth. The Black Wattle, a tree rooting very superficially, kept all its feeders within the heavy soil near the surface and did not, in a single specimen, seemingly suffer for lack of water. In Garvanza, where these trees have been planted in stony gravel of considerable depth, they have, like the eucalyptus above noted, starved to death for lack of moisture. While young they fed on the few inches of good surface soil, but with age they thrust their roots three or four feet down into stony gravel containing very little plant food and wholly incapable of holding water for even a few hours. Had there been a stratum of hardpan or bottom of any kind to arrest the gravitation of the water, the trees would have survived. With monthly irrigations throughout summer they would not have perished. From these careful investigations and study it is apparent that the term "drought resistant" as applied to trees has little meaning other than as a broad general tolerance of dry soils, the nature of the latter dominating said resistance.

Caught by Flashlight.

DURING summer evenings may sometimes be seen parties of prowlers, lamps in hand, wandering about gardens or viewing houses to get a look at a night-blooming cactus. If these are picked before sunrise and placed in water in a cool spot they often remain in fairly good condition until noon of the day following. It is seldom, though, that they retain their full beauty, crispness and rigidity long after being picked, therefore their beauty is best disclosed and made a matter of record by a flashlight photograph.

The Blackwood.

EXTENSIVE investigation in California, coupled with a considerable correspondence, has very fairly determined in the mind of the writer the proper conditions for the best growth of the Blackwood (*Acacia melanoxylon*). The correspondence in question has been with several States in Australia, Hawaii, and South Africa. Only this week there came a letter from a man who has traveled in all the countries mentioned, as well as our own, investigating this and kindred matters for the British government. He says: "There is no place where the blackwood does better than at home, in New South Wales. In dryer parts of Australia, in South Africa, and in California, it does not reach the development found in the more moist atmosphere of New South Wales."

We know that in its native habitat it grows in the deep alluvial soils of river bottoms and there makes a large and valuable timber tree. Locally, depth of friable soil seems to be of greater importance than a humid atmosphere, for the blackwood thrives, in places, from the coast in to Redlands. At Pomona, where the soil is deep and loose, this tree has attained a greater



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Extremely delicate, distinctive, and wonderfully effective for Wrinkles and Mosaic. It is a non-greasy beautifier and protects the moist skin of 25 years' beauty culture practice. The acknowledged perfection of natural arsenic. It assures a fresh, clear, velvety skin. A special to Mrs. Metie Harrison Co., San Francisco, will bring a FREE Sample and interesting Book on Hair and Beauty Culture for Women.

My Dutch Bulbs

are imported direct from one of the largest bulb farms in Holland. Write for new Catalogue of Bulbs and Flower Seeds for Fall sowing, mailed free. It describes my special Tulips for California and also contains the most complete lists of Daffodils, Jonquils, Hyacinths, Ranunculus, Anemones and other bulbs offered on the Pacific Coast with valuable information on their culture under California conditions. Also a full list of Flower Seeds for Fall Sowing with many notes on their culture.

Now Is the Time to Sow

SWEETPEAS—Over fifty distinct varieties described in above mentioned catalogue.

THEODORE PAYNE,
345 N. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

WE GROW LARGE QUANTITIES OF
INDIAN CEDAR (*Cedrus Deodara*) and
ALL KINDS OF CHEROKEE ROSES
For description of these plants, see Last Sunday's Times Illustrated Weekly.
Send for our complete catalog and further information.

Claremont Nurseries, Inc., Claremont, Cal.

[888.]

size and beauty than in any other section recalled at this writing. Not only have the old specimens along Holt avenue been record-breakers, but all over Pomona the younger trees look finer than at any other interior point. On the other hand, with a plainly-evident natural preference for a damp atmosphere, our coastal sections cannot vie with Pomona in the beauty and rapid development of the blackwood. This by reason of less favorable soil conditions. It has several times been stated in this department that the best local study of these trees known to the writer was on the old H. N. Rust place in South Pasadena, where, at one end of a long row of the blackwood, a hardpan was within two feet of the surface—at the other end many feet below. Beginning at the shallow end at six or eight years of age, they gradually perished until at twenty-five years after planting only a few fine trees remained, the largest at the extreme end. These were lately dug down and converted into some of the handsome furniture known, by E. H. Rust, son of the former owner, in many places on steep mesas in local foothill regions the blackwood has died from a lack of soil moisture, a fact readily proven through some in long rows living and thriving splendidly where in front of farm ranches and receiving summer watering from the owners thereof. In view of the apparent natural demands of this tree, based upon its choice of habitat in its native country, it is little short of the wonderful that it grows

Illustrated W
with us under such wide
and climate as may be found.

Municipal Control of Streets

I WOULD appear from Santa Barbara to successfully oversee and control "Some time ago in The Times" suitable for street planting showing more interest in commissioners, who have been doing, etc., wish to encourage to the best varieties. If you too much trouble we would furnish us with a copy."

Grasshoppers and Crickets

A CORRESPONDENT in that every year many come from crickets and grasshoppers preferring the inmates of surrounding fields to a rural life. We know what "bait" to feed them.

A bran-molasses-arsenic mix

BURNS

Standard of Quality

Great Closing of Sale

of

Spring Street Store

\$5.00	\$3.45
Value	\$2.95
\$4.00	\$2.45
Value	\$2.50
\$3.50	\$1.45
Value	\$1.00
\$2.50	\$1.00
1000 pairs Men's and Women's Shoes, at ..	\$1 A PAIR.

Soft and Easy Shoes at Less Than Half Price

240 So. Spring St.

A GIANT YUCCA

give good results in both the San Joaquin valleys during the summer made by mixing eight pounds of cheapest molasses, and one pound with care so as to do a thorough and arsenic, in a tub, with abundant the molasses with water mixture. Allow it to stand over-night to dissolve and percolate mix and place a small quantity a tree or plant attacked. This repels garden of many other pests and dren, poultry and household pets.

A Giant Yucca.

IN LOCAL gardens may often be seen specimens of an unbranching color, the leaves broad, thick and This exotic species came to us from America, by way of Mexico. For sentinel-like growth it far surpasses and contrasts well with the delicate grace of the century plant, its resistance to would-be that of any other plant grown for

Over-planting of Streets.

WHILE street trees are now thickly sown mistakes are not past. This is no doubt due to the of the press, garden magazines, perhaps somewhat to observation of the attendant upon over-planting. Many are now keeping an eye to the preservation with which too many street trees

Out at Alhambra a generous space a new tract. Linderaxa Court is a tract having a fine view of the owner (or owners) have set but one the width of the latter averaging six they constitute street ornaments. As they would be obstructions to a view of the beautiful near-by mountains much more of this sensible spacing

Bungalow Plans

We have what is probably the most complete line of 4 or 5 and 6-room Bungalow Plans to be found in Los Angeles. Our price for these plans complete is \$15.00. Take your choice of any three we have in stock.

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ALFRED E. GWYNN

303-3½ W. Second St., Los Angeles, Cal.

in the region by Tefumah, where since the affair at Vera Cruz, his followers have entered a number of towns and appropriated houses and supplies.

GUERRILLA FIGHTING.

Col. Diaz Ordaz, cousin and chief

Gardens, Grounds, Parks, Lakes.

In any other section recalled at my have the old specimens along red-breakers, but all over Pomona is finer than at any other interior land, with a plainly-evident natural atmosphere, our coastal section. Pomona in the beauty and rapid growth. This by reason of far conditions. It has several times been recalled that the best local study to the writer was on the old H. H. Pasadena, where, at one end blackwood, a hardpan was within reach at the other end many feet below shallow end at six or eight years perished until at twenty-five only a few fine trees remained, the same end. These were lately cut into some of the handsomest furniture. Rust, son of the former owner, kept mesas in local foothill regions from a lack of soil moisture, a through some in long rows living only where in front of farm yards under watering from the owners the apparent natural demands of its choice of habitat in its native soft of the wonderful that it grows

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Easy Shoes at Less
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Spring St.

Artistic and
Landscape ImprovementsCountry estates, subdivisions, parks
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designing and construction
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etc., confer withL. J. HOWARD,
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your choice of any Bungalow Planvery complete line of 2, 3 and 4-story
houses, be sure to see our planFRED E. GWYNN
Second St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Illustrated Weekly.

with us under such widely varying conditions of soil and climate as may be found from Redlands to the sea.

Municipal Control of Street Trees.

IT WOULD appear from the following letter, just received from Santa Barbara, that that city will judiciously oversee and control future street-tree planting. "Some time ago in The Times you gave a list of trees suitable for street planting. Our people are of late showing more interest in this matter, and the park commissioners, who have control of them, their planting, etc., wish to encourage, but control their selection to the best varieties. If your list is handy and not of too much trouble we would appreciate it if you could furnish us with a copy."

Grasshoppers and Crickets.

A CORRESPONDENT in central California states that every year many things in his garden suffer from crickets and grasshoppers, these pests evidently preferring the inmates of the garden to those of the surrounding fields (a rural garden.) He wishes to know what "bait" to feed them that will result in their death.

A bran-molasses-arsenic mixture has been known to



A GIANT YUCCA.

give good results in both the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys during the summer just now closing. It is made by mixing eight pounds of bran, two quarts of the cheapest molasses, and one pound of arsenic. Mix it with care so as to do a thorough job. First mix bran and arsenic, in a tub, with shovel or hoe, and then dilute the molasses with water before adding to the mixture. Allow it to stand over-night to allow the arsenic to dissolve and permeate the bran. Then remix and place a small quantity about the base of each tree or plant attacked. This remedy will also rid the garden of many other pests and must be kept from children, poultry and household pets.

A Giant Yucca.

IN LOCAL gardens may often be seen large columnar specimens of an unbranching yucca, dark green in color, the leaves broad, thick and of great substance. This exotic species came to us indirectly from South America, by way of Mexico. For a stately, towering, sentinel-like growth it far surpasses most other species and contrasts well with the decidedly conventional, yet graceful droop of the century plant. As a large hedge plant, its resistance to would-be trespassers surpasses that of any other plant grown for like purpose.

Over-planting of Streets.

WHILE street trees are sometimes planted too thickly such mistakes are not so common as in the past. This is no doubt due to the educational influence of the press, garden magazines, departments, etc.; perhaps somewhat to observation of the evils subsequently attendant upon over-planting. Many land owners are now keeping an eye to the preservation of fine outlooks, with which too many street trees would interfere.

Out at Alhambra a generous spacing may be seen in a new tract. Linderaxa Court is a high-class residence tract having a fine view of the mountains and the owner (or owners) have set but one street to each lot, the width of the latter averaging sixty feet. So spaced they constitute street ornaments. More thickly planted they would be obstructions to a reasonably good view of the beautiful near-by mountains. We trust to see much more of this sensible spacing hereafter.

Harvesting Frog Crop.
GREAT MONTEZUMA MARSHES FURNISH 40,000 ACRES OF PRODUCT.

[New York Sun:] One of the few crops of the country planted by nature and requiring no attention from man until ready to be harvested is that of flag, the one valuable product of the great Montezuma marshes of this State. Flag cutting is now an industry of well-nigh national importance, and the marshes of Montezuma furnish the largest field. They are situated north of Cayuga Lake, extending to a point east of Clyde, and cover an area of over 40,000 acres. The region is a favorite rendezvous for mosquitoes, muskrats and wild ducks.

Early in the spring, as soon as the freshets have subsided, the flags which cover the marshes begin to grow rapidly, and by the end of August have attained a height of from eight to ten feet. There are two kinds, the flowering and the non-flowering. The flowering is commonly known as the cat tail. It is the non-flowering that has a commercial value.

The harvest is usually begun in early September. This year the work will be done under exceptionally favorable conditions, since the barge canal has drained much of the swamp. But boats have to be used. In spongy places where enough terra firma exists the reapers leave the boats, wading about and cutting the flags with long-handled sickles. Great care has to be exercised lest the workers become mired in the treacherous ooze. Often workers would lose their lives were it not for the assistance rendered by fellow-laborers.

The plant is cut just below the water line and carried to the high land, when it is allowed to dry in the open air. It is green at the top and white at the bottom and as the flags lie in regular rows the bands of white and green remind one of the stripes of a mammoth banner. When sufficiently sun-cured the flags are bundled and stored in warehouses. Here they remain until the harvest is over, which is not until ice covers the marsh and prevents any further cutting below the water line. Several cuttings are made from the same area each season. Hundreds of men are now at work on the first reaping of the season.

Sometimes the harvest is brought to an abrupt end by marsh fires which sweep over the tract, lighting up the country for miles at night and illuminating the clouds until the skies resemble billowy flames. Sky reflections of these fires have been seen thirty miles away.

At one time the principal use of the flag output lay in its use for chair bottoms and baskets. Then it was discovered that a strip of flag laid between the staves of a barrel or cask made a tighter joint. Another recent discovery demonstrated that from the fiber of the flag can be produced a paper of the best quality for certain purposes. It is strong, flexible and capable of resisting high tension without tearing, and is also impervious to moisture. It may be dyed to any desired shade and it will take the place of jute, hemp and wood pulp.

So great is the demand for flags in the cooperage business alone that hundreds of thousands of bundles are shipped from Montezuma to all parts of the United States. One company in Syracuse using more than 4000 tons of pasteboard annually for salter boxes and millions of reams of paper for lining barrels holding soda ash is now using flags to supply its needs.

Big paper mills have been built upon the marshes, and the smoke of the chimneys, spreading like a cloud over wide stretches of green expanse, is one of the visible signs of this now great industry. A great army of laborers, aided by scientific appliances, is now harvesting the crop and sending it by aerial trolley to the vicinity of the factories.

Cribs for the Baby Guests.

[New York Sun:] Among the luxuries, comforts and conveniences nowadays provided by the great hotel are cribs for the baby guests. Even in the finest hotels these are a comparatively recent addition to the house equipment.

Up to about five years ago when a separate bed was required for a baby's use a cot was put into the room and many persons traveling for the first time with a baby still ask for a cot. They are agreeably surprised when informed that a crib can be supplied if desired.

Hydrograph
The Greatest Labor and Water Saving Device for the GardensHAVE YOUR PERMANENT SPRINKLING SYSTEM
CONTROLLED BY A HYDROGRAPH.

This instrument will be placed in the center of lawns or in the cellar, from where pipes are laid to the different directions intended to be sprinkled. The Hydrograph will allow the water to flow only in one pipe at a time, then slowly turning in the next, and so on, consequently the sprinklers are changing in wide and short sprays, resulting in even sprinkle. This idea is the useful invention of W. D. Ballerstedt, Landscape Engineer at South Figueroa and 38th. The Hydrograph will extend your small water supply to the whole place you want to be sprinkled. One turn on, that is all—no other faucet needed—the Hydrograph does it all. For further information apply at the place mentioned, or 620 North Main St.

[667.]

In a big hotel there may now be kept ready for use a dozen cribs in the care of the housekeeper; cribs simple but of the latest style of construction, ready to be sent whenever they are wanted.

THE
TUEC

Whether for a residence, an apartment building, or the largest office building or hotel, there is a TUEC STATIONARY VACUUM CLEANER of the proper size to do the cleaning thoroughly, quickly, noiselessly and without dust.

We sincerely believe there is nothing which will add so much to the comfort of the home—making cleaning CLEAN, not only possible but easy.

We believe absolutely that there is no cleaning machine equal to the TUEC, in simplicity, in economy of current consumption and in efficiency of current consumption.

There are two TUECs being sold throughout the U. S. for one of all the other 28 makes of stationary machines combined.

For the modern apartment building or hotel, the stationary vacuum cleaning system is an essential, if tenants are to be kept satisfied and the place is to be kept in first-class shape.

Following are extracts, as many as our space will permit, from some of the letters we have received from apartment houses where TUECs are in use. We shall be pleased to show you other letters and a complete list of purchasers, if you will call at the office.

From the Buckingham Apartments, 1110 Ingraham St.

"It is a pleasure to be rid of dust and dirt in this quick and thorough fashion, and neither tenants nor housekeeper would care to try doing without the TUEC."

Mr. S. Spencer
Telgr.

From the Golden West Apartments, Santa Monica.

"We are certain this machine reduces the amount of labor and expense to clean our building and know that it keeps the building thoroughly clean. We are also satisfied that by using this machine our carpets will wear a great deal longer than if we employed any other method of cleaning."

The Golden West Home Builders,

By H. N. Hammond

Treasurer.

From the Knickerbocker Apartments, Ocean Front and Paloma, Venice.

"I am using the TUEC vacuum cleaning system and find it highly satisfactory."

(Mrs.) Anna M. Waley

From the New Southern Hotel, San Diego.

"Owing to the severe test which we have given your machine, we are absolutely convinced of the thoroughness of its cleaning power and feel that your machine is entitled to this unsolicited recommendation."

J. Adler.

See us before you pipe your building—piping that is too small means inefficient cleaning.

THE TUEC COMPANY

742 S. Hill St., R. B. Peters, Manager

In Pasadena, see H. L. MILLER, 140 N. Raymond Ave.

In San Diego, see F. A. CLARKE, 1070 Third St., corner of C.

In Riverside, see POTTER & KNIGHT, 9th and Market.

sign in the region by Tehuacan, where since the affair at Vera Cruz, his followers have entered a number of towns and appropriated horses and supplies.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

EL PASO (Tex.) Oct. 27.—A condition neighboring on martial law exists today here and at other

points from Constitution at midnight says the army is preparing to take the offensive and that the Cabinet has decided to prosecute the war with the utmost energy and prepare for a winter campaign should the

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND BY WIRE TIMES.]

ERLIN. Oct. 27.—Germany will not assist England, France and

thwest.

Illustrated Weekly.

The Absent-Minded Uncle.
HE TAKES A HAND IN ASSISTING
FATE'S DESIGNS.

By Florence E. Brooks.

hatches them, and delivers the a set fee. In this way the egg arduous labor of incubation and maintains the purity of his strain. Recognized authority, truthfully says, matures quicker, lays earlier and sets more readily, weighs more, and more money than scrub birds. This stock on the farms are being reared.

ision men and produce dealers believe in a more waste of energy. A brain and brawn effort is to market, if not by individual means, than your fellow breeders.

Agriculture at Washington ex-
pects there really is a future for the
At present, however, the de-
confined to a few large cities in the

"Have you purchased your new car?" asked the visitor.

"I ain't. I can't make up my mind. I like the gasoline car or a limousine car. The gasoline smell as bad as the lady."

the Time to Use
ulson's
g Food

be in line for a good yield of eggs are high. An investment in Food will mean that you will be on the market. It contains the elements of egg making, the hen the ingredients which go into your egg basket.

or sale by all reliable poultry

instinct on getting Coulson's

egg food that money can

not prepare.

booklet, Poultry Feeding for

mailed FREE. Write for it

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Food Company

Petaluma, California

and Plant Company, Los Angeles, Cal.

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BOOK
On Application to
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Petaluma, CAL.

Breeders Notice

sending us ten (10) names and
our friends who raise Poultry, either
small scale, we will mail you free.
SCIENCE OF POULTRY
book of great value. Address all
inquiry Department.

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Mandy Lee
Institutes measures and adapts
heat, moisture and ventilation
to each other. Given definite
proportions of each, right
amounts, big return
and profits for all users. Invention
and poultry book free. Address
Co., Cor. 14th and Alameda St.

The Absent-Minded Uncle.
HE TAKES A HAND IN ASSISTING
FATE'S DESIGNS.

By Florence E. Brooks.

"Well, Emmy," said the widow Lash, looking up from her work as her pretty young daughter entered the room, "you've been gone a long time. What kept you?" "Oh, nothing much. I met Bert Motley, and he walked back a little way with me. He says he's got to go back to the city tonight or run the risk of losing his job."

Mr. Lash kept his eyes upon her work lest her daughter should see the satisfaction which filled them at the words.

"Yes," she thought, "Emmy's so contrary she'd be sure to find way to see him again if she knew I was trying to keep them apart."

"Where's your uncle?" she asked, after a moment of silence.

"Oh, I met him going to the post-office. You know it's nearly mail time, and he's expecting another book."

"Dear me, and the house too full of them now! It wouldn't matter so much if there was something interesting to read in them. But how he can pore over those Ancient Egyptians the way he does passes my understanding."

"Well, Mother, do let's be patient with Uncle Ezra. The poor old man hasn't much else to interest him."

"Yes, I know it. There he comes now."

"Well, Uncle, I see you've got another book," cheerily said Emmy as the old savant entered the room.

"Yes, yes, child. But I don't understand why it didn't come before. I sent the order ten days ago. It's a valuable book of reference, and I've been needing it in my work."

He happened to glance at the hand holding the book and added, turning to Mrs. Lash:

"There, now, if Myra hadn't tied this piece of twine round my finger I'd never have remembered to tell you your sister Mary's quite sick. She wants you to go over there soon as you can. Myra was on the way home when I met her."

Mr. Lash seemed deeply troubled.

"What's the matter?"

The old man rubbed his forehead in bewilderment.

"Why, I can't seem to remember if Myra told me or not. You know my memory's so poor."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Lash, "and I notice it's much worse when you've a new book on hand."

"Well, Mother, are you going to Aunt Mary's?" asked Emmy when her uncle had left the room.

After an instant of hesitation Mrs. Lash replied:

"I scarcely know what to do. It really isn't safe to leave your uncle alone when he has a new book—especially if it's about the Ancient Egyptians. He ought to be watching every minute, so he can't set the house on fire or make himself sick by eating something that doesn't agree with him. My dear, he's getting to be a great care."

"Yes, but he's such an old dear! Well, if you want to I'll stay with him; so don't worry."

"But how about your engagement for this afternoon?" "Oh, that doesn't matter. It wasn't a positive one, anyway."

"Well, then I'll go right along. It's after two o'clock now, but I'll get back just as soon's I can. Be sure to let your uncle know you're keeping an eye on me."

He found her sister seriously ill, and was detained at after five o'clock. As she hastened up her front steps she stopped short and exclaimed in disgust:

"Well, I never! What's all this mean, if I may ask?"

It is the hammock which hung at the secluded end of the porch sat Emmy and Bert Motley. The young man's arm was about his companion's waist, and it was evident he was about to kiss her.

The girl ran to her mother, throwing her arms about the lady's neck.

"I means I'm very, very happy, Mother dear. Bert's been notified of three days extension of his vacation and an increase in salary, so—"

"So I asked Emmy to marry me—of course, with your approval, Mrs. Lash," said the young man, stepping forward.

"Dear me, so many things are happening today! I won't have time to think it over. But it would look better if you two came into the parlor. The front porch is rather a public place in which to receive callers."

"I forgot to tell you, Mother, we can't get into the house. Uncle Ezra's locked the door."

"Locked the door! Good gracious, what can he be about? I thought you promised to keep an eye on me."

"I did, Mother, till Bert came, then we sat on the porch. That is—after I found the front door locked. I was afraid he'd think I was watching him."

Mrs. Lash tried the door and front windows, then:

"Well, we'll have to go to the back door. I suppose that didn't occur to you two?"

The young people exchanged glances of guilt, but made no reply as they followed her round the side of the house.

They found Uncle Ezra calmly seated upon the wash-board, which he had taken from the house. It stood right side up with its cover, of course, in place. He was so intently reading that he did not raise his head till Mrs. Lash exclaimed:

"Why on earth are you sitting there? Surely you can find a more comfortable seat in the house."

He regarded her dreamily. It was evident that though he looked he saw not.

"I didn't know before that the Ancient Assyrians—" he began.

"Never mind them, or the Ancient Egyptians either, but come into the house with me. That boiler cover must be an awful hard seat."

"Boiler," he repeated. "Let me see, what is it I want to remember?"

He rose and slowly straightened his legs.

"I wonder why they're so cramped," he complained. "I must have been sitting there a long time. Now what could it have been for?"

Suddenly his eyes lighted with remembrances.

"Oh yes, it was to keep the cover on. I must have put something in the boiler. I remember now. I chloroformed a cat. I'll see if all's over."

"Oh, Uncle Ezra, how horrid of you!" cried Emmy. "Don't—please don't take the cover off till I get into the house."

As she hurried away, her mother repeated:

"Chloroformed a cat, and in my new clothes boiler, too! How did you come to do such a thing? I thought you'd stay in the house reading your new book till I returned."

"Why, yes, of course, so I did. But I just happened to remember hearing you say you wished somebody'd dispose of that cat that comes round here killing your chickens, and it seemed a good opportunity. My method of removal was most merciful. I intended to have all over with before you returned; but I must have become so interested in my book it quite slipped my mind about the cat."

"And I suppose you locked the front door so as not to be interrupted."

"Locked the front door! Did I? I don't seem to remember doing it."

"Let me lift the cover and see if the creature's dead yet," offered Motley.

"No, listen first," cautioned Mrs. Lash. "It seems to me I just heard something scratching on the tin."

One after another they stooped and listened for some stir within the boiler.

"There!" cried Mrs. Lash. "I'm sure I heard something. I'd hate to have it get out and chase round here half under the influence. No telling what it might do. How'd you get it into the boiler without it scratching you, Ezra?"

The old man again was deeply interested in his book.

"In the boiler!" he repeated testily. "My dear, I'm sure I told you all about it."

At a nod from Mrs. Lash, Motley cautiously lifted the boiler cover and gazed within. His face depicted deep amazement.

"Come take a look, Mrs. Lash," he invited.

"No, don't, Mother. If you do the sight'll haunt you," called Emmy.

"Dear, dear, why all this commotion?" exclaimed Uncle Ezra, closing his book at last.

He looked within the boiler, pushed his spectacles up on his forehead to rub his eyes, replaced them, and looked again.

"Why," he said slowly, "I must have forgotten to put the animal in."

"Oh, Uncle Ezra!" exploded Emmy, "and so you've been sitting there all this time for nothing."

"But his being occupied that way gave us all the afternoon together, sweetheart," shyly reminded Motley, seeing Mrs. Lash safely out of hearing.

Why the Germans Lead.

[Hubert Evans, in Harper's Weekly:] An American manufacturer who had wondered at the success of his German competitors was struck by certain big, flaming, official-looking posters on the billboards and around public buildings in Berlin. He might have seen similar posters in every town and city in Germany. Twice a year these official posters summon the youth of the land to obligatory attendance at the trade and commercial schools. Indirectly they tell why the American or the English manufacturer finds in the German such a dangerous competitor. They reveal the secret of Germany's wonderful commercial and industrial prosperity and of her commanding position as a world power. To the philosophically inclined they suggest interesting reflections on the transformation of Germany from a nation of idealists and dreamers into a nation of materialists and doers.

There is scarcely anything in all Germany so new and modern as the continuation schools. This whole movement has been a matter of only a few years, and in its present form the continuation school is a child of yesterday. These institutions receive from the nation more care and solicitude than is bestowed upon the children of the imperial family. They are still in a rapid process of change and development. Their very success has encouraged further changes and more stringent legislation in their behalf. It is only a few years ago that an imperial industrial law was passed giving communities authority to establish and maintain obligatory continuation schools for youths, thus making good the failure of certain German state governments to provide for such schools by state law. One of the last acts of the old Reichstag last December was to amend this law so as to make it apply to all girls employed in offices, stores, and factories, as well as to boys. The whole subject is still so new and fresh that every day the German press has some interesting item of continuation-school news—the opening of more domestic-science schools for girls, the establishment of training colleges for continuation-school teachers, the publication of new laws and ministerial decrees.

Still in the ground, fast held and bound of fairyland, it seems,

As long ago we left it so—the gold of Happiness. —[Madison Cawein, in New York Sun.]

[663.]

October 26, 1912.] 29

The Lancer.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

after having written the testimonial—when he was not already dead!

But still the patent-medicine vendor goes merrily on his way—the supreme humorist enjoying both a joke and a fortune at the expense of the gullible. The only game that pays better is sub-conscious healing of the absent. There is no mess attached to that, and one can look so beautifully intellectual.

Everywoman.

[IN THE new morality play, "Everywoman," it is noteworthy that "Vice" is a woman. I repudiate this assumption of sex for the most potent influence in the world. Women are rarely vicious—they are only mean, petty, cruel, cheap, tawdry. Vice implies something big, splendidly, devilishly, powerfully bad—leave the poor dear male some preserves. If you are going to make the serpent a female, too—well, no wonder the American-husband malady is spreading through the world. In the same play the character of "Nobody" is taken by a man—too darned modern for me.

The Mesalliance.

[ADY DOROTHY NEVILLE, in her latest book of memoirs, inclines to shock aristocratic society in Great Britain by upholding the mesalliance. She declares that it is a good thing for the noble lord to marry a healthy young chorus girl, ambitious and enterprising, since she invariably has common sense, in which the noble lord is probably deficient.

Which is quite all right, only why not make 'em marry housemaids, cooks, nursemaids, hospital nurses, department-store ladies, or even the governess, with the same equanimity? It would be a good deal less expensive and the family could be spared the notoriety that Tottie Footlights insists upon. There is quite as much ambition, enterprise and common sense in those departments of usefulness as ever entered a pair of spangled tights. Instead, as many a son has had cause to complain, the servants, governess, dressmaker and cook of the household are always of the plainest and most unattractive variety obtainable. Mother had no taste whatever in such matters, and chorus girls were therefore positively thrust upon a chap.

Happiness.

There is a voice that calls me; a voice that cries deep down; That calls within my heart of hearts when summer doffs her crown; When summer doffs her crown, my dear, and by the hills and streams The spirit of September walks through gold and purple gleams; It calls my heart beyond the mart, beyond the street and town, To take again, come sun, come rain, the old time trail of dreams.

Oh, it is long ago, my dear, a weary time since we Trod back the way we used to know by wildwood rock and tree; By mossy rock and tree, dear heart, and sat below the hill, And watched the wheel, the old mill wheel, turn round on Babbitt's mill; Or in the brook, with line and hook, to drowsings of the bee, Waded or swam above the dam and drank of joy our fill.

The ironweed is purple now; the black eyed Susans nod; And by its banks, weighed down with wet, blooming bright the goldenrod; Blooms bright the goldenrod, my dear, and in the midst of morn The gray hawk soars and screams and soars above the dripping corn; And by the pool, cerulean cool, the milkweed bursts its pod As through the air the wild fanfare rings of the hunter's horn.

The hunter's horn we heard, my dear, that echoed 'mid the rocks, And cheered the hounds whose belling bay trailed far behind the fox; Trailing far behind the fox, dear heart, whose den we oft had seen, A cavalcade place within the woods vine'd deep with wild grape green; Wild owllets' roost, wherein we used to search, with tangled locks, For buried gold, where, we were told, the robber's lair had been.

O gladness of the long gone years! O boyhood days and dreams! Again my soul would trace with you the old time woods and streams; The old time woods and streams, dear heart, and seek again, I guess, The buried gold, we sought of old, and find it none the less Still in the ground, fast held and bound of fairyland, it seems, As long ago we left it so—the gold of Happiness.

—[Madison Cawein, in New York Sun.]

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BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND BY WIRELESS
TIMES.]

in the region by Tehuacan, where since the affair at Vera Cruz, his followers have entered a number of towns and appropriated horses and supplies.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES]

Rain and Stock-in California.

the State last year was 18
average for the whole United
hood of many promising developments
as a result of the experiments which
by the Department of Agriculture
a considerable expansion of the
is almost certain, however, and
crop will never be what it was
California has entered her era
macy, and every energy is being
a magnificent one.



money for your products? Even
better. Undoubtedly you must
be a "New Idea" Fruit and Vegetables
coconuts, wet or dry. Requires
products come in contact with
raw eggs do not break going through
not from one product to another in
size from two to five sizes. Regular
will build to order any size for any
circular of information.

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Bulb Catalogue
sections have been greatly elaborated
easy for the amateur to enjoy
in growing bulbs.

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the following selection from the
of at least \$1.50, which we will
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mixed.
mixed.
mixed.
mixed.

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and are going fast, and we
selection early to avoid damage.
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Services when correctly assorted
the looks of the bunch. Get
by using a "New Idea" Fruit
and Vegetable Co.

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kage, Ground Sheep Manure
Carloads or less. Write for
PACKING CO., Los Angeles
Hemp

Men and Women.

ONE man very successfully resists the temptation of great riches, do not indulge in luxuries being, and so stretch out the span of life beyond one's natural's utmost limit. Such a one is Lord Portman, owner of immense estates in London and a great country seat in Dorset. He has just completed his one-third year and still rides to the hounds as well as has a lively interest in all political and municipal affairs. He entered the House of Commons in 1852 at the age of 22 as a Liberal. He tells a queer story about a fight for the seat of Dorset. It seems to have been a tie, and the three elected candidates had each a pot on a cocked hat and sword, and after the declaration of the poll had to ride down the streets of Dorset to the town pump and back again. He said this was his last and only contested election.

Such goes can easily recall Bishop Ken's celebrated evening hymn, a verse of which runs thus: "For you, Lord, for Thy dear Son, the life which I this day have done. That with the world, myself and Thee, I live; I sleep at peace may be." The Mayor of New York, Judge Gaynor, is said to practice this virtue, but he has learned it from Marcus Aurelius, from whose writings he repeats the following: "There is but one thing of real value, to cultivate truth and justice and to go without anger in the midst of dying and unjust men." So Mayor Gaynor is said never to lay his head on his pillow until he has put out of his heart all rancor against all who have offended him during the day.

George F. Baer is known pretty nearly the world over. He is president of the Reading Railway system, and head of the Anthracite Coal Trust. He recently celebrated his seventieth birthday by submitting to an interviewer by a newspaper reporter on politics. Mr. Baer's activities are in Somerset and Bucks counties, where he is known as a Democrat. A Pennsylvania Democrat is a little worse than one from Vermont. So it would seem to have been a work of supererogation for a newspaper to learn that he intends to vote for Gov. Wilson. He suffered a little religious in politics in the Bryan days, and did not half like his settlement in the coal miners' strike in 1902 brought about by President Roosevelt. He is also nursing a good big grudge against President Taft since the Department of Justice has undertaken to run a probe into the coal trust.

Prof. Thomas H. Reed is of the University of California, department of political science. He recently addressed the League of California Municipalities, urging that municipal officers should have special training in order that they might perform their duties effectively. All this means government by bureaucracy and the end had as our municipal governments are that would not be in the line of reform. When cities really do good government the citizens will cut themselves loose from professional politicians, pick honest, capable men, who have conducted their own affairs properly, pay them sufficient salary to devote enough time to municipal matters to see that they are conducted as private business is, and that will be the end of it. It is all both about the complications of city politics. If there is a competent and honest legal department in the city government the other branches can obtain all information of a legal kind necessary. Not that there is no branch of city government any more difficult of conducting than that of a wholesale grocery store, a big department store or any big manufacturing plant.

Dr. George McCrae is a Scotchman, and holds a place of distinction as head of a local government in the land of the thistle. He is in the United States just now to make a little report to the British government as local representative at the International Congress on Crime and Demography held at Washington September 22 to 25. He is to make some inquiries regarding the deportation of men who have deserted their wives and families in Great Britain and have taken refuge in America. Anywhere about the country where Sir George may wander the beholder should take a good look at him or they may mistake him for Lord Kitchener, and if a sensational newspaper got hold of it they will be crying out that he is a spy looking over the country preparatory to making war about the Panama Canal.

The statisticians have worked out the conclusion that only one man in ten thousand is capable at seventy of earning his own living. Joseph Ury Crawford, until recently consulting engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is one of this distinguished coterie. He was born in New York, near Philadelphia, August 25, 1842. At the breaking out of the Civil War he enlisted in the 10th Pennsylvania Regiment immediately after that had shot had been fired upon Ft. Sumter April 24, 1861. After the war he engaged in making surveys of the Allegheny Mountains and afterward in New York and New England. He afterward entered the service of Col. Thomas A. Scott and was principal assistant engineer and later engineer of the California division of the Pacific and Texas Railroad. In 1878 the government of Japan appointed Mr. Crawford its constructing engineer. Upon his return to America he entered the Pennsylvania Railroad from which service he resigned.

Prune growers of Sacramento Valley have pooled their crops to the amount of 1600 tons of fruit ready for the market, and fix a limit of 4 cents for bidders.

Industrial Progress.

THINGS are running so well and so uniformly well in all lines of industry that there is little new to say from week to week. To get news in this column would mean a slackening up in industrial activities. Better things than those prevailing could not reasonably be looked for. Bank clearings for the middle week in October opened with \$5,000,000 a day and running up almost to \$6,000,000. These figures are twice those of a year ago, and three times those of two years ago. No doubt taxpaying has already begun and accounts for some of this checking of money in and out of banks. The fact which accounts for the great movement of money is the unchanging activity in building operations and the enlargement of manufacturing output.

Along the Sacramento River there is quite a movement promising much success in the creating of a rice-growing industry in the State.

A new Christian Science church at Whittier has been completed at a cost of \$7500.

Owensmouth, a three-months-old baby town in the San Fernando Valley, is to have a new schoolhouse almost at once.

Within six years the population at Glendale has increased from 600 to 6000.

A majority of the stock of the First National Bank of Alhambra has recently been sold to a new arrival from the East.

The local manager of the Oceanic Steamship Company, recently returned from a trip to Europe, reports that all over the continent managers of steamship lines are taking a great deal of interest in the opening of the Panama Canal. It looks, according to this report, as if commerce with Australia would be done through the new canal and that many of the ships would stop at the Los Angeles harbor.

Paul R. Shoup, president of the Pacific Electric Company, has set all tongues wagging by a visit to Porterville. It looks as if this visit foreshadowed new lines up the San Joaquin Valley.

The Methodists at Ontario are rejoicing in the opening of a new church edifice which cost \$50,000. In the neighborhood of Hesperia, San Bernardino county, within a year \$150,000 has been expended in a new water system for the irrigation of a tract of 30,000 acres of land.

The Knickerbocker Club will probably purchase a lot on the corner of Ninth and Olive streets for \$250,000, on which a great office building will be erected by the club at a cost of about \$600,000.

A trainload of sugar from the Anaheim factory and other Orange county factories was shipped out for Kansas City about the middle of October. The train consisted of twenty-five cars, thirty tons to the car, and was worth about \$60,000.

The Santa Fe Railway Company has devoted \$95,000 to be spent in protective work along the Colorado River near Needles.

The City Trustees of Imperial, in the county and valley of that name, are moving to pave the streets of that new municipality.

Newcomers from Oneonta, N. Y., have secured a lot of forty-two and a half feet frontage on Broadway between Eighth and Ninth at a cost of \$225,000.

A ten years' lease has been closed for the property, No. 535 South Broadway, improved with a five-story-and-basement structure, at \$270,000.

Mrs. Fannie F. Chase has had her old home removed from Seventh street, near Westlake avenue, and will erect a modern apartment-house on the property to contain 104 rooms.

The lawyers of Los Angeles are considering the erection of a building for their own use on the corner of North Spring and Franklin streets. If the deal goes through a twelve-story building with a frontage of 71 feet and a depth of 209 feet will be erected on the premises.

On Olive street just north of Seventh a fifty-year lease has been taken on the lot at a total rental of \$400,000. An eight-story building is to be erected on the premises.

The apartment-house movement is invading Pasadena, where a twenty-eight-room, two-story structure, is to be erected at a cost of \$16,000.

Pasadena Orange Growers' Association has had plans prepared for a new packing-house to cost \$15,000.

Orange groves from those just planted to those in full bearing are selling rapidly around Porterville and Lindsay, in the San Joaquin Valley, at a general range of \$1000 to \$2000 an acre. One Los Angeles man is planning planting to orange trees a full section of 640 acres. He has contracted for the delivery at once of 100,000 young orange trees.

The Pacific Electric Company has appropriated \$170,000 for the improvement of its tracks in Long Beach, consisting in the replacing of the light weight rails now in use with heavy steel, well ballasted and laid in twelve inches of crushed stone.

The planting of fruit trees in Hemet Valley is going on very actively, one company having added a tract of 210 acres to its nursery area. There are thirty nurseries in the valley, one of them devoted to olive trees, where it is planned to grow 6,000,000 young trees of this kind.

Bairdstown, in the hill country, half-way between Los Angeles and Pasadena, seems to be leading all the other valley towns in the matter of lighting the roadway. The whole project covers a distance of 150 miles.

Adolphus Busch, the millionaire brewer of St. Louis, has added to his large real estate holdings at Venice by the purchase of the site of the Decatur Hotel recently destroyed by fire at a cost of \$215,000. Simultaneously with that purchase Mr. Busch bought a piece of land in Los Angeles on Albany street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth, for \$50,000. It is reported that within the year Mr. Busch has invested \$600,000 in California real estate.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company, now busy double-tracking the Central Pacific line between Ogden and Sacramento, is reported to be about to construct a new cut-off through Nevada which will save 200 miles of hauling between Southern California and the East and also eliminate some of the heaviest gradients on the transcontinental road.

The Utah Securities Corporation is reported to have negotiated in New York the sale of \$25,000,000 in ten-year collateral trust notes, and \$27,500,000 in stock. There will be a merger of several companies into the Utah Power and Light Company. This foreshadows a big development in electric power in the State of the West.

Prune growers of Sacramento Valley have pooled their crops to the amount of 1600 tons of fruit ready for the market, and fix a limit of 4 cents for bidders.

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(By A. P. NIGHT WINE TO THE TIMES.)

EL PASO (Tex.) Oct. 27.—A condition neighboring on martial law exists today here and at other points on the Mexican frontier. Gen. E. Z. Steever, who from Ft. Bliss, Tex., came

Good Little Poems.

Reform in Cactus Center.

Down here's a Cactus Center for reform we're always strong;

We grab each new thin, pronto, as it soot drifts along;

We're hardened to the mockrake and we have the soapbox spae,

We kin post up Billy Bryan on this referendum deal. But it saddens us a tribe, and we think it's costin' dear.

When our ballot, so they tell us, will be six feet in the clear.

We love to hear the roasting' that the ins git from the outhouse;

The more hard names is handed the more the big crowd shouts;

We like to sign petitions till we git 'e writer's cramp For turnin' out each rascal, and a-punishin' each scamp. But it kinder makes us wonder if it's worth the heavy cost

When we find our ballot measures somethin' like two feet acrost.

We like to have things seethin' and "Liar!" flyin' fast; We like to hear the bullets, and see powder smoke drift past;

We like to read of grillin' and of probes, and all of that When the Wolves of Graft are snarlin' and Reform is at the bat,

But we dread to face that hour when we step into a stall

And raasle with a ballot that is six feet over all.

—[Denver Republican.]

The Unlaunched Ship.

Unfinished and unlaunched upon the ways,
She stands, wet with the spray that dashes by,

Hearing forever from the sea the cry,

"Come to me—break whatever spell delays."

She sees afar white smile that seaward turn,

She hears the motors' hum, the sirens' call;

She sees them pass the far horizon's wall

And feels the urge of winds upon her stern.

She knows that some in far off seas will sleep,
Some will lie wrecked on some unchartered bar,

But gladly would she sail for land afar,

Daring all peril from the treacherous deep.

They will have known the water's clash and roar—

But she must die unlaunched upon the shore.

—[Ninette M. Lowater, in New York Sun.]

In a Temple Garden (NIKKO).

The giant columned cryptomerias loom

In serried ranks, like vast cathedral choirs

Through endless vistas lifting lofty spires

O'er billowy clouds of flaming cherry bloom,

Whose shedded petals waft a faint perfume

Mingled with incense of the sacred fires

From Shinto shrines, where Tokugawa sires

Sleep in the calm of time's eternal tomb.

Through towering tori, lichen grown and gray,

The pilgrims file in never ending line.

With accents dim their solemn chant they croon;

And at the temple portals kneel and pray,

While box and palm in silver radiance shine

Beneath the benediction of the moon.

—[Frere Champney, in Oriental Review.]

A Summer Reminiscence.

Where's that sky of turquoise blue
O'er a sapphire ocean?

Where's that beach of golden hue
Lapped by wavelets' motion?

Where's that blandishing Undine,
Who with luring glances

Is invariably seen

Where the sea foam dances?

Where does all this meet the eye?

Where is it to be seen?

Echo answers with a sigh,

"In a magazine."

—[La Touche Hancock, in New York Sun.]

Star-Rise.

When the first star shines forth, the lark,

Woman: In the Home and in the World.

By Women and Men of The Times Staff

GIRL STAGE DRIVER.

WRITERS of western literature who have been bewailing the disappearance of the old-time stage driver, with the old-time cowboy, should cheer up, for the girl stage driver has appeared on the scene to add the needed dash of picturesqueness to the new West.

Miss May Robertson drives a big, four-horse stage regularly between Rifle and Meeker, Colo., in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. She isn't doing the work for moving-picture concerns, nor "on a bet," but she has turned stage driver to earn her living. She toots a heavy stage along lonely mountain roads in all kinds of weather. Rain or snow or rough going do not matter. Like the old-time stage driver, the only thing she objects to is having a lot of curious passengers bombard her with more or less foolish questions about the country and about herself.

It's a long, rough ride from Rifle to Meeker. It means several hours jolting over dubious roads through a lonely country, but the girl stage driver does it every day. Besides holding the ribbons over four broncos of unwarranted dispositions she looks after the baggage, sees to the seating of the passengers, attends to a lot of transportation matters for the ranchmen along the route, and is generally the "handy man" of about fifty miles of rugged and comparatively unsettled country.

A few weeks ago a party of eastern tourists had the fright of their lives while riding with the girl stage driver. The horses were frightened by a passing automobile, and for more than a mile they plunged along the rough mountain highway. All the women in the party, except Miss Robertson, screamed in terror. It looked as if nothing could prevent a serious accident but the girl stage driver wound the ribbons about her wrists and braced her feet against the dashboard and utilized all her strength and skill in subduing her frightened horses, and at length her determination won and she quieted the broncos just before reaching a bad turn in the road where it is more than likely that the stage would have been upset.

No serious accident has happened since Miss Robertson took up the stage "run" early in the summer, and traveling men who are accustomed to stages say there is no better driver in the West. Miss Robertson is a slender young woman who is not yet 21.

"I took up this work because it promised a good living—that's all," she said in answer to a question about herself. "I always liked horses, and they have always seemed to like me. I never have any trouble, even with the wildest animals. It is a pleasure to me to drive. I like the outdoor life. I don't know as I would advise stage driving for every girl, but I imagine there are lots harder and less remunerative employments. No, I never worry about road agents. I have never been held up, and never expect to be. I don't know what I'd do in case of a hold-up. It would all depend on the circumstances, and my impulses at the moment."

Miss Robertson's stage route leads through a country which has seen much bloodshed in the past. Near Meeker is a monument erected to the memory of the soldiers under Maj. Thornburg, who were slaughtered by Utes in 1879 when marching to the relief of the White River Indian agency, where the agent, N. C. Meeker, had been killed and his family carried into captivity. The Indians surprised Thornburg's men and killed most of them. The others were rescued, after a daring courier had slipped through the lines and carried a message to Gen. Wesley Merritt, who was at Ft. Steele. The Indians were removed from the White River country and put on the Uncompahgre Ute reservation in Utah, soon after this outbreak.

After the Indians had been taken out of the country the cattlemen came in, and the stage line still penetrates a great cattle country. There are many big cow outfits running cattle near Rifle and Meeker, and the cowboys come to those towns and make things lively. The gallantry that is shown the "lady stage driver," however, would satisfy the most romantic western novelist or dramatist.

A few years ago a band of daring train robbers perpetrated a sensational holdup on the Denver and Rio Grande, not far from Miss Robertson's stage route. A posse was soon on the trail, and one of the bandits was killed, the others making their escape. It is believed the robbery was one of the last operations of the notorious Butch Cassidy gang and that those who escaped made their way to the Argentinian Republic and joined their leader there.

The stories of massacres and robberies do not bother the young stage driver, however, and she pursues her way as unconcerned as if no deeds of violence had ever been perpetrated in the vicinity of her route.

The Imperious Leading Woman.

"The stage women," said the woman press agent, "is a very complex creature. She is perfectly charming to meet, and full of graces which are peculiar to her profession. Her carriage, movements and manner of wearing her clothes are distinguished and artistic. This is almost invariably true of the emotional actress, who seems to galvanize the very garments she wears with the artistry of her personality. It is her business to do this.

In seeking an engagement a good deal depends upon the impression which she makes upon the manager or the producer—not in a personal sense—oh, dear, no. He is perfectly cold-blooded, and looks her over only with an idea to her cash value to the production. He is so practiced that he recognizes the necessary earmarks of personality at once. But personality would count for little without credentials, and part of these credentials are tangy, stylish clothing. I know of a beautiful and gifted emotional leading woman in New York who remains in the strata of mediocre attainment because she persists in an indifference to clothing. She will swing boyishly up Broadway, her beautiful face, and large gray-blue eyes sandwiched between a dowdy hat and a still dowdier gown. The plays of her husband, who is a dramatist, were taken up by Klaw and Erlanger. When it came to the selection of a leading woman, she was presented as a candidate. Artistically, she was absolutely equal to the emergency; but she did not so impress Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger. And so the opportunity slipped away.

"But artistic and stylish finery alone will not land success. The experienced manager is quick to penetrate, and know whether the real artist is or is not beneath. But he will seldom find the woman artist who hides behind dowdy raiment.

The stage-woman of thoroughly artistic temperament is rather difficult to handle generally speaking. Those who are on the inside know of the Shubert Brothers' troubles with the delightful little prima donna Madame Fritzi Scheff. When she chose to "lay off" for a week, in some western city, where the rest of the company far from home, and at a consequent expense, were obliged to lay off also, she did so, without regard to anybody's comfort or convenience, losing thousands of dollars to her management.

The Press Agent's Difficulty.

"Before starting on my tour one season, while getting acquainted with the company, and procuring their photographs, together with press material, the leading lady sauntered up to me, magnificently, saying: 'You are Miss B— ahead of the show, I believe. Now, I wish you to always secure me in each town a front room in the hotel, with connecting bath. I want the room thoroughly aired before I get there. I shall want my breakfasts served in my rooms. I don't want any place where I cannot have prompt attention, and—' But I brought the conversation to a close by remarking that I would post the hotel list, as required, in the theater, that I was sure she would make a far better selection than I. And bowing myself away from her majestic person, I turned my attention to the ingenue, who had a bulky press story for me. Truth to tell, I had tried the stunt of selecting hotel rooms for the principals during my first season, and I had found it a thankless job. No matter how minutely I followed their directions, they were never satisfied but were always after my scalp. And so I decided to 'cut it out.'

"The man or woman ahead of the show is never popular with the company, from the leading woman down. How can he be, when each one is struggling and fighting to secure the greatest amount of publicity at the expense of the others? And it is in the advance agent's hands to regulate the matter, which he must do in a manner to satisfy the management. A friend of mine, ahead of an opera company last season, had the time of his life seeing that his star had precedence in all publicity matter. The manager with the show was very much touched up over the soubrette. During the lay-off, he made a sneak into the next city, with the said soubrette to try to capture the papers. But the agent, who knows his people like a mathematical problem and understand exactly how to handle them, was already there, and had placed his master.

"The humblest and most untried leading lady is likely to feel always that she has made the show, and never that the agent has made her—which latter fact is very often the truth of the matter. But all of this is not said to discredit her. Imperious and egoistical though she may be, she is also charming, wonderful and delightful. The show could not get along without her, and she knows it."

Masculinity in Feminine Art.

Whether the art products of a woman can show the strength and breadth of treatment that are to be found in similar works of men, is a question that critics and theorists have argued with unflagging interest from the time woman first set her brush to canvas, or her thumb to clay. And various are the conclusions that have been reached by various people at various times. Some of the work that has actually been produced by woman would seem to answer this question definitely and finally in the affirmative.

Several pieces of sculpture by Kathleen Bruce Scott, in the exhibit by the Women's International Art Club, at the Grafton Galleries in London, are spoken of by critics as treated with a virility that would make it seem impossible for them to have grown beneath the delicate hands of a woman. In almost all of her works Mrs. Scott has chosen male subjects. They are wrought out with such splendid sweeping strokes as to make them almost rugged in their simplicity and strength.

It is natural to a woman in her art work to give too much attention to the perfecting of detail, often before she has formed an ~~adequate~~ clear conception of her subject as a whole. She therefore, often misses the long, broad strokes which give the subject life and character and unity. The writer has often watched a room full of women students at work painting or modeling, and in the large majority of instances, this was the case. Both on the canvases and in the clay images of co-relation was apparent.

But this is not at all the case in Mrs. Scott's work. Even in the subject entitled "Motherhood," she unites itself with tenderness; and the subject is tortured with the primitive spirit of sentiment, rather than with sentimentality, which latter quality is, in fact, totally absent. Nature, powerful and persistent, is impressed in every line of the woman's figures, as she reclines, with the babe crawling and reaching to her breast.

But Mrs. Scott is at her best in the splendid roundness of her male portraits. There is a portrait of Sir Clements Markham; there is a full figure of the well-known British aviator, the late C. S. Rolls; there is one on which she is working of Dr. Fridtjof Nansen; and also one of Prime Minister Asquith. She asserts that she finds the male subject easier to work out than the female—a fact that may be readily understood: for a man's features are bolder and stronger, and present more definite variations of surface. Even with this assistance toward simplicity of the male model, the feminine modeler is prone to the strong, broad character by a too minute detail.

But the vigor and sweeping boldness of Mrs. Scott's treatment of her portraiture bespeak masculinity of strength and conception, although the woman's heart and sympathy are not wanting. It is explained as a fact that the student has imbibed the great spirit of the master; and this particular student studied under the greatest of masters in sculptural art—Rodin. She could not have acquired her masterly touch, of course, nor under the instruction of a sculptress. She has the genius of imbibing and uniting with her femininity some part of the great power and genius of the man himself, and making it forever her own in the nature of her remarkable individuality.

What One Girl Did.

She was born in a little village in Southern France, among the most crude surroundings. The little school did not offer much in the educational line of the time it was impossible to procure a teacher. She took advantage of such opportunity for improvement as were afforded. Her mother was a well-dressed woman, with the figure of a queen, and she was thoroughly educated in music. She commenced to teach her children at a very early age. All of them had her musical proclivities, but only the girl went on day after day, patiently and persistently, gradually all that her mother knew.

In the meantime, the little family moved from place to place, dwelling, for a time, in the wild region of Dakota. The father was a country doctor, a good man, with a great heart—too great for the size of his family. He never refused a call when needed, among the rich and poor alike. And the poor alike took advantage of the doctor. It was impossible to collect the money which was owing. The handsome, dignified wife commenced to take pupils to help out the family exchequer. In due time, the daughter still worked faithfully, advanced far into a knowledge of the classic literature of music. Her hands had grown wonderfully powerful in the necromancy of interpretation.

Things went better for a while, and the girl, at fifteen, was taken to New York by a wealthy man and there plunged into the very best and most social circles. She studied with one of the famous and sang in the great choruses. She met wonderful people. She was beautifully dressed, joined a gymnasium, and became strong and fit. Two years sped by as a marvel to the girl working hard, and constantly increasing her knowledge.

At the end of the two years there was a reversal. You have no right to pry into the affairs of your family beyond what she herself may wish to tell you. She took over her mother's care, and the parents being ill. She took over her mother's care, and a number of new ones, and commenced to work. When she tries to make herself at home, she is free and useful, don't meet her in spirit to discourage them. If she means to be the only member of your family, she is entitled to question her; and if he has not the silence must be respected.

These women continued in the study of the classics. There was nothing among the classics that she was not thoroughly versed. Music, from the simplest compositions to the most modern, was her forte. There was nothing too difficult for her to learn.

She became the daughter of the largest church. Her week by week. She became the musical master in her home. In fact, she made her home. Musicians from the near cities came to her entertainments. She had a reputation of no small importance. She had offers to tour certain countries, which have been advantageous to her. To fill a permanent position as organist. But there was a mother. How could she be?

So she continued at her position of higher perfection in her chosen field. One time a well-known violinist. She was, at the time, a festival. It would be wonderful. She thought of snaring him; but finally decided to let him go. She would come. The organization would pay him his price, but—well, he would come. The glorious triumph for the young violinist; and when it was over, she continued at her position of higher perfection in her chosen field.

"What are you doing out here? Your glorious talents?" he cried. "I am an offer. But mother was great. And this remarkable young woman's knowledge of music, her execution is still teaching musical affairs of that little boy capable of teaching in any of the or who could be earning a musical concert tour, or in a musical act. What ought she to do?

La Esposa y Madre And Her Wise and Timid About Familiar

BY GENEVIEVE FARNHAM

I. DO'S AND DON'T'S WHEN HOME

DON'T expect, in the first place, to marry a girl selected for him. He never does.

When you have never met the girl, it is for granted that she is something to be, and that you are not going to know what you are going to do.

When son announces that the daughter is going to know what you are going to do, to a girl in an orgie of crying and wailing, you will have to live with the girl of your lives.

Don't forget that son must work for you, and not you in his actions, and life partner.

Don't wail because his marriage is away from you to a very great extent. You are the best sort of love, but of course, you, oh, father and mother, leave your parents and sisters and brothers.

Unless you have made up your mind with the very best grace, do not bring her home. If you are determined to be an outsider, and not one of your own, postpone the meeting until you change.

Don't receive her with patronizing superiority, poorly concealed under a assumed warmth. She will be sensitive to all pretenses.

Don't look over from head to foot when she arrives. If you are heartless enough to do this, have the good breeding to do it.

Don't be deceived into believing that a perfectly splendid, charming girl, may be disappointed in her, and that she is the best kind of a wife. You would be so beforehand.

Don't get together the moment she arrives, to make disparaging comments and demeanor. Try, for a moment, to put yourself in her place, and you will find that her situation has been under the eyes of critical eyes. She could not possibly be so beforehand.

Don't ask her impudent and personal questions as you yourselves would resent them. You have no right to pry into the affairs of your family beyond what she herself may wish to tell you. She is entitled to question her; and if he has not the silence must be respected.

When she tries to make herself at home, she is free and useful, don't meet her in spirit to discourage them. If she means to be the only member of your family, she is entitled to question her; and if he has not the silence must be respected.

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the World.

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In the meantime, the little family moved about from place to place, dwelling for a time in the Black Hills of Dakota. The father was a country doctor, man, with a great heart—too great for the good of his family. He never refused a call when he could, among the rich and poor alike. And rich and poor alike took advantage of the doctor. And rich and poor alike collected the money which was owing to him. A handsome, dignified wife commenced to take care of the family exchequer. In the meantime, the daughter still worked faithfully, and learned far into a knowledge of the classics of literature of music. Her hands had grown strong and beautifully powerful in the necromancy of interpretation.

Things went better for a while, and the young Steen, was taken to New York by a wealthy relative. She studied with one of the famous music teachers, sang in the great choruses. She met gilded people. She was beautifully clothed in a gymnasium, and became strong and charming. The girl working hard, and constantly enlarging her knowledge.

At the end of the two years there was trouble at home, and she felt that she was needed. She returned to her western home, now in a little larger town, a growing community. It became necessary for her to assume the responsibility of the household, as her parents were ill. She took over her mother's place, and a number of new ones, and commenced her work.

Not so long afterward the death of the father left the woman to make the fight alone, for the only man she was out in the big world, also making a stand against him.

These women continued in the study of their art, were not thoroughly versed. Music, from the most primitive to the most modern, was familiar to them, and was nothing too difficult for their

palms.

Palms in the region by Tehuacan, where since the affair at Vera Cruz, his followers have entered a number of towns and appropriated horses and supplies.

GUERRILLA FIGHTING.

Col. Diaz Ordaz, cousin and chief

of the

The Human Body

Timely Health Editorials.

KEYNOTE: *Nature cures, not the Physician.*—[Hippocrates.]

Should Clergymen Smoke?

ARTICLE FOUR.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

Among the many interesting letters received from the local clergy was the following, the name of the writer being withheld; in fact, he preferred that the letter be not published, and his request would be granted were it not that the facts of the case call for an explanation:

"Dear Brother Warman: I am decidedly of the opinion that clergymen should not smoke for the sake of the young who might follow their example. A clerical coat on the back and a cigar in the mouth do not go well together.

"I do not wish to be quoted, however, in any Sunday magazine or paper as I do not believe in Sunday newspapers, and cannot conscientiously contribute anything for publication in the same."

Just here I wish to set my brother right, as well as others that may be laboring under the same error. The Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly is not a Sunday magazine, and has never been issued as such. You will observe that it always bears the date of Saturday—not to mislead, but because it is the date of actual issue, proof of which may be had by the fact that you can buy the magazine on Saturday and read it all through without breaking—or even cracking the Sabbath.

The great Sunday edition of what Burdette calls "the greatest family religious daily" is, per se, full of meat of the most wholesome kind and the preparatory work on it is also done ere the dawn of the Sabbath. But the Monday paper, which is seized with such avidity in order that we may read the Sunday sermons—when is the work done on it? "Consistency, thou art a jewel." Let us remember, brother, that not only one, but that all days are holy.

"One man esteemeth one day above another; another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."—[Romans xiv:5.]

"Let no man judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holy-day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath days."—[Cor. ii: 16.]

From Rev. Charles Edward Locke, D.D., pastor First M. E. Church, Los Angeles: Your kind note of recent date has been received. I have been so busy with matters incidental to the closing up of my year's work that I have not had the opportunity to reply to a question of your letter, "Should Clergymen Smoke?"

The Methodist Episcopal Church has but one answer to your question. It requires of every minister who comes to the altars of the church for admission to the ministry and ordination to its sacred office that he absolutely promise to abstain wholly from the use of tobacco. Personally, I most heartily agree with the attitude of the church to whose ministry I have the great honor to belong. I suppose that the argument of the church is that the tobacco habit is not only expensive and useless but it is deleterious to perfect health. All seem to agree that no boy or young man should use tobacco; and by an analogous argument I presume it can be conclusively shown that tobacco is more or less injurious to mature people. I presume it must be conceded that a private citizen has a right to do some things if he may choose, but when that same citizen becomes a public servant, and especially when it is expected that he shall be an exemplar to the youth, I suppose no one will question the logical conclusion that because of the minister's influence upon the growing boys about him, it would be vastly better if he did not use tobacco in any form.

You will be interested to know that I learned the trade of a printer in my boyhood and afterward entered and graduated from college, but in the midst of tobacco smoke for a series of years I never acquired the habit. In my earlier life, that was due to the expressed wish of my dear mother that I should not smoke; and in my later life, to the reasons which I have just now recited.

Some of my facetious friends have said to me that they would rather smoke in this life than in the next, intimating that perhaps I would enjoy that luxurious privilege in the future world. To this I make reply that I expect to do in the future world just what I have done here—that is, look at other people smoke.

Rev. C. M. Carter, D.D., pastor First Baptist Church, Los Angeles: In my judgment a minister has the right to do anything that laymen have the right to do. In the New Testament all Christians are ministers, and the "minister" so called is no more a "red than any other Christian. If any Christian has a right to smoke so has the minister, but while "all things are lawful, yet all things are not expedient."

Smoking is a filthy habit for anybody. The minister who smokes simply makes himself conspicuously filthy. His example is worse than that of the layman because he is supposed to be an authority in ethics.

Smoking among Baptist ministers has now come to be a practical bar to any good pulpit, and an impassable barrier to any efficient service.

Hygienic Tabloids.

How Often to Eat.

Allow five hours to elapse between each meal, as it takes from four to five hours for the stomach to entirely empty itself. If there is indigestion or constipation, don't attempt to eat again until the trouble is corrected. If you do, you will overtax the system, and still further delay healthy functioning. Fasting can do no harm, unless carried to excess.

Care of the Skin.

Never bathe the face and hands in hot water. The hot water loosens the outer layer of skin, and makes it liable to wrinkle, and to lose its color. Use only cold water for bathing the face, and very fine soft cloths. Never rub it roughly. The skin of the face may be very gently massaged with the finger tips, drawing them delicately from the center toward the sides of the face. This identifies the outer layers with those below, and stimulates the circulation.

Tea Leaves and the Eyes.

Never use wet tea leaves for sore eyes, as has been customary among many people in the past. The dye is rank poison, and there have been instances where the eyes were ruined by placing the wet tea-leaf poultice over the eyes to relieve irritation.

Mother Laura's Liver Remedy.

Place one pound of prunes in two quarts of water to soak over night. The next day, boil them gently for two hours, until the pulp readily falls from the pits. Remove the pits, and mash them with a hammer. Add them to the fruit, and boil for one hour adding 10 cents' worth of Rochelle salts. Strain the mixture, and place it in a bottle, keeping it on ice. Take a wineglassful of this every morning. A little water may be added if the liquid is too thick.

The Sudden Bruise.

When your child has had a fall, and struck its cheek, or any other part of its body with great violence, a bruise is sure to result, which will become very painful, swollen, and discolored if not attended to at once. Lay a cold-water compress upon it at once, and as soon as you can get some cracked ice, make ice compresses and apply. The child will probably be frightened by the sudden cold, and scream lustily. But do not let this induce you to desist. Continue to renew the compresses until you are sure there will be no danger of swelling. Crumple a towel, or several thicknesses of cheesecloth about the face and neck of the child, if the injury is to the face, so that the water shall not run down.

To Cure Snoring.

If you wish to cure yourself of snoring, first be sure that the nostrils are not stopped up. Use a spray every night, if only of warm water with a very little salt, until it runs quite freely into the throat, to be ejected. Then apply a very little cold cream, to keep the nostrile soft and moist. Do not go to sleep with the head thrown back. If you do the mouth will fall open, and you will be sure to snore. Arrange your pillow so that the head is thrown forward somewhat, which will cause the mouth to close naturally. It is better not to lie on the back, for the head is likely to drop backward. Be careful not to over-eat at night, nor to eat anything which might prove irritating to the mucous lining of the stomach. This often acts sympathetically upon the mucous lining of throat and nose, causing swelling and consequent stoppage and snoring.

Illness Not a Merit Misfortune.

Mankind will never begin to appreciate health until it realizes that illness is not misfortune alone, but a self-inflicted wrong. We recognize this clearly enough in dipsomania. We can trace consumption or pneumonia to a so-called cold carelessly contracted. We know that smallpox, the plagues and infectious fevers are due to uncleanness of person or surroundings. Enlightened science is relentlessly fixing responsibility for all our ailments, small or serious, upon ourselves.

Hypochondria, which breeds in idleness as malaria breeds in stagnant pools, atrophies the nerves and rots the body. The common tendency to magnify small ailments in order to excite sympathy or because the mind is given nothing to dwell upon, causes these ailments in time to become real and serious.

Emerson may not have meant all this when he said: "A sick man is a villain," and yet it depends upon one's interpretation. But there is no mistaking the precise meaning of Thomas Huxley, who said "a time is coming when one who becomes ill will be regarded as a fool or a criminal."

Remember, the only way to prevent disease is to cultivate health. Disease is nature's way of letting you know what she thinks of the way you are living; a penalty for violating her laws.

Pessimism and Optimism.

You pay your money and take your choice; and yet who is there that would not choose the optimism rather than pessimism? If it is a matter of choice then why should we have so many pessimists? "Popular Therapeutics" comments as follows regarding this subject: "Have you not noticed that the pessimist is always an invalid? He may be upon his feet and moving, but he

And the Care and Health of It.

is never free from ailments and complainings. Do we believe that his pessimism is due to his ailment, or his ailment are due to his pessimism?"

Pessimism is as destructive a force in one's health as it is in one's purpose and performance. The pessimist seeks the shadows and wilfully deprives himself of the life-giving sunshine. The sun, flowers, the trees and the green earth smile at him in vain. The song of the birds, the murmurous whisper of the brook, the organing of the wind as it comes cavalierly through the trees, kissing the silence into song; these, all these are dead to his dulled ears. He hears only his own thoughts.

Can one thus out of harmony with the forces of life hope for health? Never. Health is harmony; disease (so-called) is discord. On the other hand, optimism—happy, wholesome, buoyant optimism—counts more, as much, for health as do the rest of the forces of hygiene.

Milk and Massage.

Even a woman who has but little time to devote to housework may have a good complexion, according to the Woman's Home Companion. These exercises, planned originally for the business woman, are equally good for the housemother.

Here is what you need: Plenty of soft water, a pound of finely ground oatmeal from the grocer, a bottle of almond oil or a jar of good cold cream, a packet of fuller's earth for face powder, a cup of boiling milk every night.

Pour half or a quarter of the cup of boiling milk into the washbasin and quickly with your hands rub the milk all over your face several times. Rub it well in, little as it is. There is nothing in the world so refreshing and soothing after a hard day's work as the milk. The milk cleanses the skin thoroughly. Now dip the rest of the cupful of milk very slowly. Nothing like milk for over-tired, strained nerves.

Remove bolster and pillow from the bed, lie absolutely flat on your back for at least five minutes. Arms extended, feet extended, draw several deep, slow breaths, release them very slowly, relax the muscles in your body. Then moisten finger tips with cold cream or almond oil, and for ten minutes a quarter of an hour, still lying down, very, very slowly do the simple exercises, and do not forget, whenever you do, that hard pressure will ruin any skin by stretching it.

Then with a soft rag wipe off the superfluous milk in the morning take some oatmeal in the palm of your hand, mix a little hot water with it to form a paste, rub it well over the face. Rinse it off and dry your face with a soft towel, using the three exercises. The skin is shiny dust over lightly with cotton wool in the fuller's earth. These exercises must be regularly every evening.

The Old Shanty Boys.

Oh, where are the boys who used to be? The boys who logged on the Kinkies, With their canthook and ax and pike and saw. The boys who wore the mackinaw, With its red and yellow, brown, and blue, Mingling with the forests hue. Where's Lengthy Smith and Pete McGowan? Where's Double O' Joe and Tommy Brown? Restless and wild as the rolling sea. The Shanty boys that used to be.

No more are the boys with their jests and fun Who were out at work 'fore the rising sun. Big and strong and brave and rough: When they went to town they were called boys. Where's the big Red Mike, who would often He'd throw any man from coast to coast? Who'd fight anything that he could see. A shanty boy that used to be.

In an old log shack on the Kinkies Gathered the boys that used to be; While the night-wind moaned through the swamp And, over the forest a cold moon shone. 'Midst growls and curses, song and play, With a squeaky fiddle, they end the day. Such was life on the Kinkies, And the Shanty boys that used to be.

ALLEN L.

Unique.

THE STRANGE, THE CURIOUS AND SIMPLE.

The Times Illustrated Weekly wishes to gather in the "Body" department all the information possible in this regard. Contributions should be short and concise, but not so brief as to be of no value. Cases reported should have been tried.

(1.) Extraordinary diseases and extraordinary cures.

(2.) Strange ailments and strange accidents which have been tried.

(3.) Superstitions regarding diseases and ways of warding them off.

(4.) Simple diseases, simple ailments, and simple remedies.

Contributions along these lines are requested from all.

These contributions should be short and concise, but not so brief as to be of no value.

Other publications are not taboo, but the name of the author must be given.

Address matter for these features to THE STRANGE, THE CURIOUS AND SIMPLE, THE TIMES ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, LOS ANGELES (Cal.) Sept. 30, 1912.

My Dear Sir: For the possible

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ALLEN L. HUGHES

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Illustrated Weekly wishes to gather for its extraordinary instances and extraordinary remedies, all the information possible in regard to alliments and strange accidents, with their causes and cures, and to give the names of the persons who have succeeded in curing them off.

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in simple language. Cases reported in this column are not taken, but the names of the author for these features to Editor Times Los Angeles, Cal. Give true name and address, however, will not be disclosed without permission.

Heat an Important Consideration.

By Edward B. Warman, A.M.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR TO THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Note: No one is useless in the world who lightens the burden of it or serves it. —[Charles Dickens.]

Heating the Home.

FROM the viewpoint of health, I regard the heating of the home as one of the most important subjects to consider, not only "back yonder" where the cold weather comes and abides with you through the season but, possibly, more so in this changeable climate, a climate of varied moods—yet, the best on earth.

When I made my first visit to this "Land of the Afternoon," I made discovery—no, not of gold, but of cold. I brought an overcoat with me. When I bought that overcoat I brought some of the habits which accompanied it, one of which was to wear it out doors when the weather was cold, and take it off when I entered the house. "Why, of course, you idiot," I hear some one say, "that's what an overcoat is for."

Well, in the course of time I had a change of heart. It may have been idiocy or it may have been idiosyncrasy; but, no matter. I discovered that many of the houses had poor facilities for heating; the houses were thoroughly ventilated; therefore, notwithstanding the hospitality of the home, to the tenderfoot it seemed like a cold reception. Therefore, until I, too, became acclimated, I carried my overcoat when out of doors and put it on when I entered the house.

There needs to be a radical revolution in our system of house-heating. We should exchange our partly-heated and superheated and badly ventilated rooms for those in which the air is moderately warm and constantly sweet. Can this be done? Surely. And all this from the standpoint of cost, efficiency and adaptability.

When using a furnace, in the burning of either oil or coal or wood, you have more heat than you want a large proportion of the time or, possibly, none at all; yet, you must burn practically as much fuel in either case to heat only one room as to heat every room in your house; whereas, with the proper system you can heat one room or all rooms for as long as you like and with all this from the standpoint of cost, efficiency and adaptability.

When cool weather begins to "set in," we hesitate about starting the furnace or building a fire in the furnace (where we can toast our shins and freeze our hands.) We argue something after this fashion—well, it is hardly cold enough to warrant a fire in the furnace, I guess we can wait a little longer. Then comes a moderately cold day; so cold it is uncomfortable without a fire and almost uncomfortable with one that would be sufficient to heat the entire house. And then there are days, especially here in Southern California, in which during the hours of sunshine, no heat is needed; but the nights and mornings are cold enough for a fire, and needing but a little heat or heat for a short time, we again hesitate about starting up the furnace.

Now what is needed (and what may be had) is a system so positive and so flexible in its results that on any cool day, or cool morning and evening, when you feel that your house would be more comfortable with a little more heat and not too much, you can have just exactly the amount you want to make the rooms the temperature you would like to have them, and, what is more, you can have the heat almost immediately after it is started, and all this without trotting down stairs to the cold and cheerless cellar and bothering with the furnace and its accompaniment of dirt, dust and ashes.

Think of it! How happy we should be when it is no longer necessary to lay in a supply of wood or coal, nor have to kindle and feed fires and regulate boilers and be bothered with taking out ashes and having foul odors permeate the rooms; but, instead, just push a button to get exactly what you want in the way of heat and when you want it—just as you now push a button to turn on the electric lights.

Many a person has started on a long road of wearisome days and sleepless nights or a still shorter road to "boomer from which no traveler returns" because of the lack of proper heating facilities in the home, or neglecting the same in consequence of the trouble, time and expense. As Brutus said to Cassius: "Thou upon this." As the farmer said to his hired man: "You must take time by the fettlock." As we all know and have said a thousand times: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." I know of nothing to which these sayings are more applicable than to the heating of the home.

Another Eczema Cure.

THE following communication recommends itself by its very simplicity. The writer very sensibly acknowledges the importance of right living in connection with any mode of treatment.

LOS ANGELES (Cal.) Sept. 30, 1912.—E. B. Warman, A.M. My Dear Sir: For the possible benefit of many people suffering from eczema who might be discouraged by the strong statements made by your correspondent and published September 21, I beg to state that many cases of that trouble are easily handled. They are all evidently easily curable. They will have made a great effort toward a cure if sufferers will

study and live up to the advice given by your weekly. Study and experiment may determine that most cases result from mal-nutrition, which leads to a dry, thin skin, which in turn is easily affected by water, weather, and all that it comes in contact with. As ordinarily treated a cure seems almost hopeless. Yet it may be relieved in a few minutes and cured in a few weeks, and if the person afflicted commence and continue to live right they need never have a return of the trouble. The outward application of olive oil will give instant relief, and if applications are continued will drive from the body all skin blemishes that are dry and cracked.

Let the patient use outward applications of pure olive oil freely and often. Always anoint the whole body after every bath. Light anointments may be made very often until the dead, dry hot feeling of the skin disappears. Use olive oil freely at the table. A tablespoonful of pure oil (kept in the icebox) may be taken every morning before breakfast with great benefit. Now, if the patient will live according to your weekly advice, he cannot do all the things noted in this note and have eczema, too.

Functions of the Blood.

"THE blood of the body," says Dr. C. R. Palmer of Pasadena, "has a number of functions. When it leaves the heart it is loaded with the product of our food from the stomach and intestines, and with oxygen from our lungs. These two substances are carried by the blood through the arteries (which, as we all know, are placed deep for protection) to every cell in the body—even the brain and bone cells have to be nourished by the food products.

The depleted blood returns to the heart through the veins, which are mostly on the surface, and pass through the muscles of the body and gather up the wear and tear of the muscles in the shape of a poisonous gas known as carbon dioxide which is carried back to the lungs and thrown off in exchange for oxygen.

If for any reason the venous blood becomes obstructed or slowed, this carbon dioxide gas makes the tissues sore. When we overwork a muscle it contracts; that is, it shortens, thickens, hardens, and thereby, obstructs, or shows the venous bloodstream, and the gas it is carrying causes the feeling we call tired. We can demonstrate this by holding the arm extended. We contract the muscles when we hold it up and this slows the blood stream and as the poisons gather, the muscles soon begin to ache. By dropping the arm, the muscles relax, or by putting a support under it, the blood begins washing out the poisons and the aching ceases. Whereas, if the muscles remain contracted long enough the result is often termed rheumatism.

The heart has practically spent its force when it has propelled the blood out to the arterioles or fine capillaries or veins, and from there it needs help to get back to the heart and lungs, and nature has provided that help in the contraction and relaxation of the muscles through which the veins pass. Most of the veins have valves in them so that when a muscle contracts and squeezes the blood out of the veins it has to move toward the heart, the valve preventing it from going the other way. This is the reason why one tires more quickly when standing still than when walking. When standing the blood is obstructed by the tense muscles, and the poison gathers in the tissues, thus causing the ache. When we walk we force a certain amount of blood toward the heart every time we step. This is why walking is so good an exercise; it is also the reason why the active person is the healthier person; for perfect circulation means health.

"Often, in the morning, after the previous day's hard work, we awake sore and stiff from having overworked our muscles; they contract and obstruct the venous blood-flow and the poison makes them sore; but as we relax them by exercise, especially stretching exercises, we start the circulation and the soreness disappears.

"Muscles will also contract by sudden changes from heat to cold in which case the nerve that energizes the muscle is pinched. It makes no difference what causes the contraction, the result is practically the same; that is, soreness and pain; but there is a difference in getting rid of the trouble. Rest and exercise will either or both remove contractions from overwork and in many cases those caused by cold; but many a person has suffered for years by the slipping of some bone, thereby pinching a nerve to some muscle causing it to contract and thus obstructing the blood causing a venous congestion, with pain and soreness, and this, also, is frequently diagnosed as rheumatism. In this case the effect cannot be removed until the cause is removed; that is, the pressure.

"The blood is composed of serum, and red and white corpuscles. The red cell or corpuscle carries the oxygen from the lungs. The white corpuscle or leucocytes are really the scavengers of the body. They not only have the power to float to any part of the body through the blood stream, but they have the power to pass through the blood vessel walls into the surrounding tissues; their function being to destroy disease germs. They, the white corpuscles, are to the body what the

police force is to the city. There is about one white cell to 1000 red ones—something of the proportion of the city police force to that of the people in the matter of numbers.

"Another analogy: If, in a city, a riot or other trouble is started, the police are rushed to that part of the city until the color of the many uniforms will change the color of the crowd. In a like manner, the white corpuscles of the blood, in case of an invasion of disease germs, or a cutting or breaking of the skin, will rush to the protection of the body until their number will change the color of the blood. A high altitude also is said to increase the red corpuscles. Vianet, an eminent authority, says, 'a residence of two weeks in the mountains, at an altitude of 16,000 feet, will increase the red cells from five to seven million per cubic millimeter.'

Forced Breathing.

"BY FORCED breathing I mean voluntary deep breathing when not engaged in exercise. This is neither advisable nor healthful, as a rule. An excessive development of lung cells is a far worse condition than an insufficient development, for the latter may be easily overcome by right living. Forced breathing is not so interesting or fascinating a practice that it is likely to be kept up all one's life. The enthusiast may follow it, possibly, for a year or two and then gradually neglect it, with the result that there has been developed a large area of lung cells which are no longer used, which unused, will gradually disintegrate and, consequently, develop disease, offering a fertile soil for the ravages of the tubercle bacilli.

Athletes who have died of consumption have, it is generally believed, done so because of weak lungs; but in almost every case, it has been in consequence of excessive lung development acquired at some previous time, the lung cells, later, being unused and, therefore, like unused muscles, must of necessity, atrophy.

Deep Breathing and Pure Air.

"XYGENATION of the blood is the most vital of all bodily functions. On a par with this is the equally important function of the elimination of poison from the blood by way of the lungs through the process of exhalation. The breathing apparatus is one of the scavengers of the human body.

The necessity of deep breathing is the more manifest when we consider the fact that, according to the United States census, not fewer than 400,000 persons in the United States die annually of lung disease.

When one breathes fully and correctly—not, as I have previously said, as a breathing exercise, but such deep breathing as exercise causes; then the black, venous blood, laden with impurities, foul with the ashes of burned brain cells and the debris of worn-out tissues, is transformed by the lungs at every breath, into pure, red blood; such red blood as courses through the veins of the 500 co-eds of Northwestern University of Evanston, Ill.—said to be the prettiest and healthiest-looking girls ever registered at the University.

The registrar informs us that they are mostly from the West and that the reason for the buxom form and red and rosy cheeks is that they were accustomed to outdoor life and exercise and that the pink on their cheeks is the tinge of health and not of cosmetics.

Sayings of Solomon.

"THE cuneiform records are giving evidence that Solomon was right in declaring that "there is nothing new under the sun." Lately there have been found sayings—not Solomon's—which, translated from the cuneiform, tell us that love, pleasure, 4000 and more years ago, were not much unlike those of the present generation, and boarding-houses existed then as now, and that the fare, or the quality thereof, did not differ materially from that of today—and there were "knockers" in those days.

But Solomon understood human nature, and you might have thought that he was thinking of "The Human Body and the Care and the Health of It" when he so wisely said: "With disease that cannot be cured and hunger that cannot be stilled, a coffer of silver and a trunk full of gold are not able to restore health or still hunger."

Illness, a Blessing.

"SO SAID Tolstoy in writing to his friend, Alexis Bakonine. He says: "While recovering, I experienced two opposite feelings—the joy of a reviving animal, and regret for the loss, the dulling of that spiritual consciousness which was present in time of sickness. I know truly that every illness I have had has been a great blessing. It has given me what my own reason—and the opinion of others could not give me; it opened to me a larger field of life. The illness and suffering of man are wrought with the deepest meaning—they are not from their own will—God has paid a visit."

Vigorously yours,

EDWARD B. WARMAN.

[675.]

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BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

EL PASO (Tex.) Oct. 27.—A condition neighboring on martial law exists today here and at other points on the Mexican frontier. Gen. E. Z. Steever, who from Ft. Bliss, Tex., directs the cords of troops along the border, is said to have stricter orders

the rural guard, and Capt. Hermilio Martinez were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, and Gabriel Ramos, customs collector, and Herman Arostegui, censor of telegraph, were sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Nine other officers and civilians were

BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND BY WIRE TIMES.

BERLIN. Oct. 27.—Germany will not assist England, France and Russia to end the Balkan war. Kaiser William is quoted as having told the Imperial Chancellor to light

The Hygiene of Beauty.

Annette Kellerman Identifies Good Health With Good Looks.

ANNETTE KELLERMAN, who is, perhaps, one of the most symmetrically developed young women in America, and who has every appearance of being a splendid specimen of good health, recently gave a lecture "for women only," at the Auditorium in Baltimore, giving her fair listeners instructions as to how to become beautiful. She demonstrated beauty by walking onto the stage faultlessly and stylishly gowned in a tight-fitting, black satin costume, with a large picture hat worn jauntily, and held in place by a broad black ribbon, tied under her chin.

She did a disrobing act in the presence of her audience, telling the women that the only proper way to put the shoes on and take them off was to sit in a chair, with the feet extended on the floor, the knees not being bent, and to lean down, bending from the hips. This would save unnecessary strain, and consequent lines in the face. She also gave a number of other interesting instructions in robing and disrobing. At the close of the lecture, she took a knife, and slit her black union suit up the side, to demonstrate to her spectators that the beautiful curves of her body were the real product of nature.

Fresh air, diet and exercise are the secrets of beauty, says Miss Kellerman. She also advises not to take cold baths "unless you are used to them." But how is one to get used to them, without taking them? She could have said do not take them unless you experience a reaction after the bath. If the flesh remains cold and clammy, the cold bath has depressed the heart action, and consequently the circulation. In the healthy person reaction should be immediate upon stepping from the tub. In the writer's case the result is an instantaneous hot glow. These conditions, and these alone concern the advisability of the cold bath.

She says later: "If you are too fat, the first thing to do is to cut out meat eating." We are inclined to think this good advice under any circumstances. But as a matter of fact, meat very seldom acts as a flesh producer. In the observation of dozens of children we have noticed that those who eat meat, almost to the exclusion of anything else, or even in disproportionately large quantities are invariably thin. This is also true of the adult. The proportion of fat in meats is, to be sure, in excess of that found in vegetables; and yet the eater of vegetables, especially those containing a good deal of starch, will, as a rule, take on fat much more rapidly than the meat-eater. The instances in which the meat eater takes on flesh, which are rare, are those in which the subject has an exceptionally strong digestion, a capacity to absorb proteins—the principal body-building property in foods—much more rapidly and in larger quantities than is ordinarily possible. An excess of flesh is then formed—not soft, gelatinous fat, but hard, solid meaty substance, which is much more difficult to get rid of than ordinary fat. Fasting, and the most conscientious dieting, much walking, and hot baths alone may prove remedial; and it may be necessary to follow the treatment persistently through two or more years before it becomes permanently effective. The reason why so many such subjects go through life as monstrosities is that they will not follow the reducing treatment continuously and consistently. In reducing flabby fat all starchy foods, pastries, milk, butter and the like, as well as the fat part of all meats, and greasy gravies should be avoided. Where the flesh is hard and solid, all meats should be avoided also. But these latter cases are the uncommon ones.

Nerve Stimulants and Idleness.

Miss Kellerman later recommends "half a cup of tea and some toast at breakfast." This is a strange recommendation for a beauty doctor—or doctorine—even though the recommendation be made for the fat subject. Tea is one of the greatest enemies—along with coffee—to feminine beauty. It acts as an astringent and a nerve stimulant. If, when this condition is produced, the woman could go out in the open, and romp and scream as a child, and otherwise, relieve the overcharged nervous system, there would probably be no ill effects. But being overcharged, and obliged to repress the activities, physical and emotional, the "holding on" to herself produces in the woman a nervous strain, which writes itself in tense, firm lines in the face, and rigidity in the lines of the body. Miss Kellerman herself advises:

"Don't keep yourself at a tension. No woman looks well with her lips compressed and her whole figure held rigid. Women do this unconsciously when they are working hard. The remedy is to slow down, and to learn to work with less effort. To work without effort marks the difference between the amateur and the professional." She goes on to give warning against "over-energization" or putting forth too much energy for what one is doing. She also calls attention to the fact that many women waste energy and nerve force by mannerisms and useless movements, such as tapping the fingers or the foot, rocking violently, biting the lips, grimacing and other such habits unconsciously acquired, the indulgence of which makes other people very nervous, and renders the subject a troublesome companion.

What do all of these little habits mean? Overcharged nerves, and repressed activities of some sort. Is it wise for such a subject to indulge in stimulants of any kind? Hardly, we should say. If there were less tea and coffee

drinking—in fact none at all among women, the soft contours of youth would be preserved to a much greater age.

But while Miss Kellerman, in much of her discourse, displays an incomplete knowledge of hygiene, she evidently has enough to have made a splendid physical specimen of herself, aided by a naturally healthy constitution. And some of the remedies which she proposes for the ailments which afflict womankind are sound, natural and thoroughly hygienic. There is nothing so restorative as fresh air. Many a man has come home thoroughly exhausted, mentally and physically; and after a couple of hours spent motoring in an open car, has been entirely refreshed, being able to prepare his work for the morrow. Miss Kellerman, very sensibly, strongly recommends walking. Unless there is a specific weakness, long walks are highly beneficial to any woman, providing she accustoms herself to them gradually. If she may walk where her feet are in direct contact with the earth, so much the better. Miss Kellerman also recommends free use of the bath, and ample rest. Rest is one of the greatest desiderata for a woman. She needs rest and relaxation more frequently than a man, not so much because of her lesser physical strength, as because she works under greater nerve pressure, as a rule.

Nervousness, she says, comes as often from not having enough to do, as from having too much to do. "If you lie on the bed, eat candy, and read a foolish novel, you will be subject to nervousness."

Sleeplessness Not Necessary.

In the matter of sleeplessness, her remedies come in line with some of the standard hygienic laws; namely, to first see that the room is properly ventilated; if the daily habits are sedentary, to make time for adequate physical exercises, before bedtime; never to take the problems of the day to bed; never to sleep with the arms above the head, nor to sleep on the left side.

Following are a few exercises to be taken in cases of insomnia: "Sit erect, resting the feet easily upon the floor, and letting your arms hang relaxed at the sides. Look steadily at the place where the ceiling and two-side walls join, and take five good full breaths. Then let your eyelids droop heavily, and relax the joints of the body one after another, the head dropping forward, then the neck and shoulders, and the waist until you are lying in your own lap, with your head hanging down, and your arms dragging forward. Then rise, reversing the order, the hip joints moving first, and so on until you are upright, lazily lifting your eyes, as if you were just dozing off. The motion must be continuous and gentle, and should take three minutes. Three or four repetitions should put you to sleep."

Again: "While lying in bed, raise one hand very high, doing it slowly, then very slowly bring it down . . . taking heavy, slow breaths. Perform more slowly with each repetition.

"Lie flat on the back, push vigorously down with the legs and arms, and contract with the muscles of the back." Inhale while holding this position, then relax and exhale slowly. Repeat twenty to thirty times. This exercise equalizes the circulation, and overcomes restlessness."

Questions and Answers.

Here are some of the questions asked of Miss Kellerman through cards passed up to her at the close of the lecture:

"How can I get rid of a double chin?" "How can I develop my chest?" "Is there any way to get rid of a red nose?" "Do you think you are perfect?" "How can I get rid of big ankles?" "How did you learn to swim and dive?" "What will make hair grow?" "Can people with weak hearts exercise?" "I have one hip larger than the other, and a pigeon toe? What shall I do?"

Miss Kellerman stood up manfully, or rather womanfully, under the fire, and answered most of the questions by showing how exercises, given equally to both sides of the body would rectify defects of uneven development; and where there was an undue prominence of some development, by exercising the contiguous parts up to it desirable curves would be attained. Most red noses come from congested liver and bad digestion, she said. Lemon juice in water before breakfast, plenty of exercise, and care with the diet is her prescription. But here again glittering generalities are indulged in. Where the mucous lining of the stomach is irritable any acid will increase the irritation, in which event hot water, with a very small pinch of salt, will do the work.

Miss Kellerman did not think she was perfect, but asserted that her physical condition was perfect; and she said that every other woman could be in the same condition with proper dieting and exercise. Then she laid herself across a piano stool, and gave a swimming demonstration. If she knew how to make hair grow, she said, she would do it herself. Well, you may do it, if you will, Miss Kellerman. In the Times Illustrated Weekly of September 21 directions were given by which the hair follicles may be cleared of obstructions, and the growth of the hair stimulated. The hair will grow longer even if the treatment is commenced late in life, if it is followed with perseverance. As long as the hair follicle is active, it is capable of stimulation and improvement.

People with weak hearts, Miss Kellerman sensibly advised, should consult a physician before taking violent exercise. In this connection it may be said that many cases of weak heart have been cured by open-air sleeping. This regime, accompanied by gentle exercise, where there is an organic difficulty, the exercises

to be increased gradually and with discretion, will surely banish the heart weakness entirely.

Miss Kellerman could not tell how to get rid of wrinkles, she said; she has none herself. But her own prescription not to worry, to rest much, to work easily without drawing the nerves to a tension is a good one. To this should be added: Keep a happy tone of mind always, and sleep out of doors.

Annette Was a Cripple.

The fact that Miss Kellerman was born a cripple adds to the great admiration that all must feel for her.

"I was obliged to wear leg braces as a child," she writes. "I was a deformed, ugly, sorrowful little thing, and the braces used to hurt me so dreadfully I used to creep away from our Australian home into the bushes, and take them off to ease the pain.

"It was my father who took pity on my miserable condition, and despairing over the efforts of the doctors to cure me, as a last resort he determined to teach me how to swim, and to try the effects of physical culture training on me. It was a splendid inspiration of my father's, for I commenced to improve almost as soon as I learned to swim. Swimming is the most perfect exercise in the world for the development of the body. Every muscle comes into play, and it produces symmetry of limb as well as strength. I soon forgot I was a crippled girl, and such was the progress I made under my father's tuition that I decided to become a professional, and then my troubles began.

"I came to England, and found that nobody knew what a diving and swimming act was, and did not care to find out. Once I trained six weeks in an effort to swim the English Channel, stayed in the water for one half hours, and earned only \$15 for all that I did and work, but I did receive a letter from the world champion long-distance swimmer, Burgess, complimenting me, that I value much more highly than the money professional, and then my troubles began.

A. J. Jennings is running on the Democratic line for District Attorney from Oklahoma county in the State of the same name. His career has been a checkered one, for he was a train robber once sentenced to death but pardoned. He took note of his escape, reformed, studied law, passing the examination with credit and has since been successful in the profession.

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is running on the Democratic ticket now from Oklahoma county in the name. His career has been a check as a train robber once sentenced to death. He took note of his escape, now, passing the examination will have been successful in the profession.

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BY GENEVIEVE FARRELL-BOND

If you take a plant out of its native element of sun and air, and place it in a dark cellar, or even in a dark, unventilated room, then watch what happens to it, you may get some idea of what is taking place with the human being who has the pernicious indoor habit, who shuts himself in the house substantially from the beginning to the end of winter, carefully sealing out the good fresh air most of the time. The plant will quickly weaken, deprived of light and air. It loses its firm, brittle quality, becomes pale and drooping, and finally dies. No amount of care in other directions will keep it alive.

Not alone among the poor and the ignorant are the laws of hygiene disregarded in this matter. Many well-circumstanced women will remain housed day after day, because they are able to be cozy and comfortable within doors; and like the warmth-loving pussy cat, will curl down in the big chair close to the fire or radiator to read or pick up a little fancy sewing, when they should be out walking, accumulating the vitality which is presently lost in the closed-in apartment. The writer has known of many people, belonging to a class which should know better, who sleep with their windows entirely closed. It seems incomprehensible that anyone, with even a modicum of common sense, should form such a habit. One may always keep warm in bed, with a sufficient amount of covering, with the windows open wide. If the weather is very cold, a flannelette hood may be worn over the head, and even drawn down to cover the upper part of the face.

In a modern home, where there are every comfort and convenience, there is no excuse for poor ventilation, even on the coldest day. And usually in such homes, some attention is given to ventilation—possibly because the heating plant generates an excess of warmth. And people who enjoy such homes are likely to go out doors more freely than those more poorly circumstanced. They have warm clothes to wear, and the money to seek diversion.

Where money is scarce the housewife will keep the house closed to save fuel and clothing. The babies are made to breathe vitiated air over and over again in order to protect them from cold. It is not strange that they either die or become tubercular. The new model apartment is not yet so common or so reasonable in its cost that it comes anywhere near meeting the necessities of the poorer classes in our big cities. If it did, the steam heat provided in these houses would make regulation possible without discomfort. And as light is also important to the well-being of the body, there would be better health generally on this account; for one of the decrees in the building of these homes is that every room shall be light.

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A Demonstration of Health.

Mme. Johanna Gadski Prescribes Rest, Happiness, Simplicity.
BY GENEVIEVE FARNELL-BOND.

WHEN I saw Mme. Johanna Gadski in her apartment at the Alexandria a few days ago, she was a splendor of magnificent health, and that beauty which may be sustained only by perfect mental poise and bodily equilibrium. In physical build, being tall and of the heroic type, a certain amount of amplexus is demanded in proportioning the figure. This amplexus she has, without any tendency to what is commonly known as "fat." A great many singers who have a superabundance of flesh are able to so dress themselves on the stage that this is not noticeable. But Mme. Gadski, living about her private apartment, in a negligee, is not fit. She is simply Juno-esque, and as she should be. Her complexion is as clear and pink as that of a child; her blue eyes are soft, bright and liquid, and they look at you with a splendid sense of bodily well-being. Her blonde hair, parted simply in the middle, falls as soft and delicate as that of a young girl, and the flesh of her rounded throat is firm and fair. Suppleness and power characterize her movements, and her step has the light buoyancy of youth, coupled with great dignity. She has the charm of sincerity and simplicity, and comes toward you like a great rose woman, exhaling the fragrance of perfect health.

Having read many interviews with great vocal artists, as to how they care for their health, and keep themselves in such excellent condition that they are able to go through the strain of concert or opera tour without doing any permanent effects, I asked Mme. Gadski what particular regime she followed in order to keep herself in such excellent condition.

"I do not know that I follow any particular rules at all," she answered, in her mellow, delightful tones, mixed with a slight foreign accent; "I think that I do very much as other people do. As to diet, I eat just what I like. There is no particular food that seems to do me any harm. To be sure, my tastes are usually simple. I have a good appetite, and enjoy my food. Quantity is regulated entirely by what I may desire. I think the want is a safe guide for anyone. But I do not eat, as some people do, after I have had enough."

"There is one rule which I follow, however, as it is not necessary in my profession to do so; and that is not to eat within three hours before I sing. If I am to sing at a matinee, I rest late, and have my heavy meal in the forenoon. When I am to sing at night, I eat my dinner early in the afternoon. I always eat shortly after a performance, because I am really hungry—as hungry as if I had been taking strenuous physical exercise. If I cannot eat at this time, I know something is wrong."

"One of the great essentials to perfect health in life of a singer, is an abundance of rest. The slight fatigue of the body, affects the throat—the vocal cords. We therefore rest, perhaps, more than other people do. And that is why we are so likely to become fat. I think. We spend more than the ordinary number of hours in bed."

"In singing it is necessary to expend a tremendous amount of force, and it is a drain upon the physical system. Furthermore, the feelings—the emotions, are brought upon. In order to successfully interpret an opera, or even a single number, one must enter fully into the spirit of it. For the time being, the singer is passing through the agitation represented. Emotional education results."

"Immediately after singing, I am over-stimulated. Perhaps it is the excitement—perhaps it is that I have concentrated every resource in my body upon what I have been doing. The reaction comes a little later. This is why I am compelled to refuse so many kind social invitations. I could not retain the physical well-being necessary to keep my voice in proper condition if I were to mingle too much among people. The social invitations are delightful, but they make their demand upon the physical strength. I therefore spend my evenings, when I am not singing, quietly at home in my apartment with my daughter. This is restful, and I do not talk. Much talking is highly injurious to the voice."

"I am perfectly healthy—there is seldom anything the singer with me; and I take no more measures to remain than those of which I have told you. I live simply and cleanly, and I think that is all there is to it."

"One thing more. It is necessary to the health of the singer to guard against any real emotional stress. Worry, grieving, anger, overwrought feelings of any kind, like fatigue, while having an ill-effect upon the entire body, do not miss the most sensitive part of the singer—the vocal cords. I am obliged to guard myself from the approach of anything unpleasant. I must be happy, or I cannot be well; and if I am not well, I cannot sing."

"The wisdom of this last statement would form a good motto to hang upon every wall. No one who is not happy can be perfectly well; and if not perfectly well, most assuredly he cannot do his best work. The necessities of her situation have taught Mme. Gadski more about real hygienic living, than a good many of us are able to learn through books and study. And she has demonstrated her knowledge. And as I departed, the magnetism and fragrance of this splendid rose woman seemed to follow me down the corridor."

How Much to Eat.

[Woman's Home Companion:] Every pound of useless fat which the human being carries is an impediment to proper activity. A man six feet tall should weigh approximately 200 pounds. If by strict attention to his diet and exercise he can reduce this weight to 190 or 185 pounds, it would probably prove beneficial, but if his weight is allowed to rise to 210, 220, 230, or even 240 pounds, he unfitts himself to that extent for his duties.

Let anyone who is accustomed to physical exercise, and suited thereto, climb a long steep hill. If his weight is normal and his health good, he can do this without any great fatigue; let him then begin at the foot of the hill and carry a weight of forty pounds, and note the effect that this will have. The man who weighs forty pounds more than he should—and there are thousands of them in this land of ours—is forced constantly to carry this quite unnecessary handicap.

Food for special activities, or special public or private duties, is a matter which has not received any great scientific attention. No set amount of food can be arbitrarily chosen for the brainworker or other professional man. In general it may be said that a man of little exercise will eat less than one per cent. of his weight of dry food per day. Any marked excessive of food, or excessively starchy or sugary food, must also be avoided by the man and woman of sedentary habits.

Running Down Disease.

[Philadelphia Record:] Hygienic investigation appears to be making some progress in finding out the carriers if not the cause of the malignant disease known as "infantile paralysis." Dr. Roseman of Harvard University advised the delegates to the International Congress on Hygiene, now in session at Washington, that he had completed a series of experiments that had gone far to convince him that the stable fly is an active agent in the transmission of the disease. Prof. Patterson of Stockholm read a paper before the congress declaring that his experiments convinced him that the disease is conveyed from men and women to children through the upper respiratory passages. The germs, he says, are carried in dust. Neither Dr. Roseman nor Prof. Patterson contended that the source of transmission discovered by him was the sole manner in which the disease is carried.

It is a long step toward prevention of infectious diseases if we know how the germs are disseminated. The stable fly may be put out of commission by suitable sanitary precaution. Further investigations along the lines of transmission may lead to the discovery of the nesting places of the deadly germ and of the proper exterminating germicide needed to deal effectively with this most baffling malady.

Individual Fight Against Tuberculosis.

[Dallas News:] Doubtless we can make some considerable progress against tuberculosis by organized action, but the chief fight must be made by individuals, fighting as individuals. Tuberculosis is the result of wrong living, and until a very large majority of people acquire habits of right living we shall have tuberculosis in almost undiminished degree, however many sanatoriums we may build. There can be no effective fight on tuberculosis that does not contemplate first a razing of insanitary tenements and an obliteration of slums. These are the barricades from behind which tuberculosis fights for its existence. This much of the battle calls for organized effort. But even with unsanitary tenements and slums destroyed, tuberculosis will claim its victims every year by the ten thousand unless the people who do not live in slums or tenements, nor who have probably never seen either, acquire some knowledge of dietary values, learn the importance of cleanliness, and particularly learn that the air, instead of being laden with the causes of death, is itself a medicine which both prevents and cures. Just now, with the winter coming on, it is especially important that the prophylactic properties of air should be understood. It is the season when the average person closes and calms the windows and builds hot fires, as if life depended on shielding oneself from the air's contact. These are the favored prey of tuberculosis.

Diet and Prenatal Influence.

[Dr. T. J. Allen:] A reader who has been interested in the hints on prenatal influence, reports a case of birth mark in the form of a cluster of cherries, which was produced by the mother seeing some cherries attractively displayed in a window. An irritable, nervous temperament is induced by irregular eating. Care should be taken to avoid irregularities in eating, and to be satisfied with a simple, nourishing, unstimulating diet. But where there is an uncontrollable desire for some food that is known to be objectionable, it is better to satisfy the desire than to allow a persistent craving to continue. Many abnormal appetites are established by ignoring such craving.

Ancient Bathing.

[Annette Kellermann, in Physical Culture:] The warm bath is taken daily by many people, who believe that only thus can perfect cleanliness be insured. There are opposing views as to whether the daily bath should be warm or cold; but one should not be confused by the conflicting opinions, the reason therefore being that differences between individuals necessitate vary-

ing practices, some being benefited by the cold, some by the daily warm bath, etc. When the daily bath is a cold one, a hot bath must be taken twice or thrice weekly to cleanse the body, for cold water has no cleansing power.

The cold bath is a stimulant or tonic. The effect of the cold bath is to close the pores of the skin, and the blood is driven into the body. But on emerging from the bath, a "reaction" sets in the blood rushing to the skin in quantities, reddening it and making it glow with warmth. The body should be quickly and vigorously rubbed dry with a Turkish towel, as it increases the good effects of the reaction. The cold bath should be a very brief one, and the warm bath, when taken daily, should not exceed ten minutes in duration. The latter should be followed by a cold sponge bath.

LOS ANGELES WEATHER.

[From The Times, October 23, 1912.]

THE SKY. Cloudy. Wind at 5 p.m., southwest; velocity 6 miles. Thermometer, highest, 75 deg.; lowest, 54 deg. Forecast: Cloudy Wednesday; light southwesterly winds.

THE HEART OF THE SOUTHWEST.

TO FAR-AWAY READERS: One distinct object of the publishers is to make the Illustrated Weekly a publication intensely interesting and positively valuable, not only to California and Pacific Coast people, but to distant readers—to eager and intelligent men and women in New England, New York, Canada, the Middle States, the Central West, Europe and Mexico—all of whom can keep themselves in touch with this great empire of the Southwest, by regularly reading the Illustrated Weekly. Being of a permanent character, complete in itself, it is particularly well suited to the needs of readers at a distance seeking a "hot" California weekly instead of the more ephemeral sheaf of a daily paper. For the very moderate yearly subscription price, \$2.50, postpaid, the subscriber is supplied within the year with more than 2000 large, handsomely-illustrated pages filled to the brim with good reading.

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TO INQUIRIES.

[The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice in individual cases. Those desiring personal advice should write to the editor of the department for particulars. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest will receive attention in these columns. No inquiries are answered by mail. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine Section of The Times is in the hands of the printer ten days before the day of publication. Correspondents should send their full names and addresses, which will not be published, or given to others, without the consent of the writers. Addresses of correspondents are not preserved, and consequently cannot be furnished to inquirers.]

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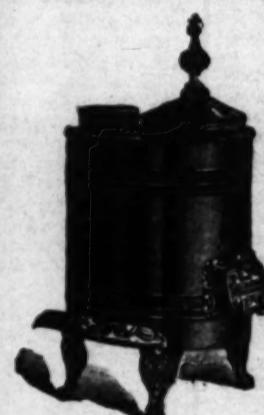
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MONDAY MORNING

YUCATAN
AGAINST

Diaz and Three
Death b:

President Turns Down
and Popular Voice of
Growing So Persistent
Discussing Impeachme

BY A. P. NIG

MEXICO CITY, Oct. 27—Gen. Diaz, leader of the revolution recently inaugurated in Vera Cruz, and three of his confederates have been sentenced to death by the martial law before which they were tried in that city.

The finding of the military court was announced in Vera Cruz yesterday morning, but the news did not reach here until today.

SENTENCE SUSPENDED.

At the same time word of the verdict against Diaz was received that the report that the military court decided to recognize the order of suspension of sentence upon the revolutionary leader granted by the Supreme Court pending investigation of whether the trial of Diaz should be military or civil court.

SITUATION TENSE.

Popular apprehension regarding the fate of Diaz has not been greatly relieved, however, by this action of the court-martial. The delay in the receipt of news regarding the outcome of the military trial is characteristic of all communication between the capital and Vera Cruz. The uncertainty as to what is transpiring there has served to increase the tenseness of the situation.

Friends of Diaz still fear the consequences of the conflict of authority that has arisen between judicial and military courts. It would be no surprise to thousands here to receive a message announcing the execution of the rebel general and his associates.

MADERO LIKE FLINT.

Efforts to save their lives, especially that of Diaz, continue unabated. Prominent women, men high in office, members of Congress and of the high army officers have appealed to President Madero for clemency, but all he has given the same negative answer.

To a group of women he intimated that to show clemency would be construed by the world as an indication of weakness. He cited as an example that when he captured Juarez he pardoned Gen. Navarro, which action was attributed to weakness instead of magnanimity.

IMPEACHMENT TALK.

The popular voice of protest has grown so strong against the execution of Diaz that there has arisen between the President and Senate a sharp discord, and as individuals the Senate have seriously discussed the question of impeachment because of the administration's defiance of that body's interpellation Friday. That the Senate will take this step is not considered probable for many reasons, one of them being the question of succession.

CHEERED BY CADETS.

An incident showing the popular anger at Chapultepec occurred on the occasion of a visit of a committee of women who pleaded for the lives of the condemned men. When leaving the castle they were cheered by cadets of the military college quartered in the same building.

That the suppression of the Diaz revolt has shown strength on the part of the government is conceded in the capital, but that the situation has been greatly improved is a matter of doubt.

YUCATAN IN REVOLT.

A number of rebel bands who were operating in many parts of the republic are still afraid and apparently public are still afraid and apparently as active as before. Added to the list is a well-defined new revolt in Yucatan.

Gen. Aguilar continues his campaign in the region by Tehuacan, where since the affair at Vera Cruz, his followers have entered a number of towns and appropriated horses and supplies.

GUERRILLA FIGHTING.

Col. Diaz Ordaz, cousin and chief lieutenant of Gen. Villa, has